

MARCH

1941



No. 11

BIG SHOT

COMICS



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AN 3

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

AMERICA'S FINEST COMIC FEATURES!

IN
THIS ISSUE:



THE FACE



MARVELO



ROCKY RYAN
AND
MANY OTHERS!

PLUS

ANOTHER
COMPLETE
SKYMAN
FICTION STORY

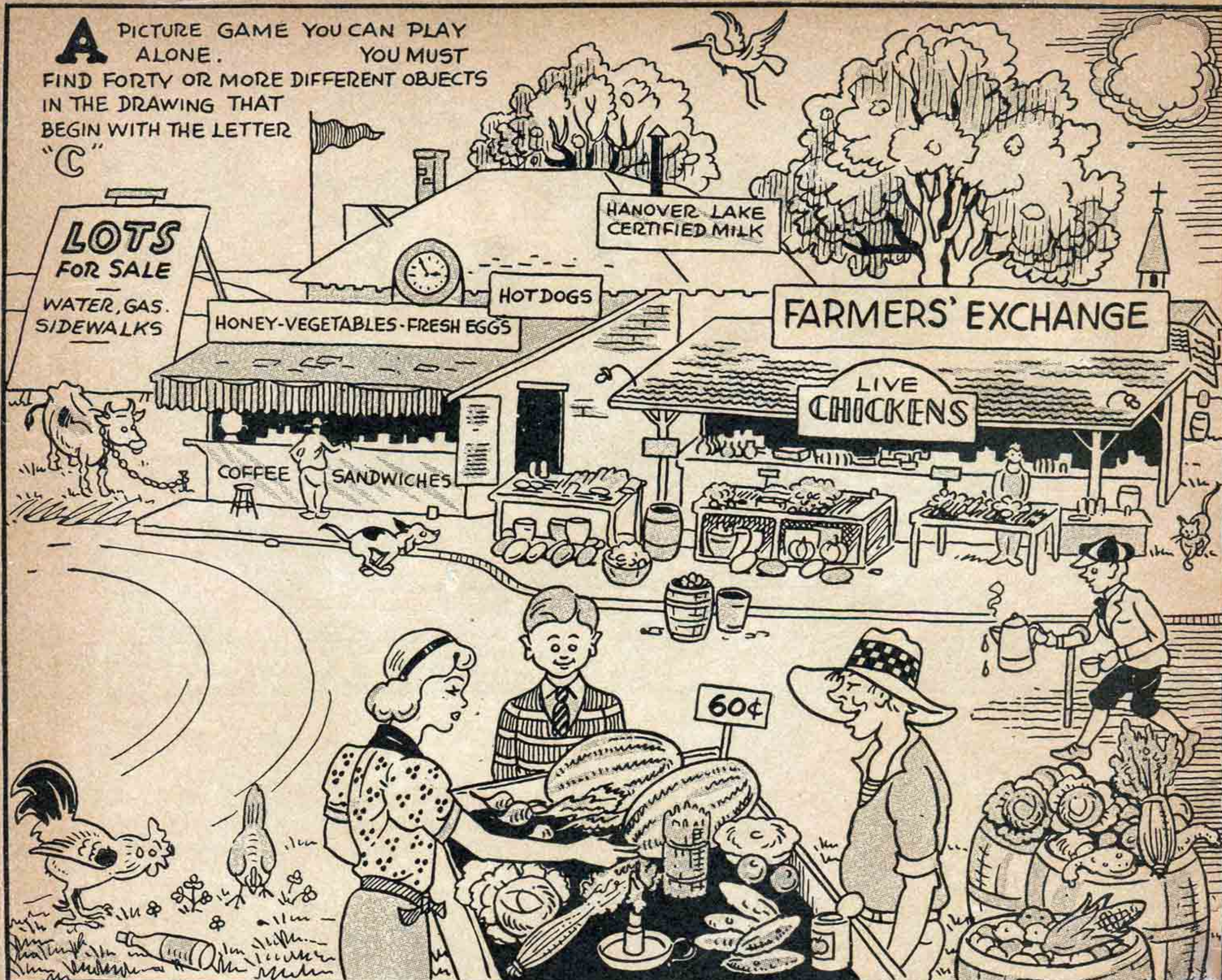
HEY, JOE!
LOOK OUT FOR THAT
TREE STUMP !!

WHAT
STUMP,
JIBBY?



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

A PICTURE GAME YOU CAN PLAY ALONE. YOU MUST FIND FORTY OR MORE DIFFERENT OBJECTS IN THE DRAWING THAT BEGIN WITH THE LETTER "C"



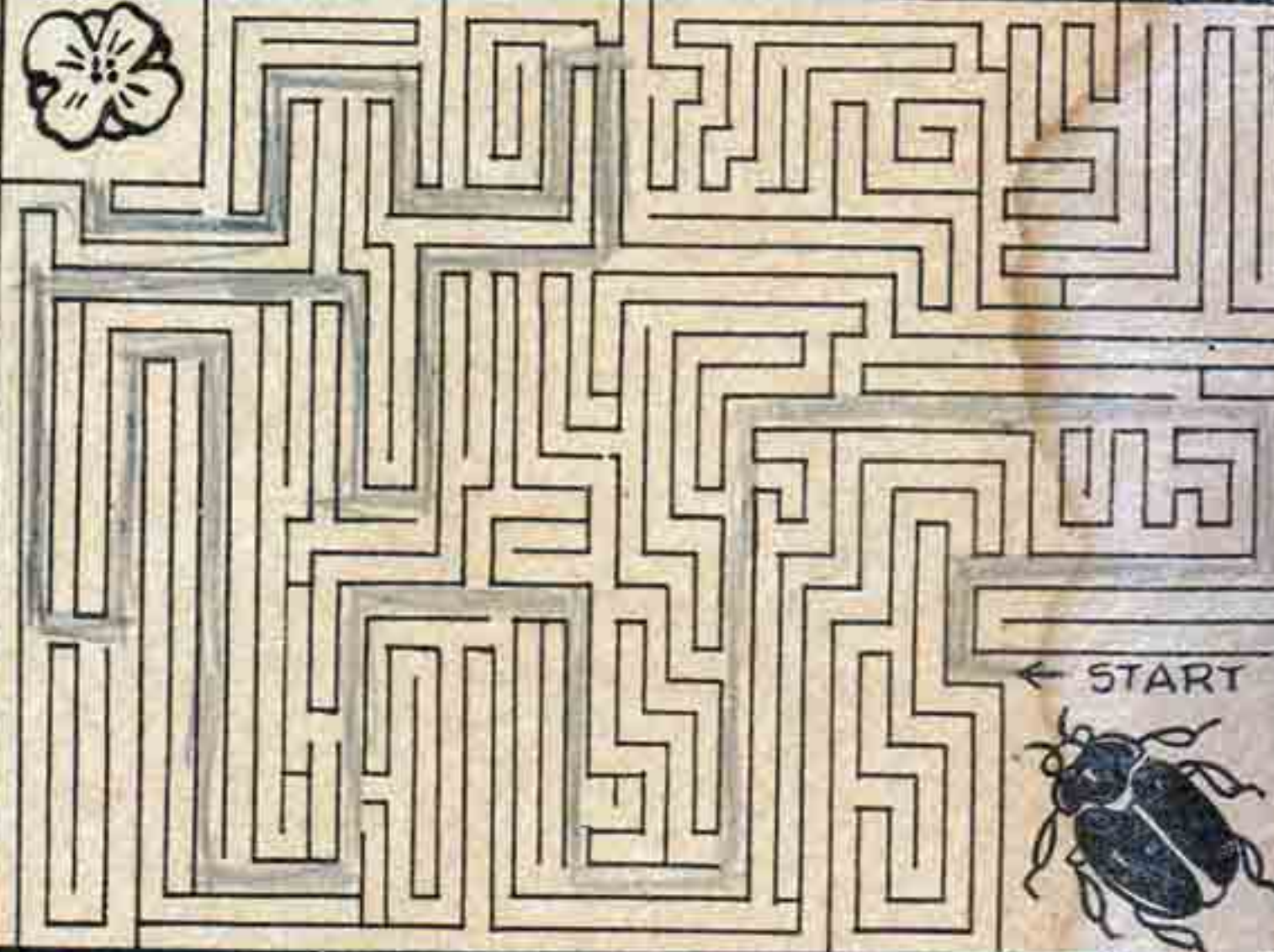

**AAAC
DHII
LLNN
OPS**

SEE IF YOU CAN SPELL THE NAMES OF THREE COUNTRIES BY USING UP ALL OF THE SEVENTEEN LETTERS SHOWN ABOVE.



VACATION

A WORD GAME. TRY SPELLING TWENTY OR MORE ENGLISH WORDS BY USING ONLY THE LETTERS IN THE WORD VACATION.



← START

CAN YOU LEAD THE BUG TO THE FLOWER IN THE UPPER LEFT CORNER? START FROM THE INSECT AND TRACE BETWEEN THE LINES BUT REMEMBER YOU MUST NEVER CROSS A LINE

VINCENT SULLIVAN, Editor

BIG SHOT COMICS, published monthly by COLUMBIA COMIC CORPORATION, 369 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Entered as Second Class Matter August 23, 1940, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U.S.A. and its possessions \$1.00. Canada and foreign countries \$1.50. For advertising rates address: William J. Delaney, Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Entire contents copyrighted 1941 by COLUMBIA COMIC CORPORATION. Printed in U.S.A

AMERICA'S NATIONAL HERO!



The SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN

SAVE THIS STAMP



THE SCIENTIFIC GENIUS OF ALLAN TURNER BECOMES CRYSTALLIZED IN THE MIGHTY, MYTHICAL FIGURE OF THE SKYMAN—UNKNOWN TO ALL, THE LAZY, WEALTHY TURNER USES HIS KNOWLEDGE TO FIGHT CRIME AND CORRUPTION—INVENTING THE WING, THE STASIMATIC, TELEVISI—SCREEN, ATOMATIC AND COUNTLESS OTHER DEVICES, WITH WHICH TO WAGE HIS PRIVATE WAR ON CRIME

A PRESS CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON ---

AND YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT I HAVE RECEIVED SERIOUS THREATS FROM THIS PERSON WHO CALLS HIMSELF—STENTOR!

GEE!

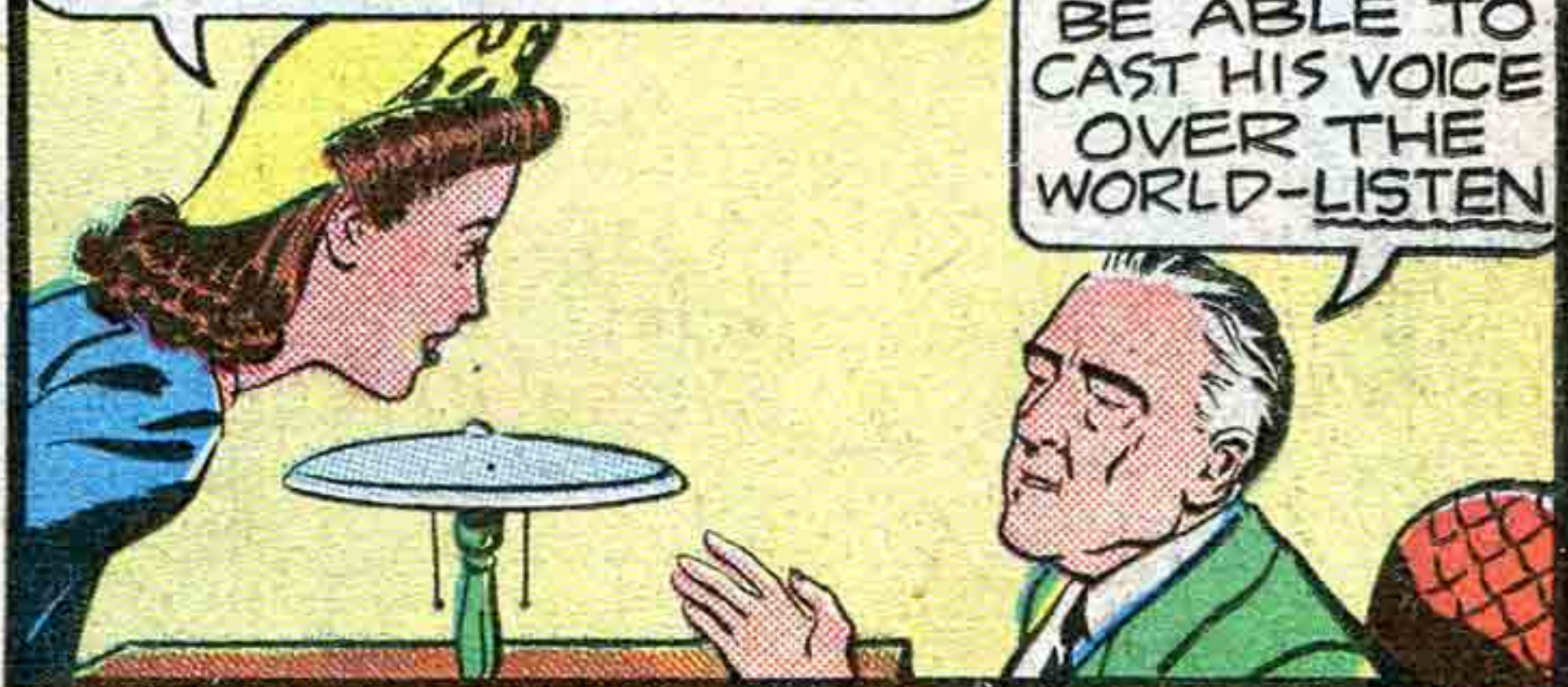
HASN'T THE F.B.I MANAGED TO FIND HIM?



FAWN CARROLL—BRILLIANT GIRL DETECTIVE AGENCY EXECUTIVE—SITS IN---

STENTOR! IN MYTHOLOGY HE HAD A POWERFUL VOICE, DIDN'T HE?

THAT'S RIGHT—HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO CAST HIS VOICE OVER THE WORLD—LISTEN

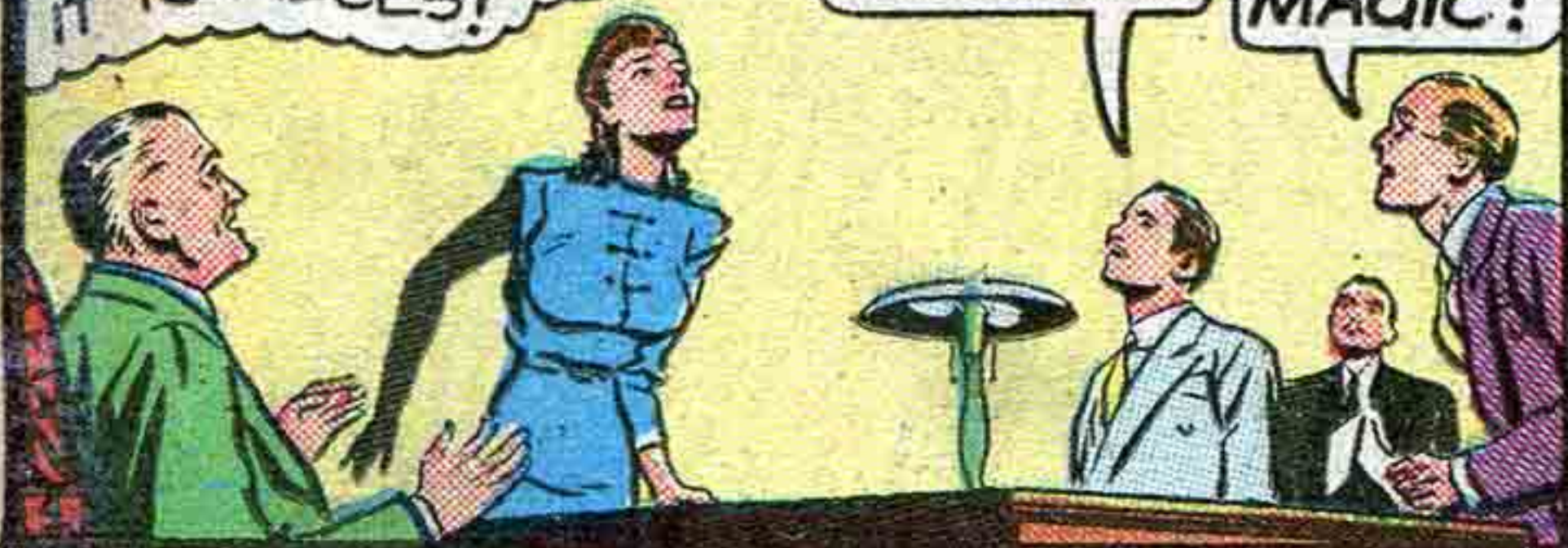


ALL ABOUT THEM, THEY HEAR THE VOICE OF A MAN—INVISIBLE, POWERFUL ---

YOU SHALL EITHER CEDE THE UNITED STATES TO ME AS MINE—OR I SHALL METHODICALLY BLOW IT TO PIECES!

THIS—IS UNCANNY!

IT'S MORE THAN THAT! IT'S MAGIC!



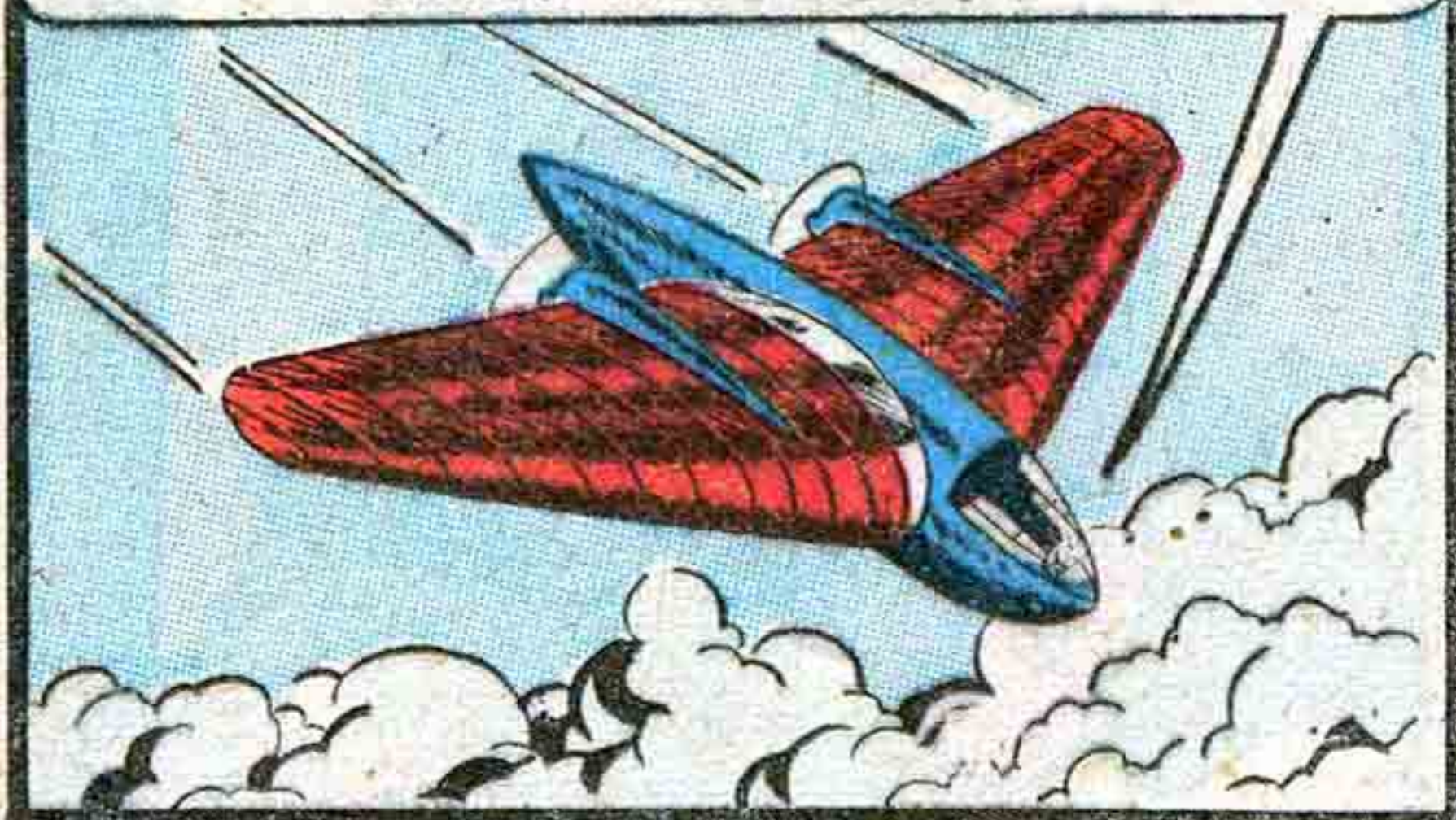
FAWN ADMITS HERSELF BAFFLED —

NO LOUDSPEAKERS! NO WIRES! NOTHING THAT WOULD PERMIT THAT VOICE TO BE HEARD! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!





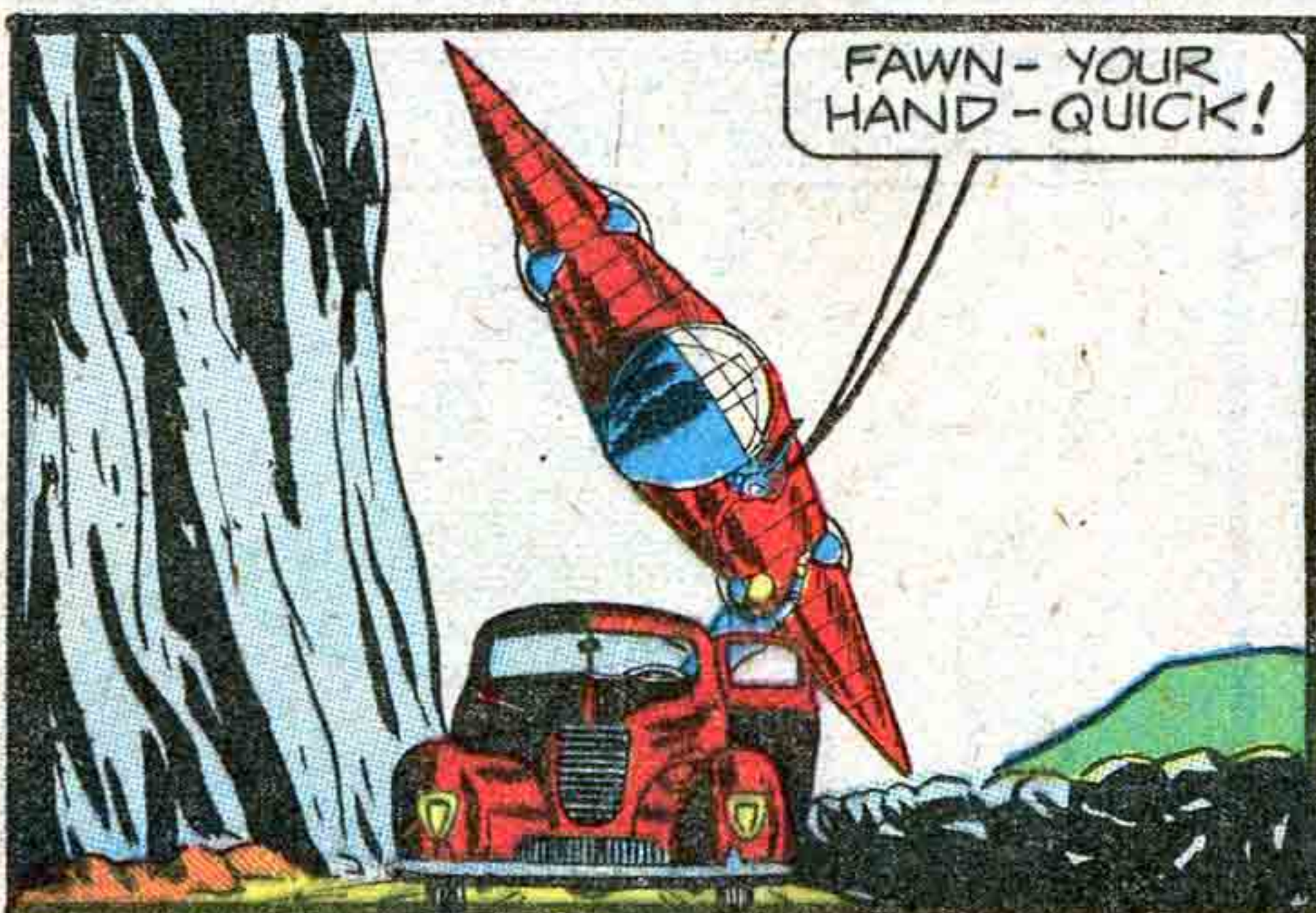
I HOPE I'M IN TIME! HOPE? I'VE GOT TO BE! FAWN'S FALLEN FOR THE SKYMAN -AND I'VE A HUNCH THE SKYMAN LIKES HER TOO!



-SOUNDS LIKE AN AIRPLANE OVER ME! I--WHY, IT'S THE WING! THE SKYMAN-- BUT-WHATEVER IS HE DOING?

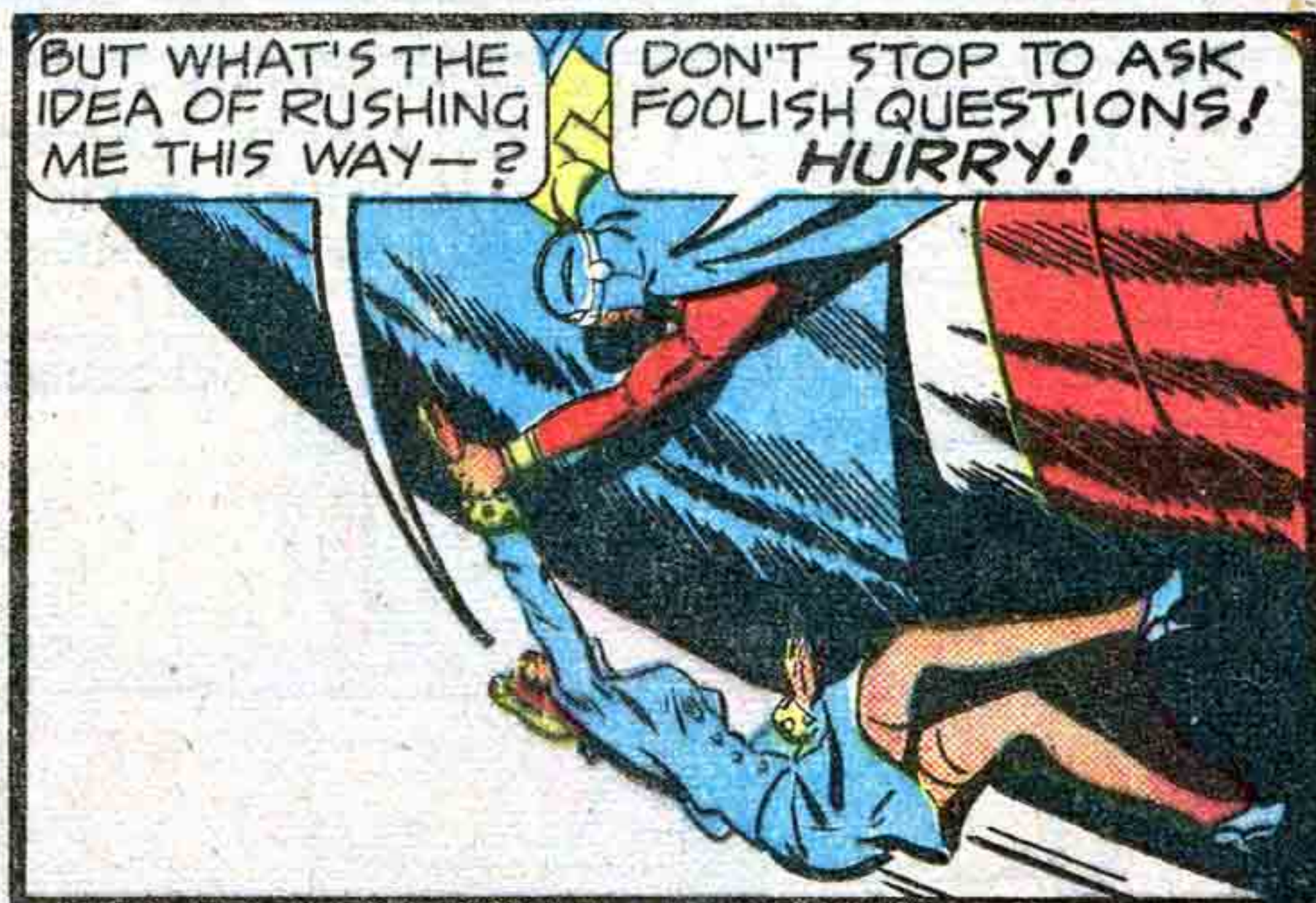


FAWN - YOUR HAND - QUICK!



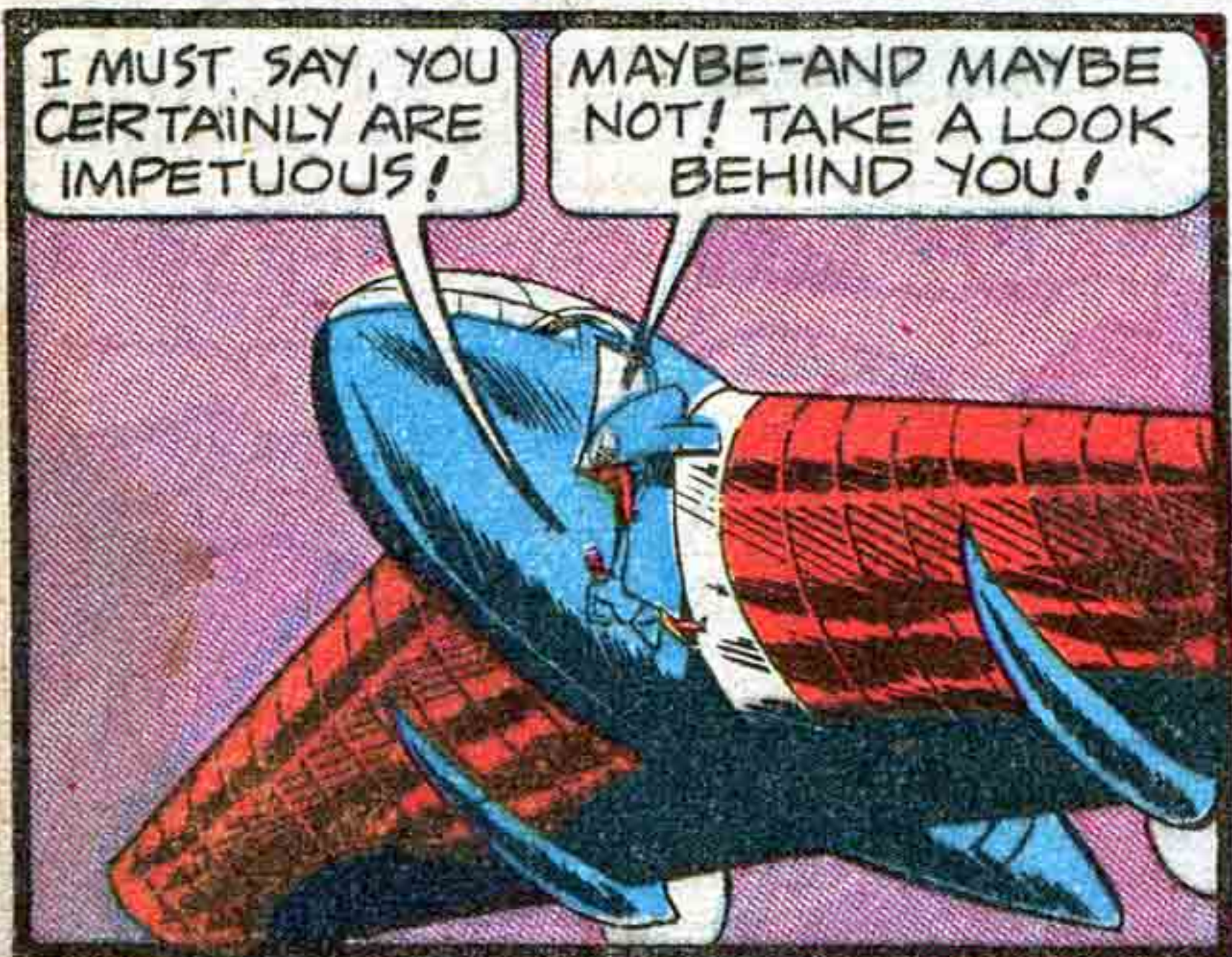
BUT WHAT'S THE IDEA OF RUSHING ME THIS WAY--?

DON'T STOP TO ASK FOOLISH QUESTIONS! HURRY!

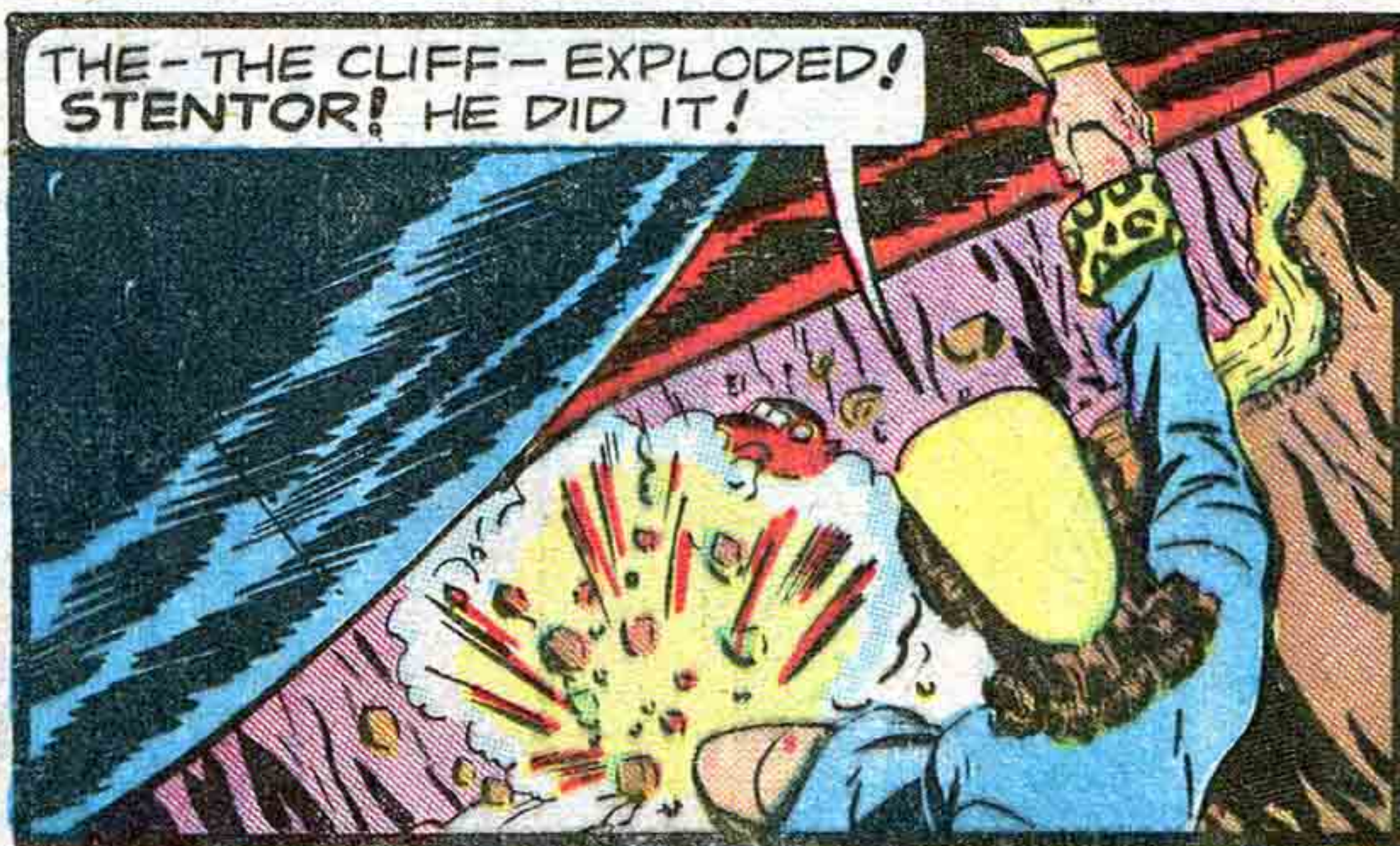


I MUST SAY, YOU CERTAINLY ARE IMPETUOUS!

MAYBE-AND MAYBE NOT! TAKE A LOOK BEHIND YOU!



THE--THE CLIFF--EXPLODED! STENTOR! HE DID IT!



STENTOR? WHO IS HE? WHAT HAS HE TO DO WITH-- THAT?

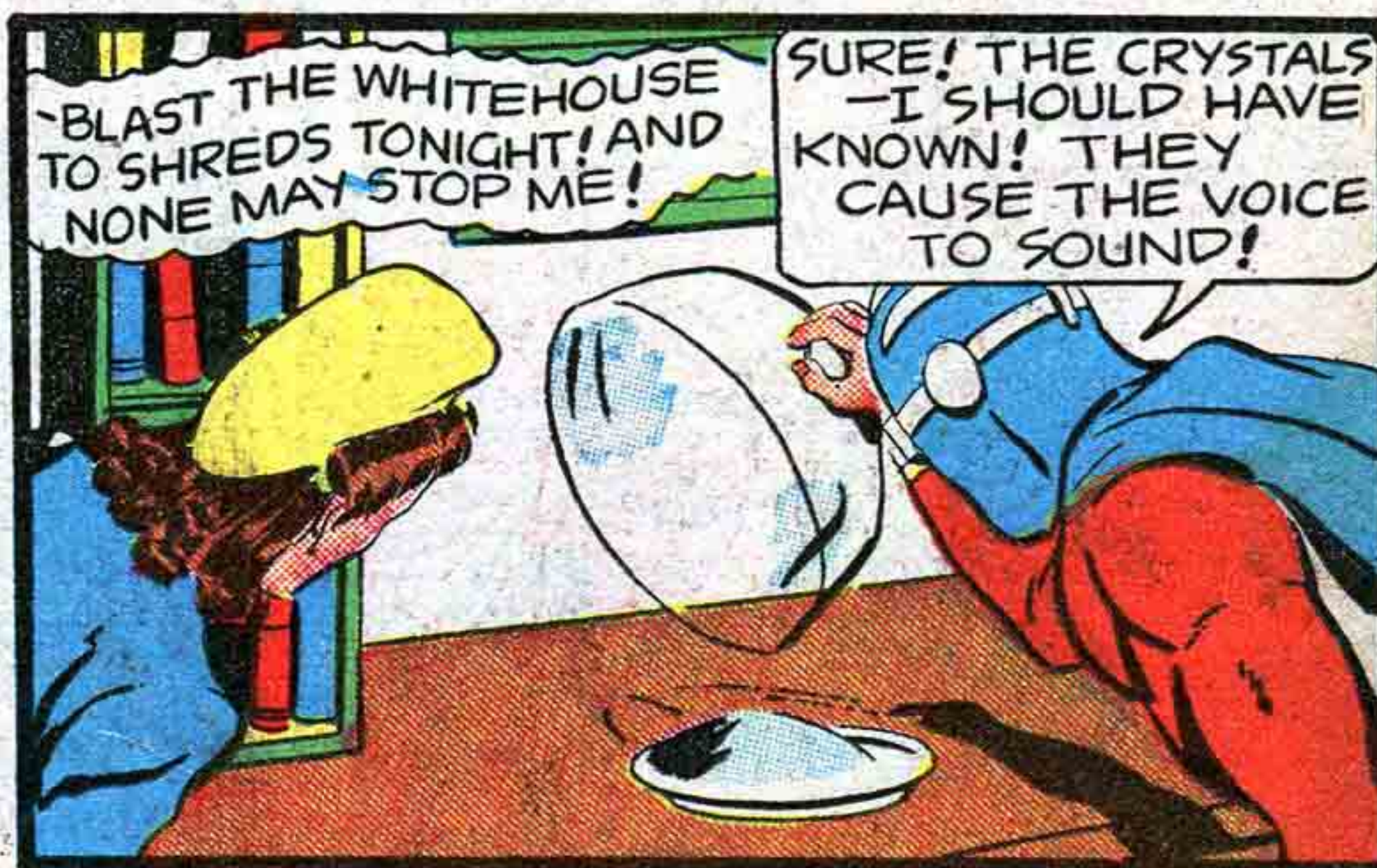
HE IS THE VOICE THAT APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE, HE INTENDS TO RULE THE UNITED STATES! -THAT EXPLOSION WAS A SAMPLE OF HIS METHODS!

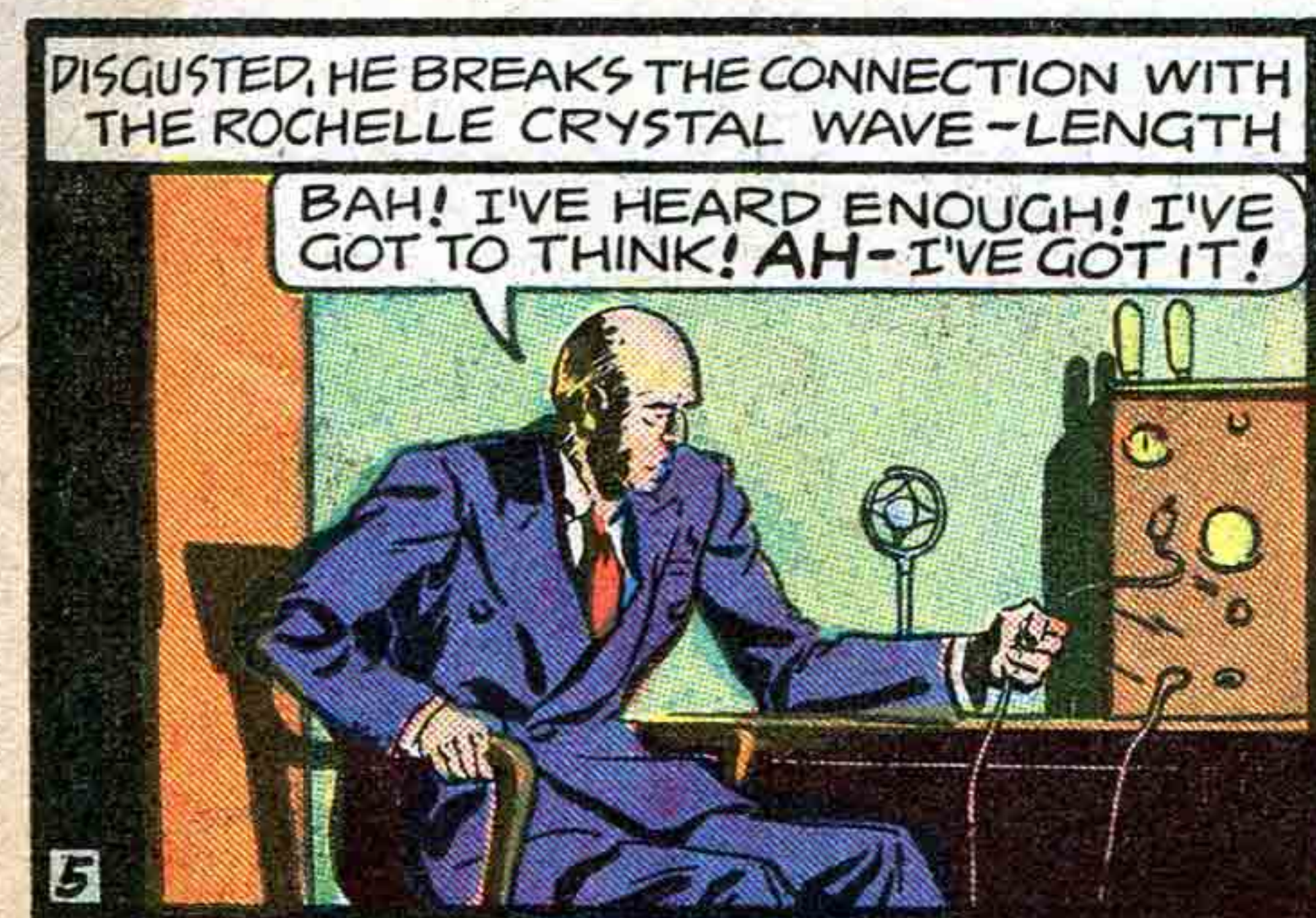
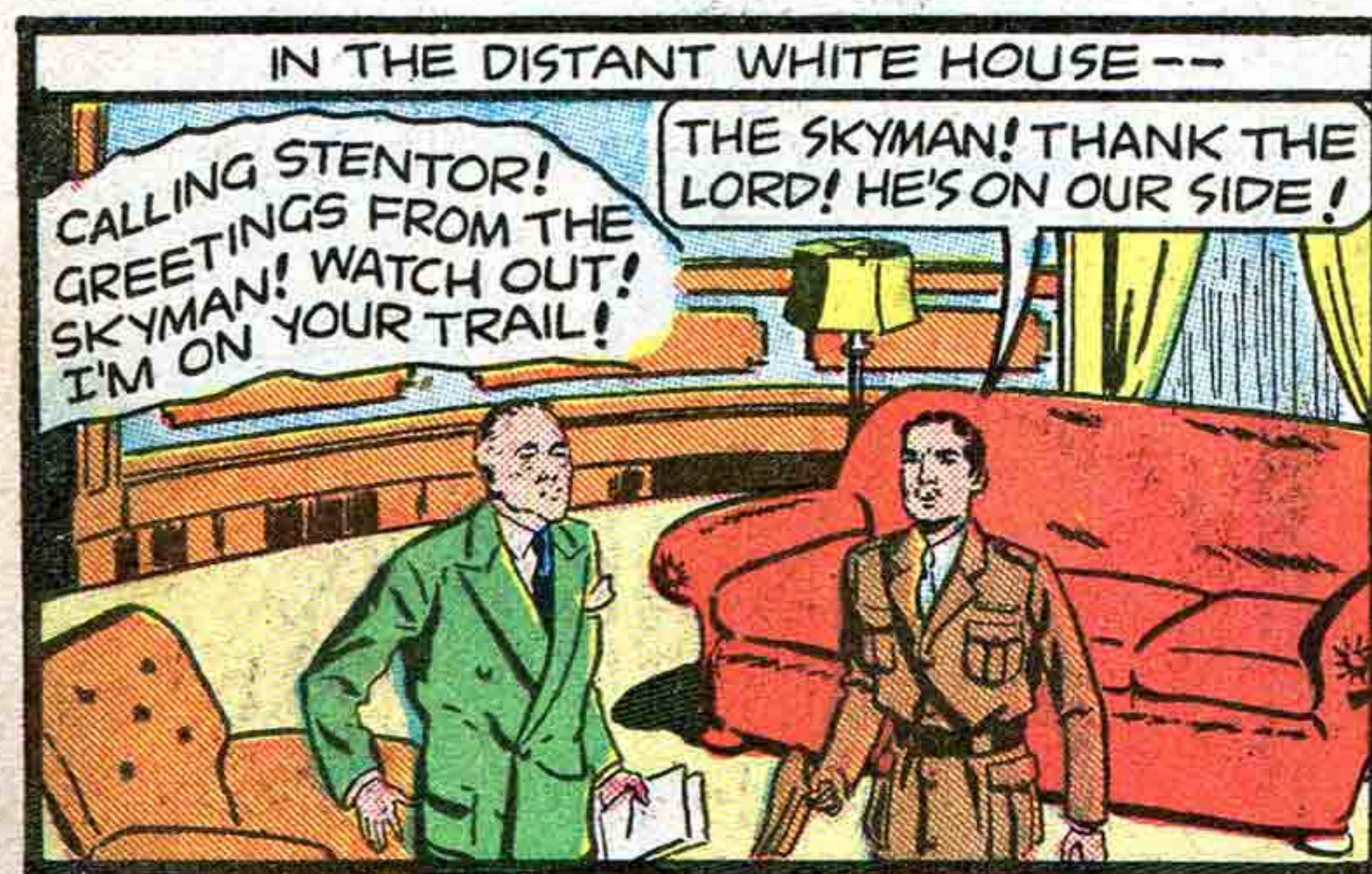


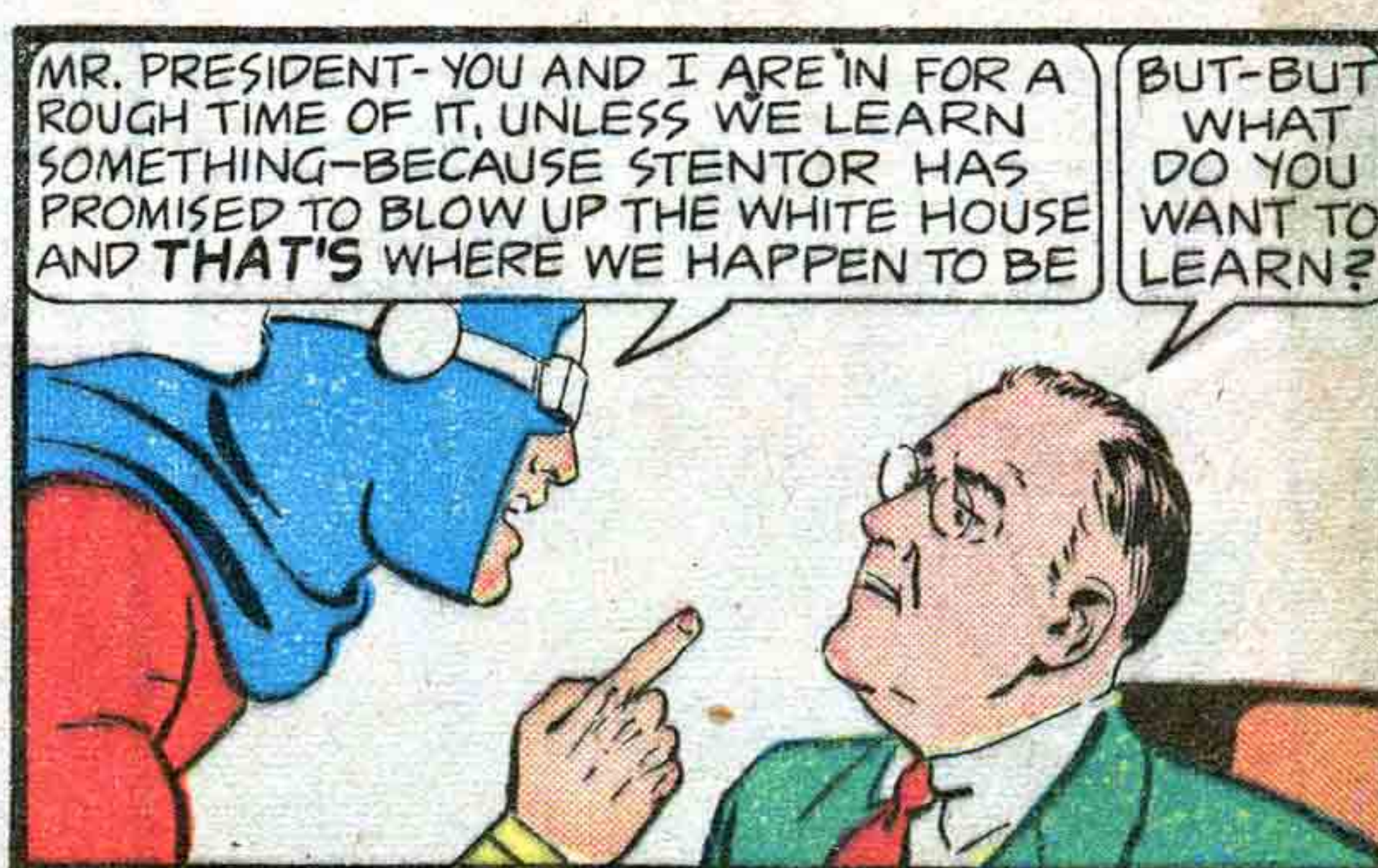
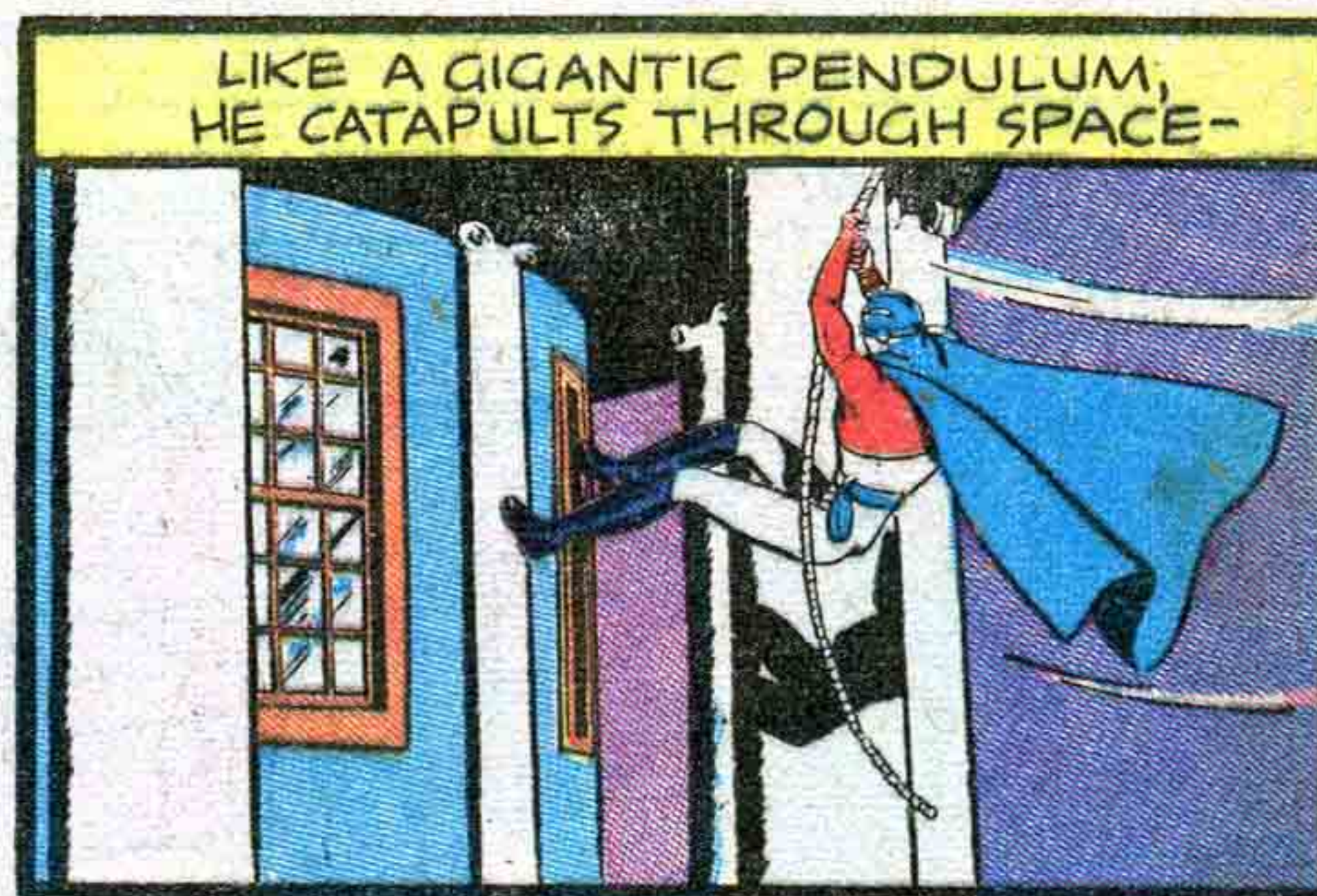
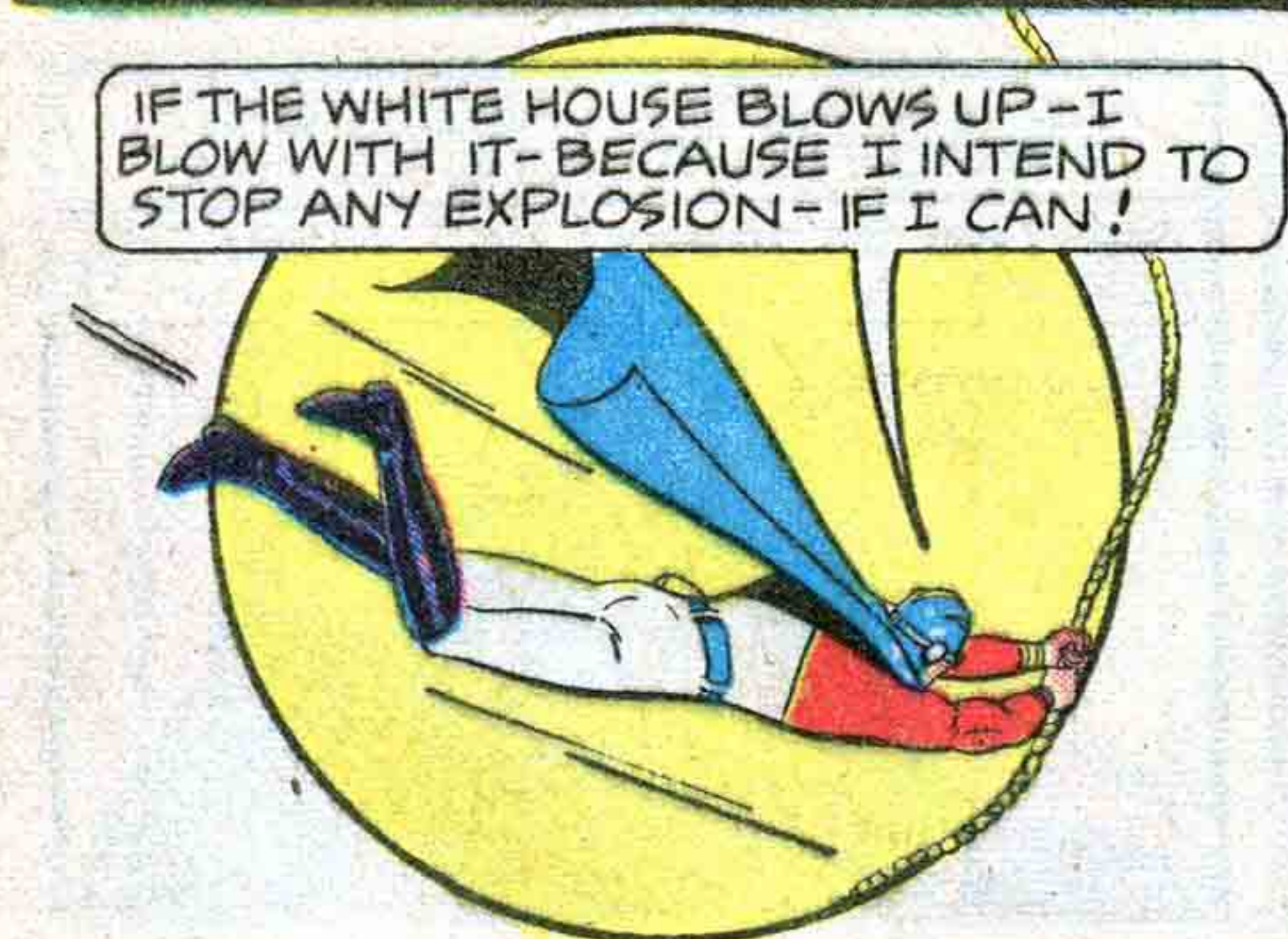
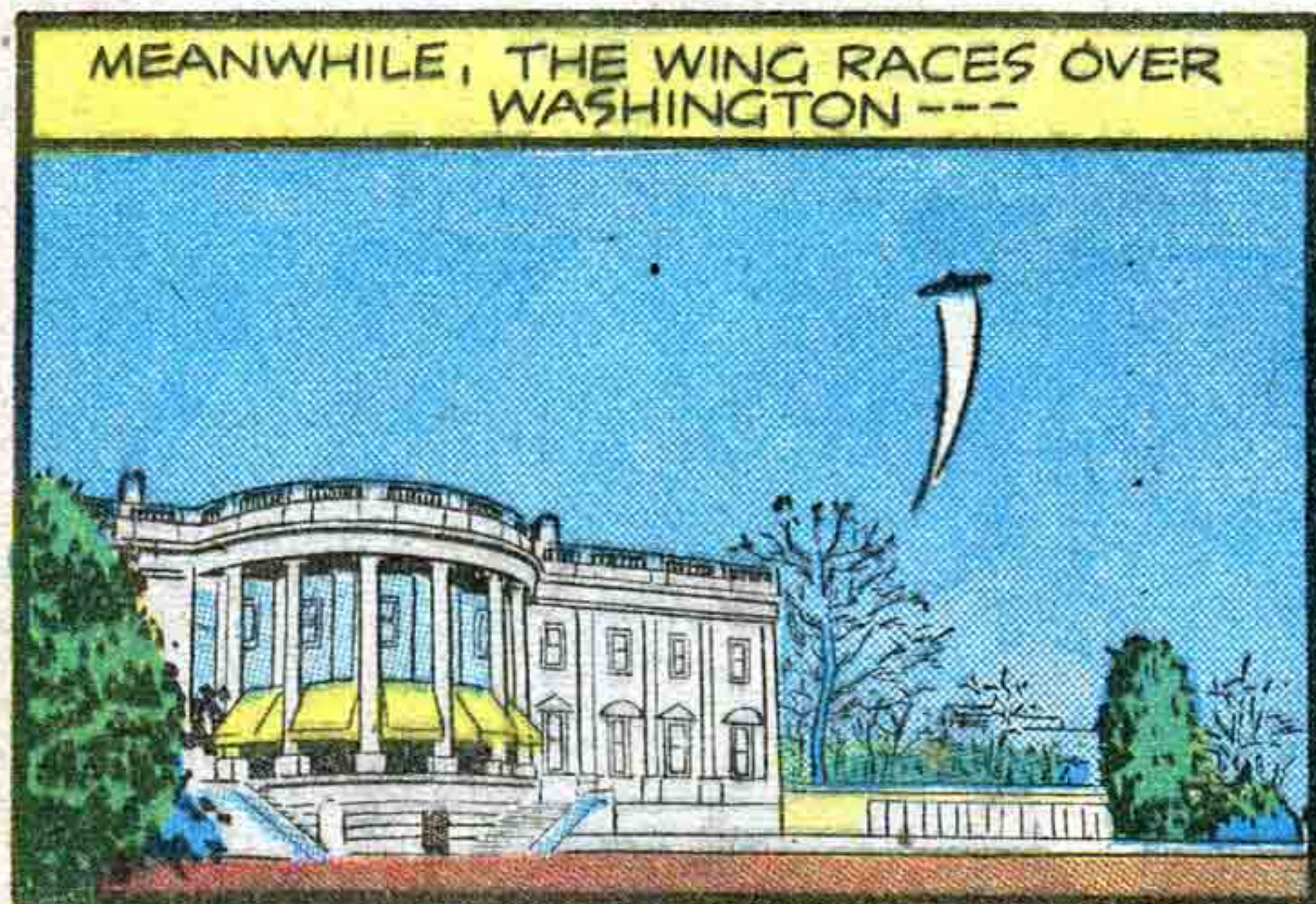
SO HIS WAS THE VOICE I HEARD IN THE SKYDROME! BUT-HOW AND WHY DID I HEAR IT? I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!

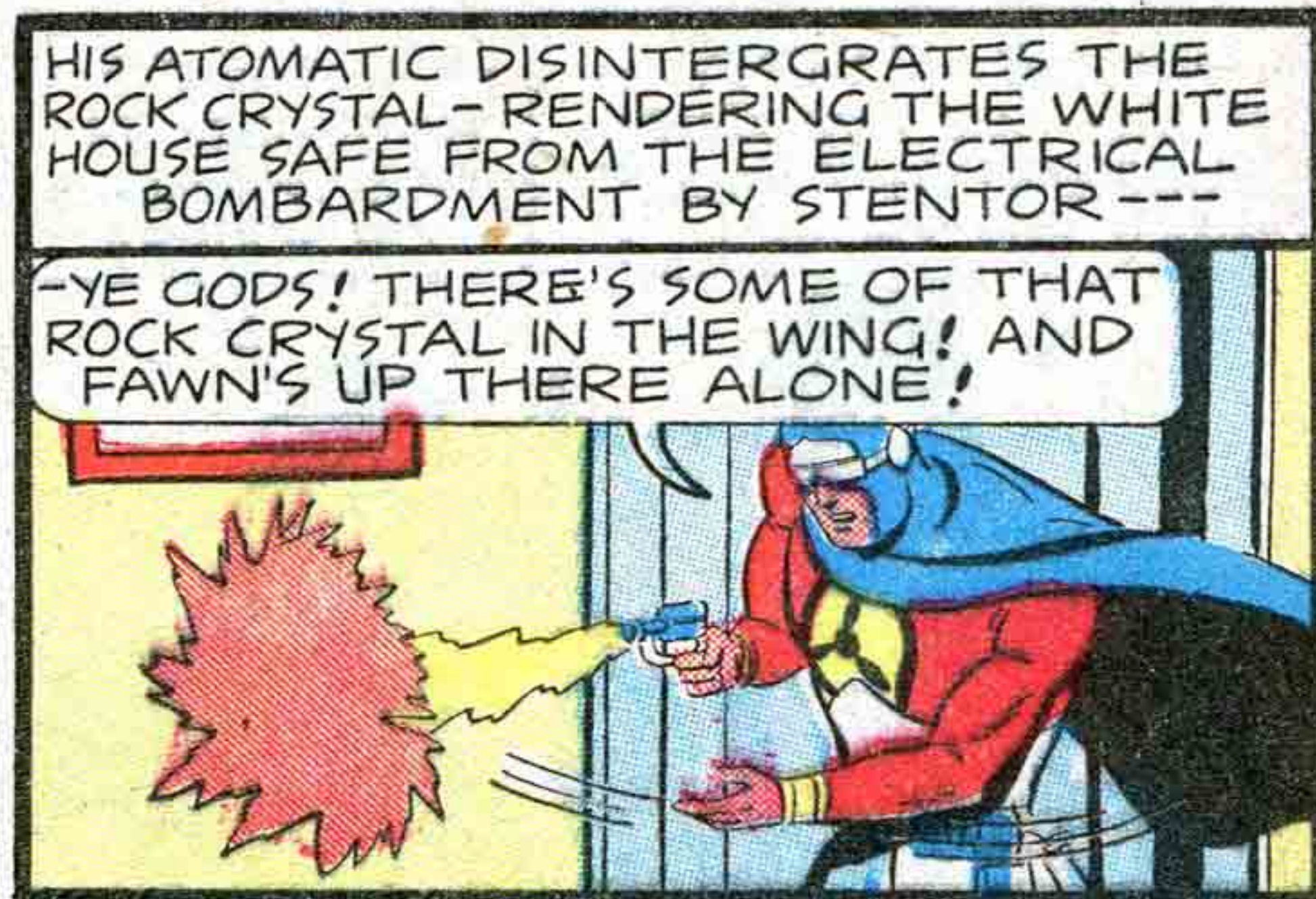
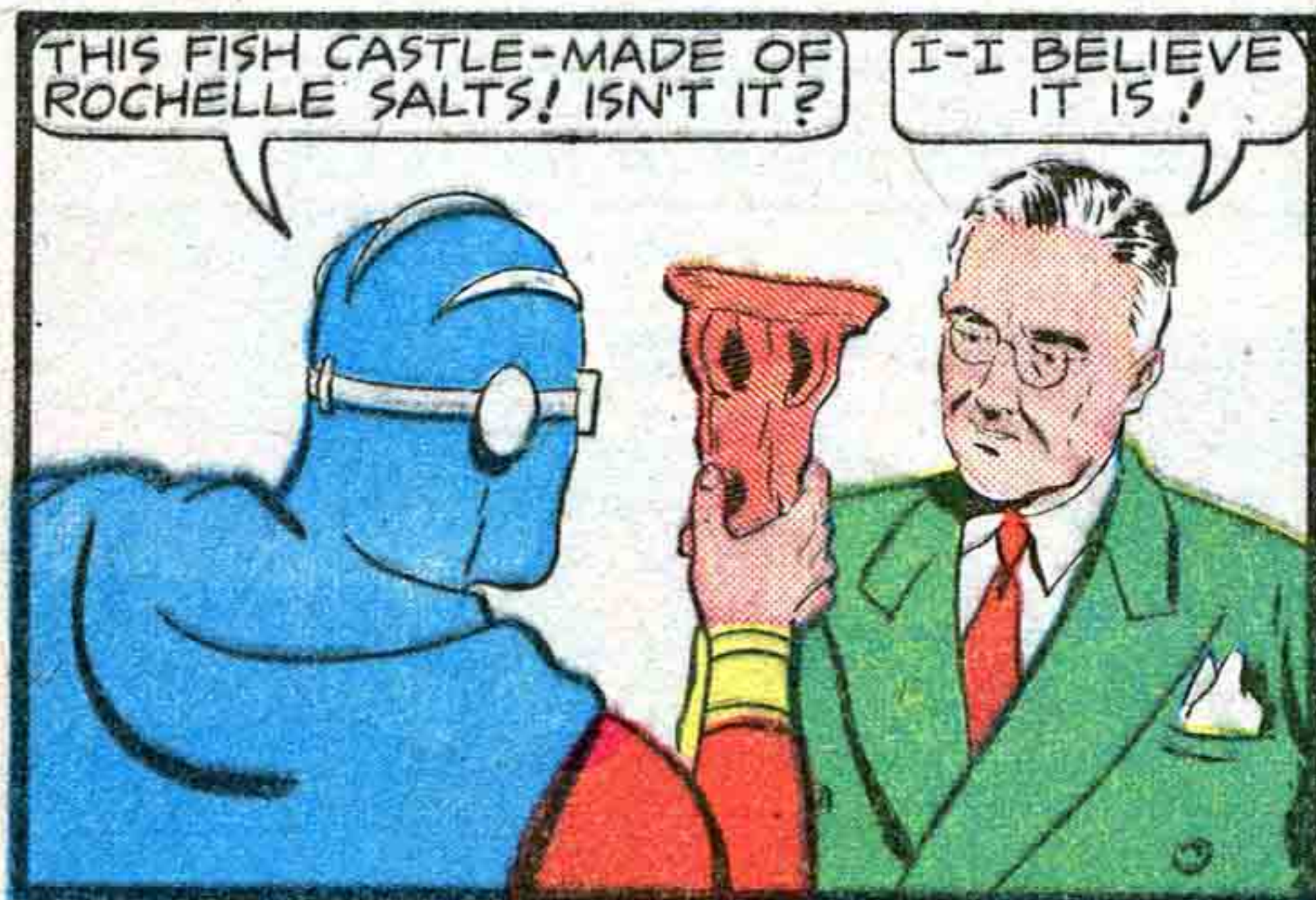
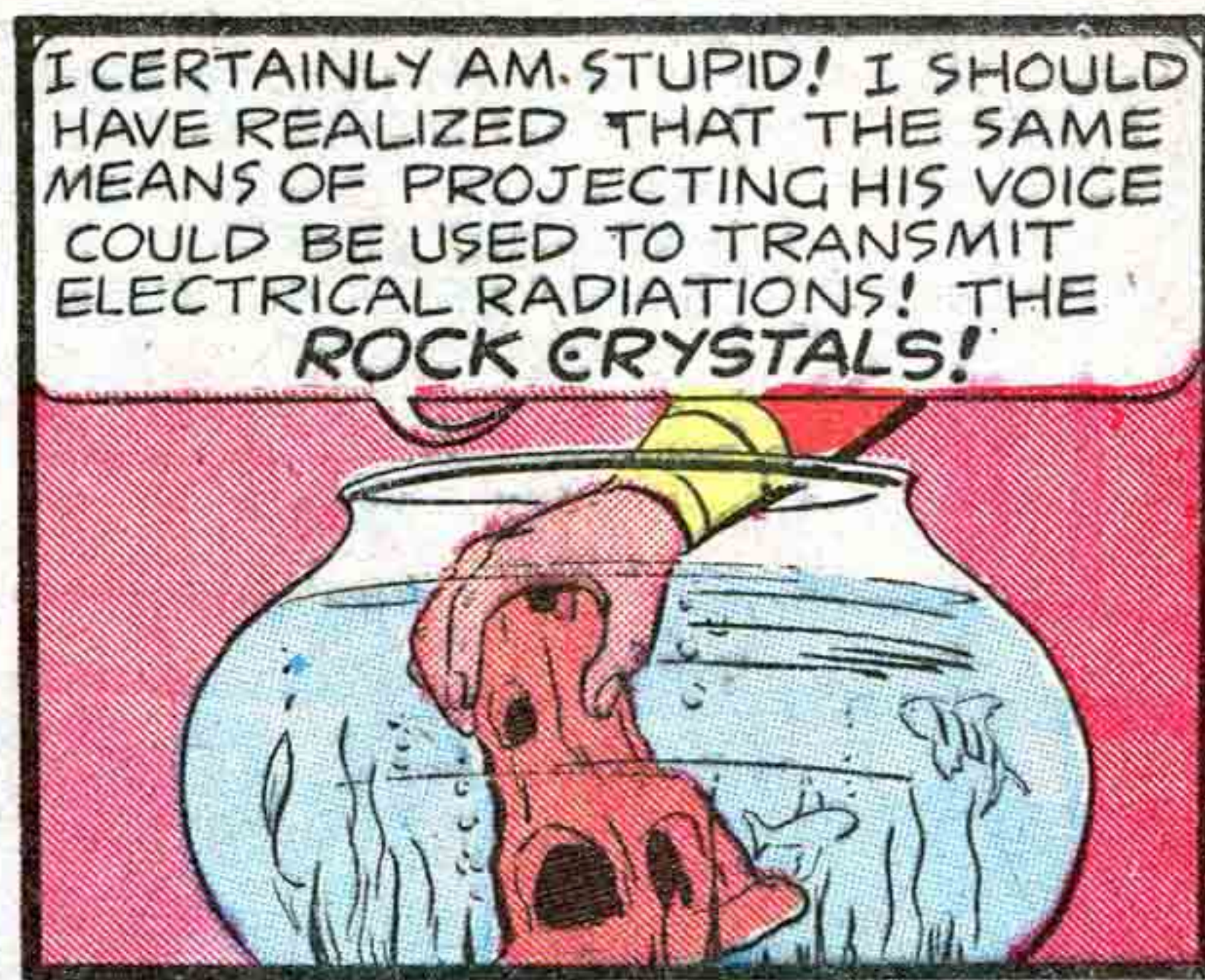
AND IF YOU DO-- YOU'RE A LONG STEP TOWARD SOLVING THIS MYSTERY!

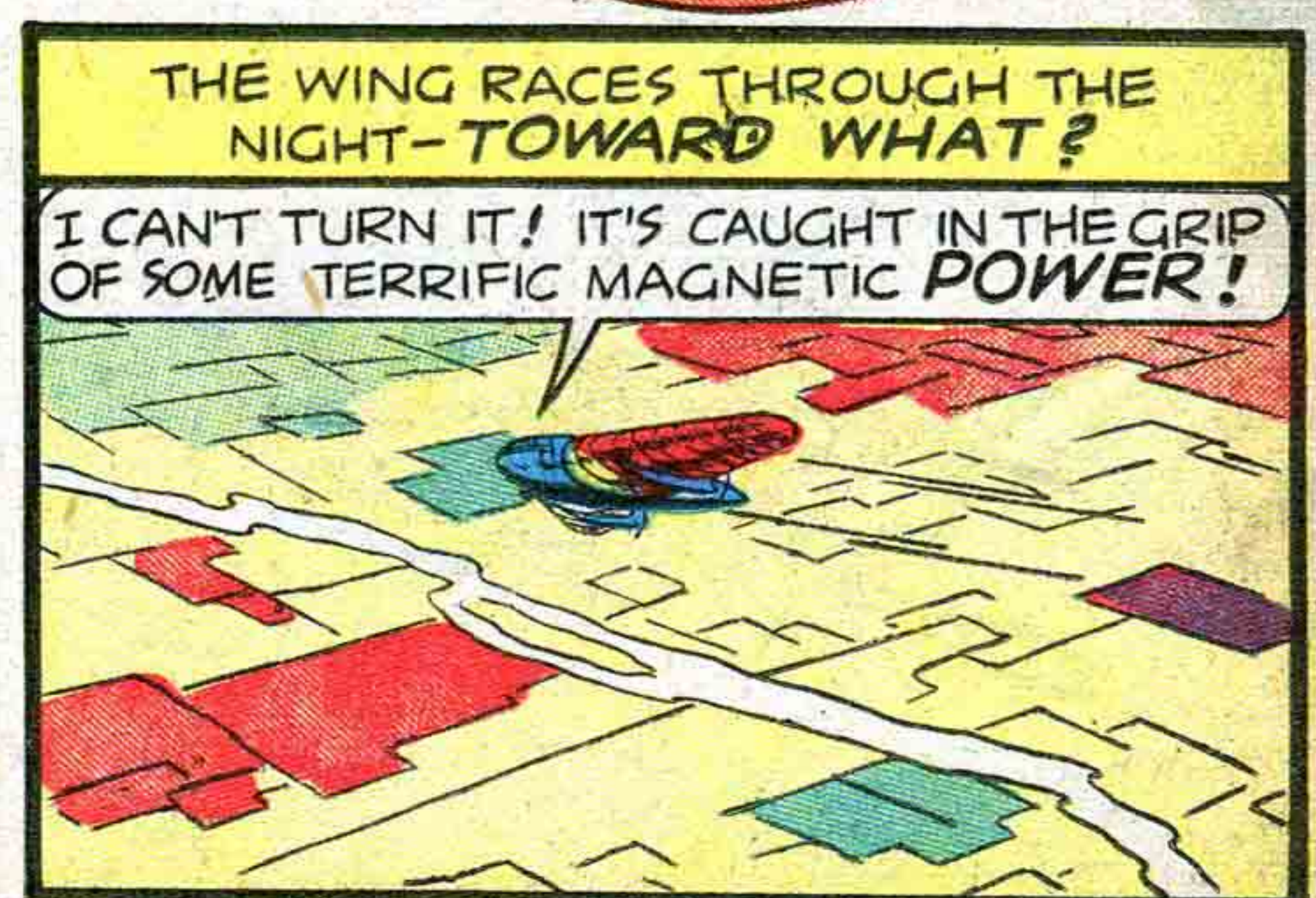
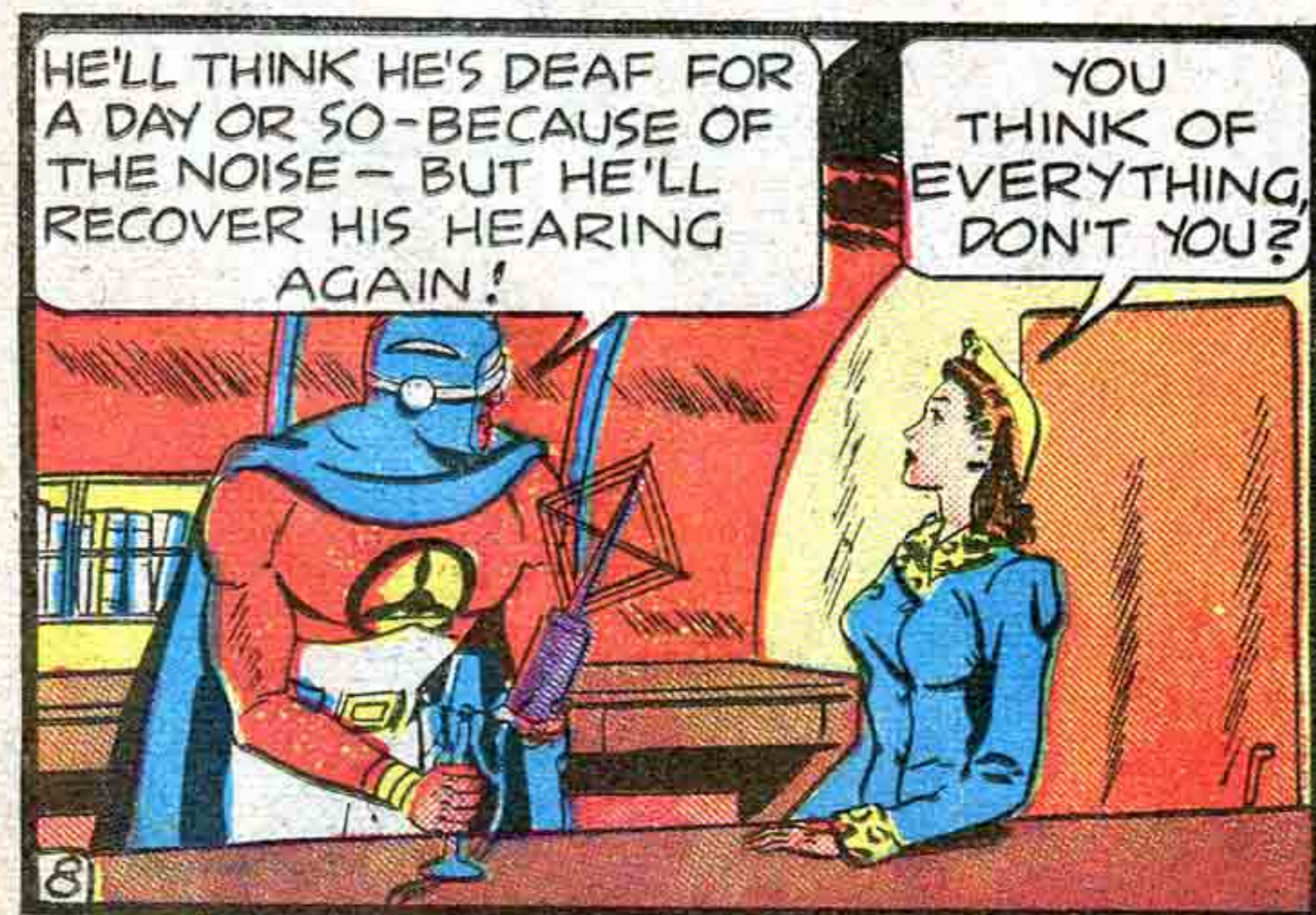
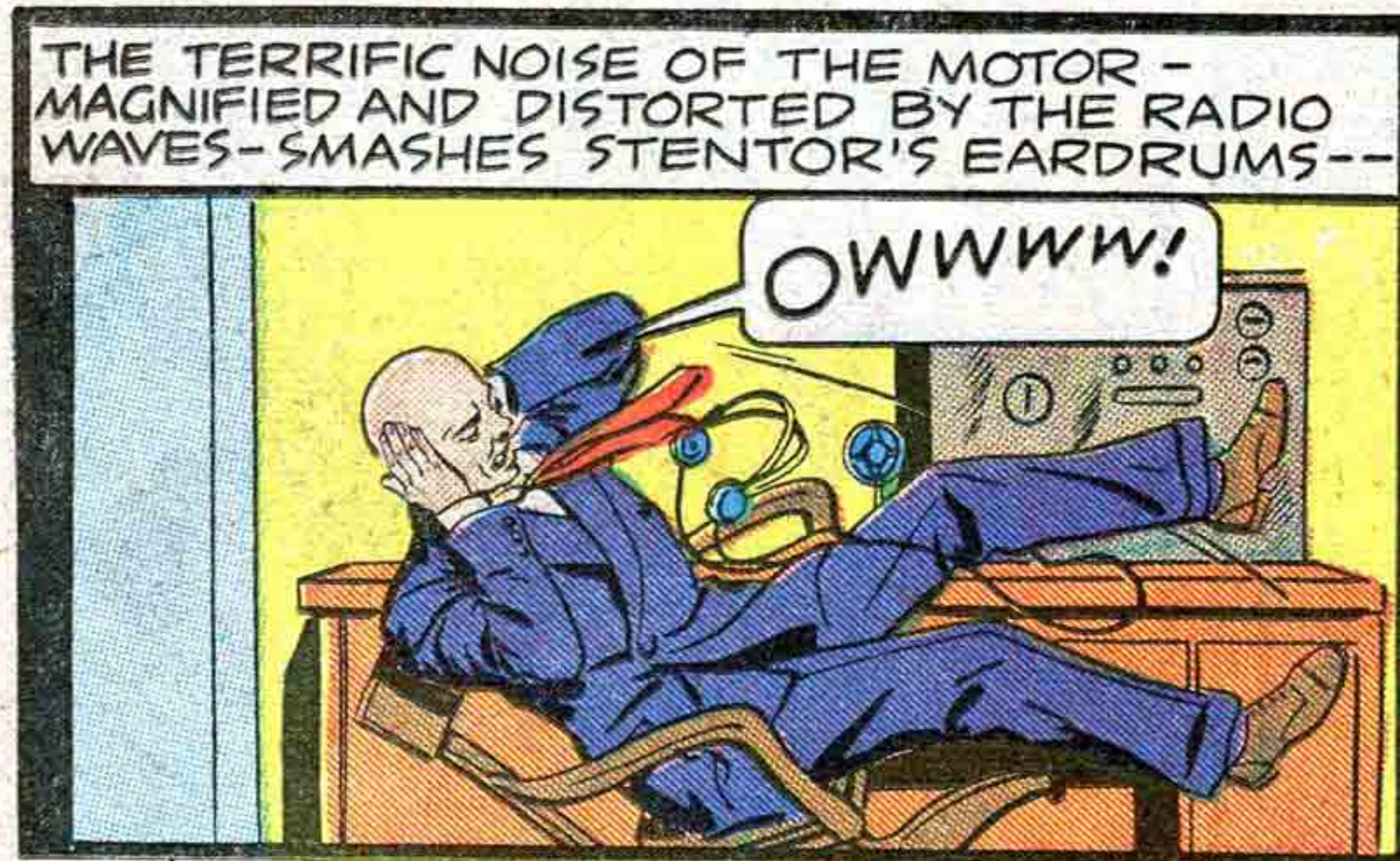






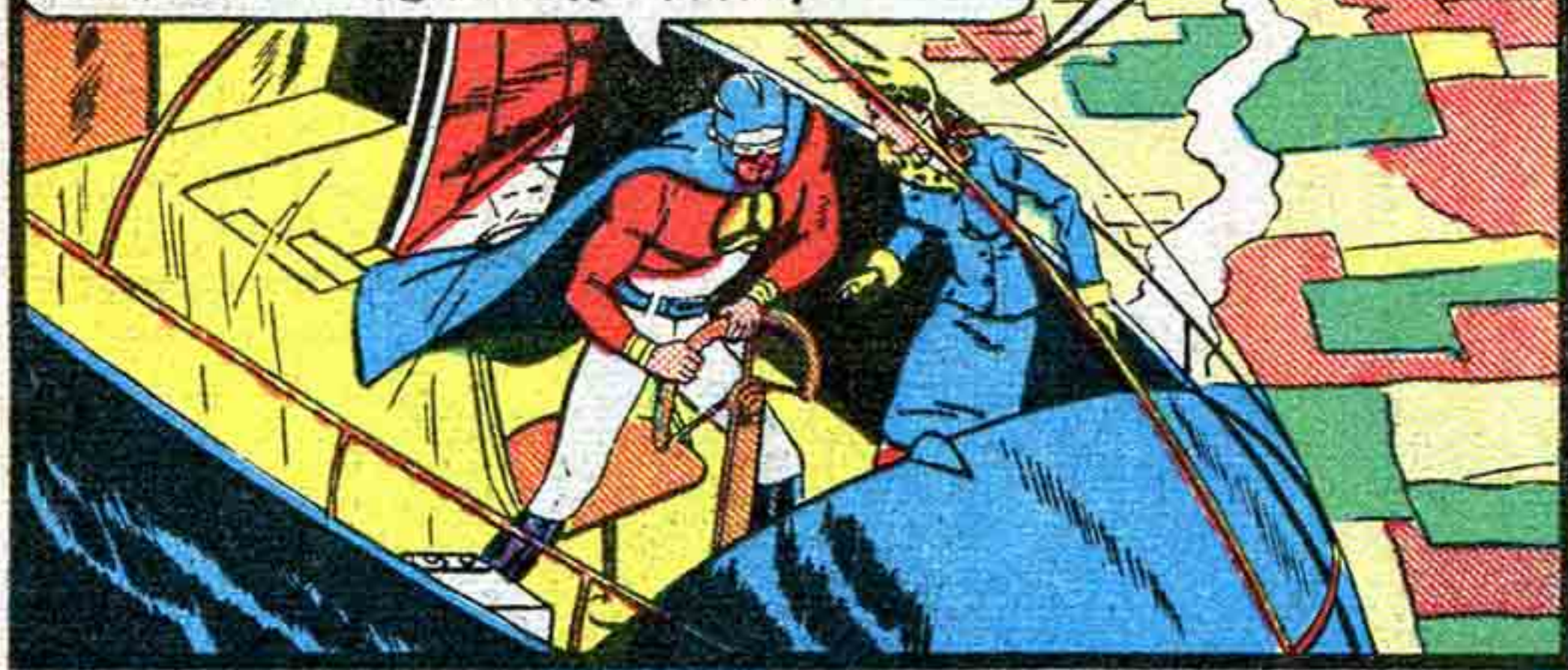




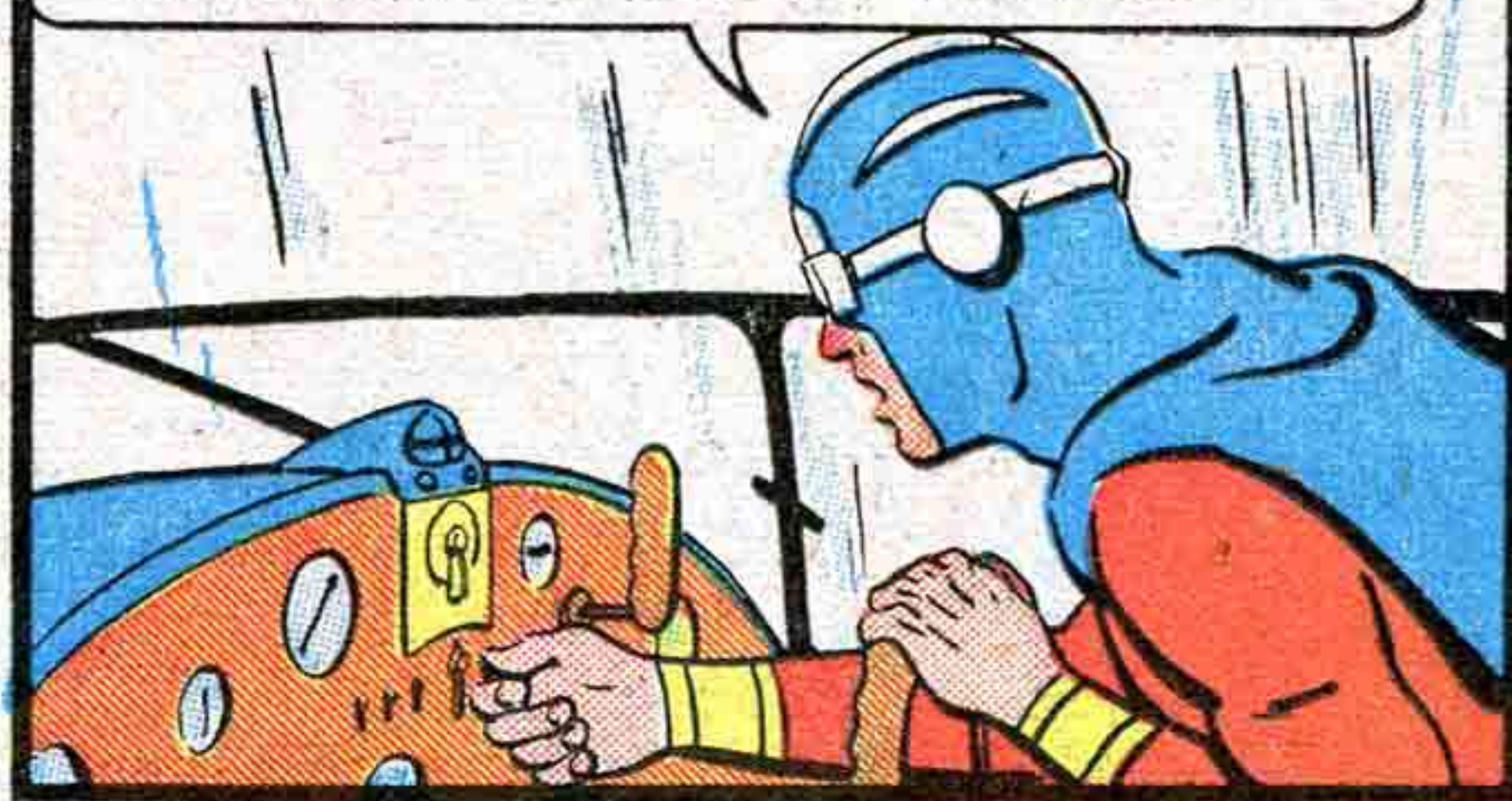


IT'S THAT DEVIL STENTOR! HE'S FOUND A WAY TO ELECTRICALLY MAGNETIZE THE ALUMINUM HULL OF THE WING - AND DRAW IT TOWARD HIM!

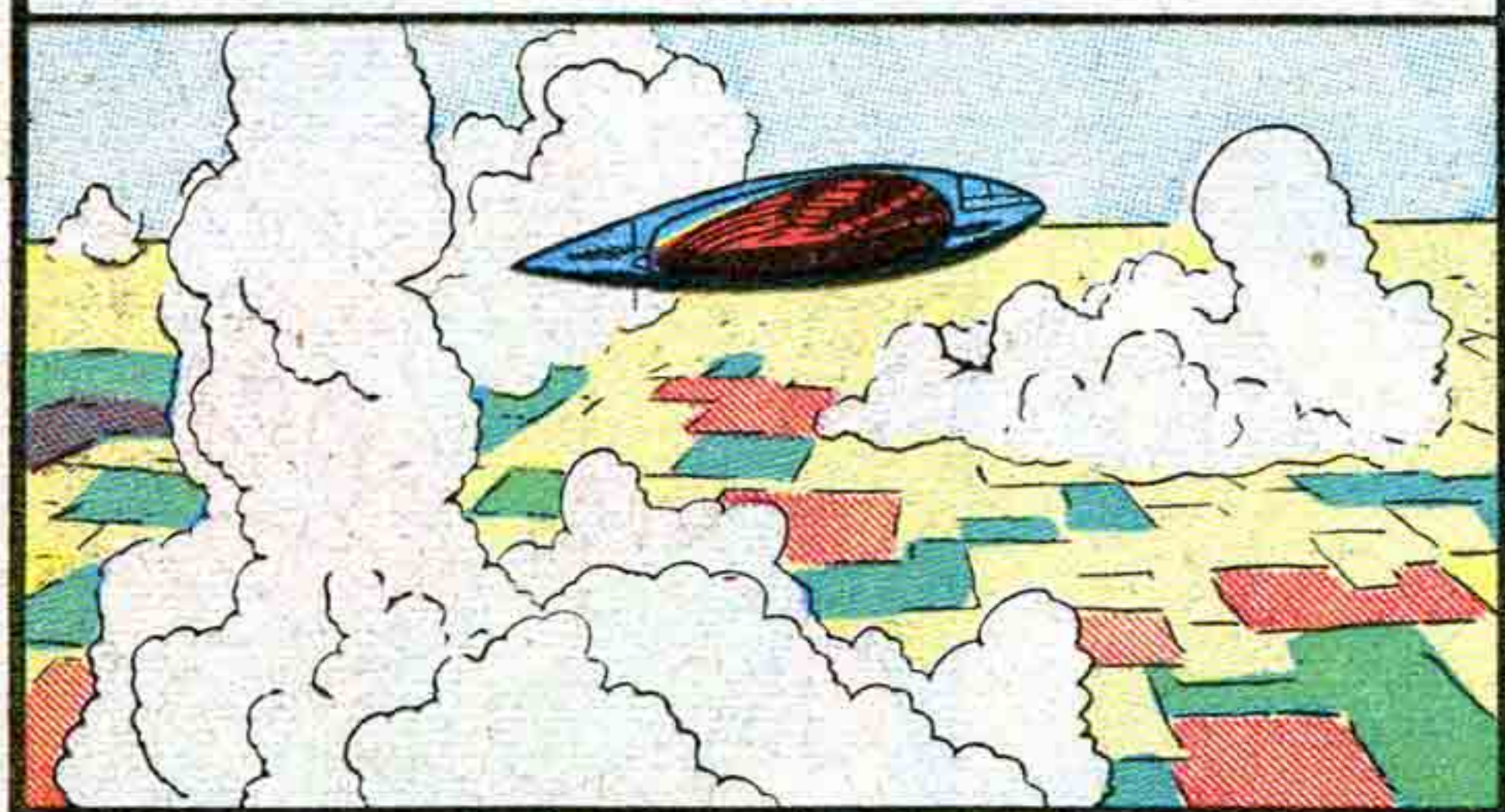
ISN'T THERE **ANYTHING** YOU CAN DO?



I'LL TRY THE ONLY THING THAT CAN STOP ME! THE COUNTER-EFFECT OF THE MAGNETIC PULL OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLES!



THE WING COMES TO A STOP IN MIDAIR - SAFE FROM STENTOR'S ELECTRICAL MAGNET-----

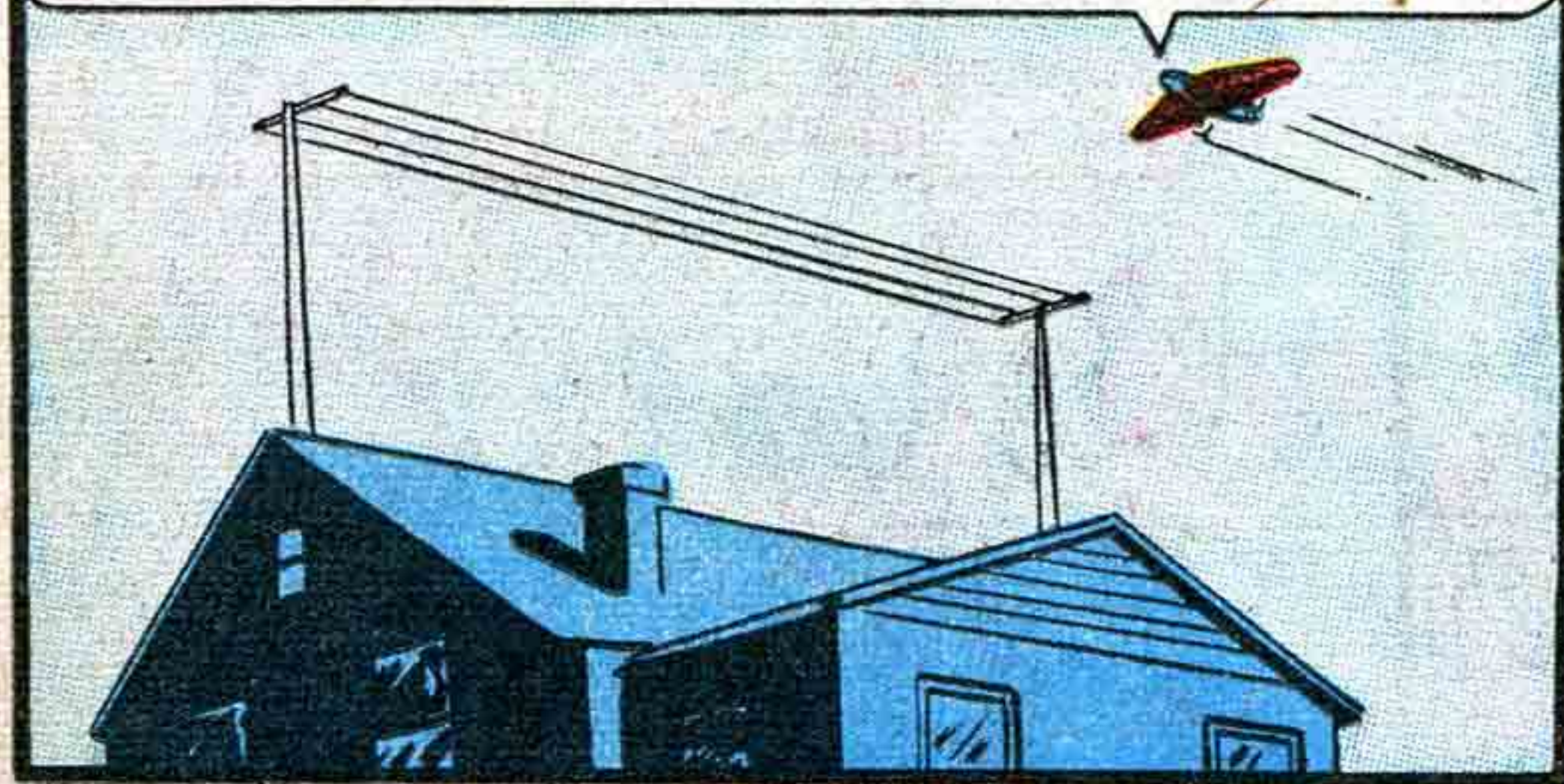


OOPS! YOU- YOU FAILED! THE WING IS GOING FORWARD!

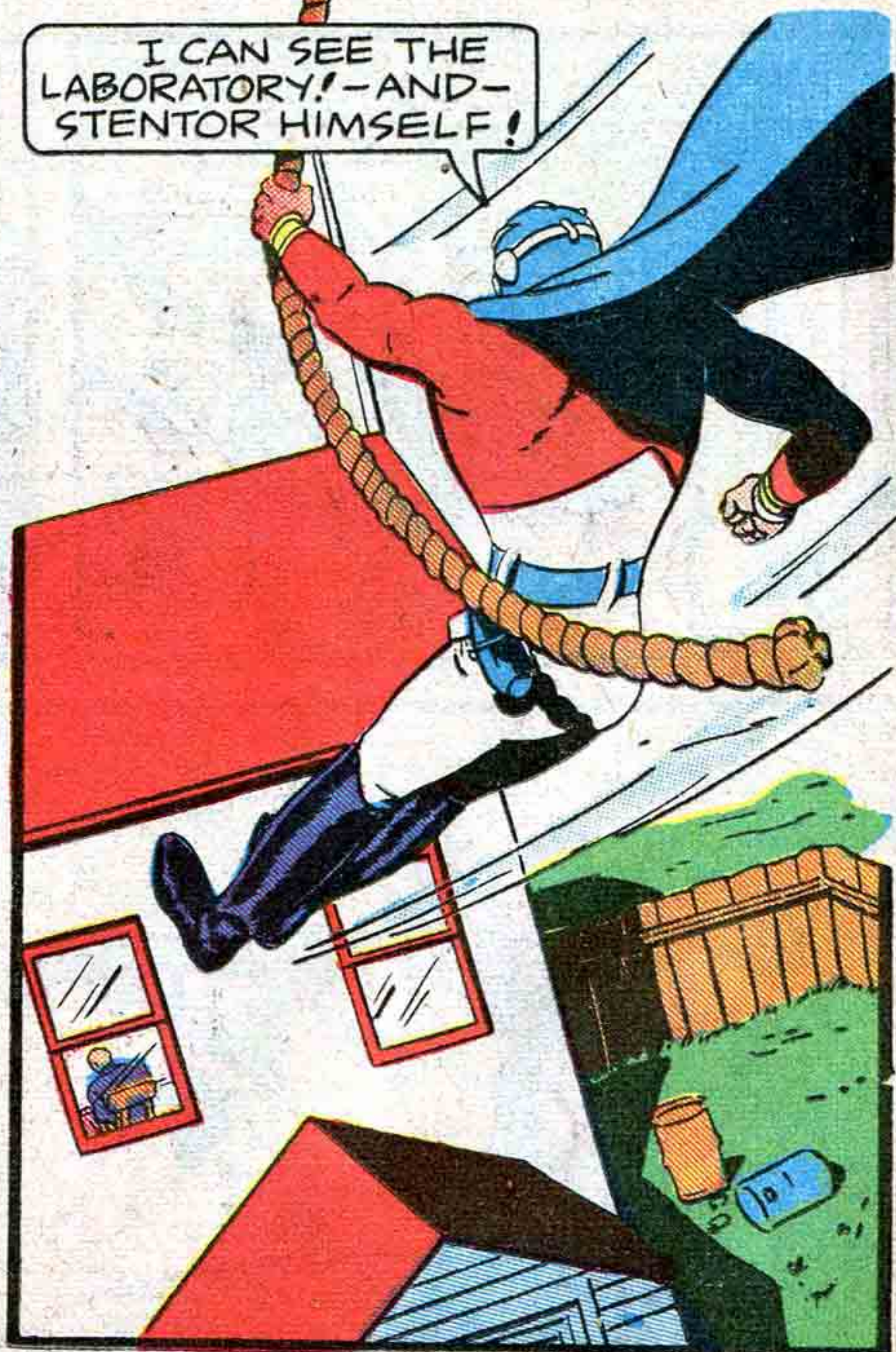
NO-I RELEASED THE POLAR CURRENT! I WANT TO MEET STENTOR-SO I'M GOING TO LET HIM BRING ME TO HIM! AND HE WON'T REALIZE, THAT WE IN THE WING, ARE NOT IN HIS POWER-AS HE NOW THINKS



IT'S HIS HIDEOUT DOWN BELOW- AND LEST HE HAS THOSE WIRES CHARGED TO ELECTROCUTE US- WE'LL STOP HERE!



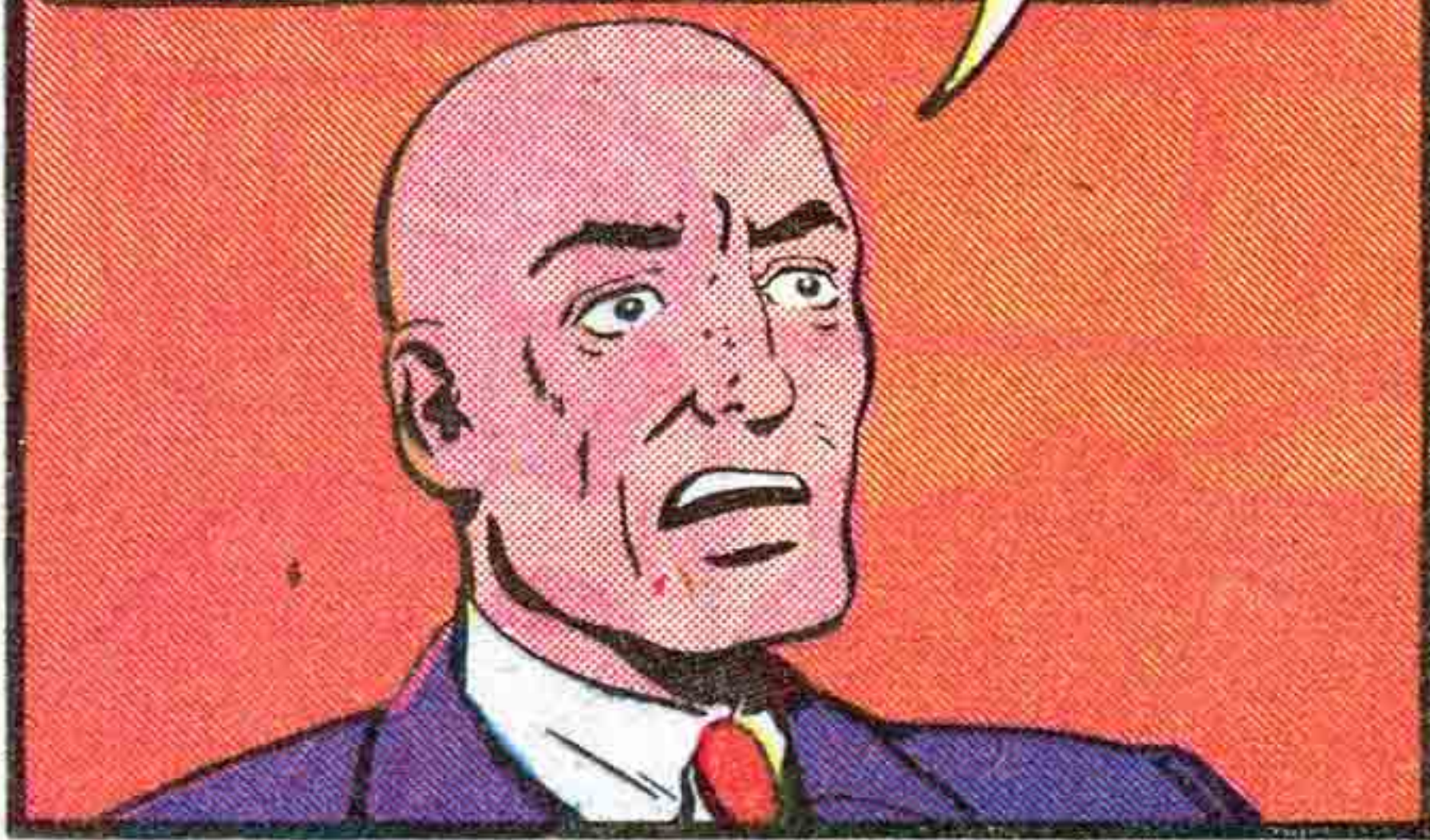
I CAN SEE THE LABORATORY! - AND - STENTOR HIMSELF!



- AND I'LL PAY STENTOR A VISIT!

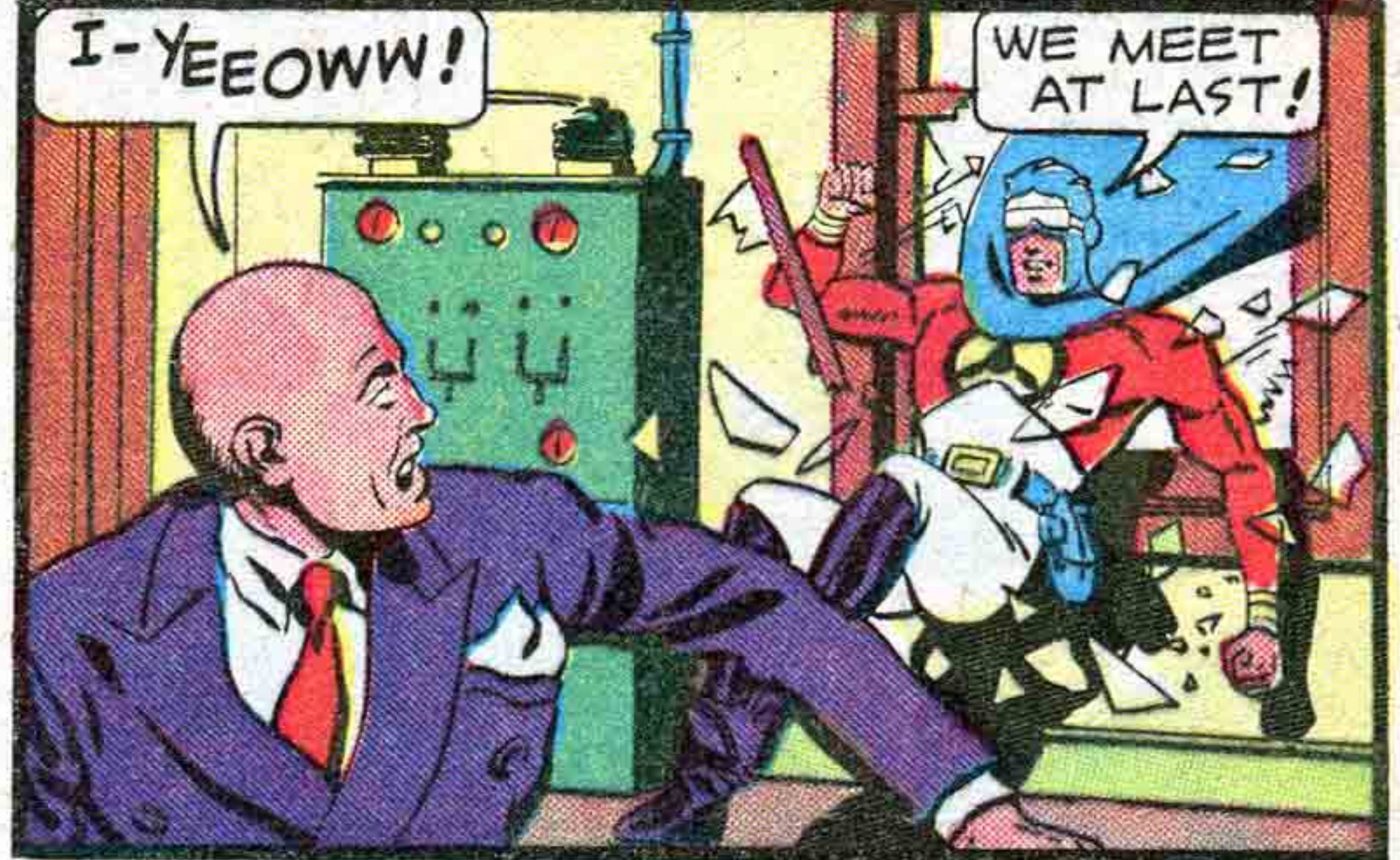


IT-IT HAS STOPPED! BUT IT MUST NOT!
IT MUST BE DRAWN CLOSER-
TO THE WIRES! I---



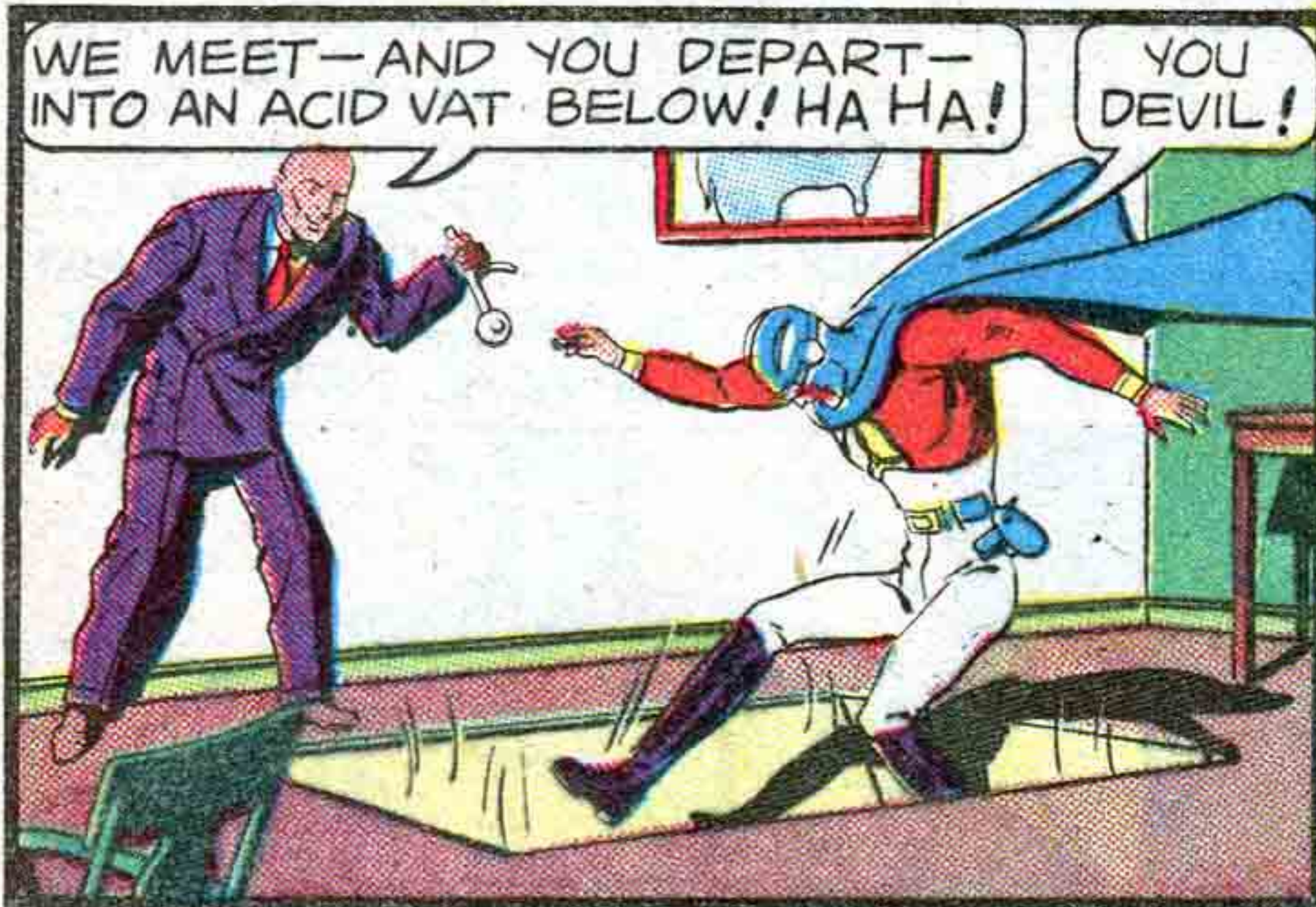
I-YEEOWW!

WE MEET
AT LAST!



WE MEET-AND YOU DEPART-
INTO AN ACID VAT BELOW! HA HA!

YOU
DEVIL!



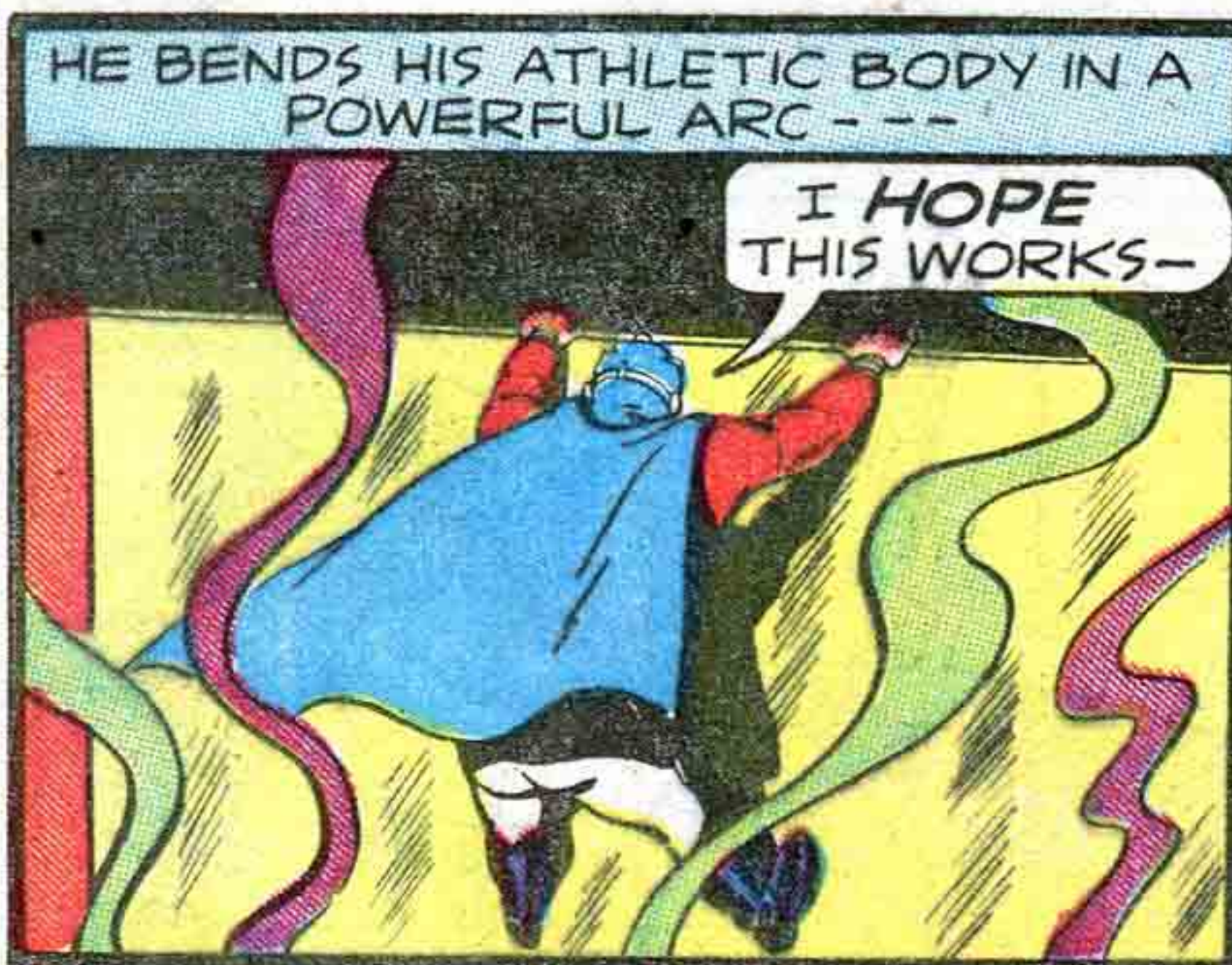
HIS STEEL FINGERS, GRASP THE EDGE
OF THE PIT---

IF I FALL-THAT ACID WILL
BURN MY FLESH TO CINDERS!



HE BENDS HIS ATHLETIC BODY IN A
POWERFUL ARC ---

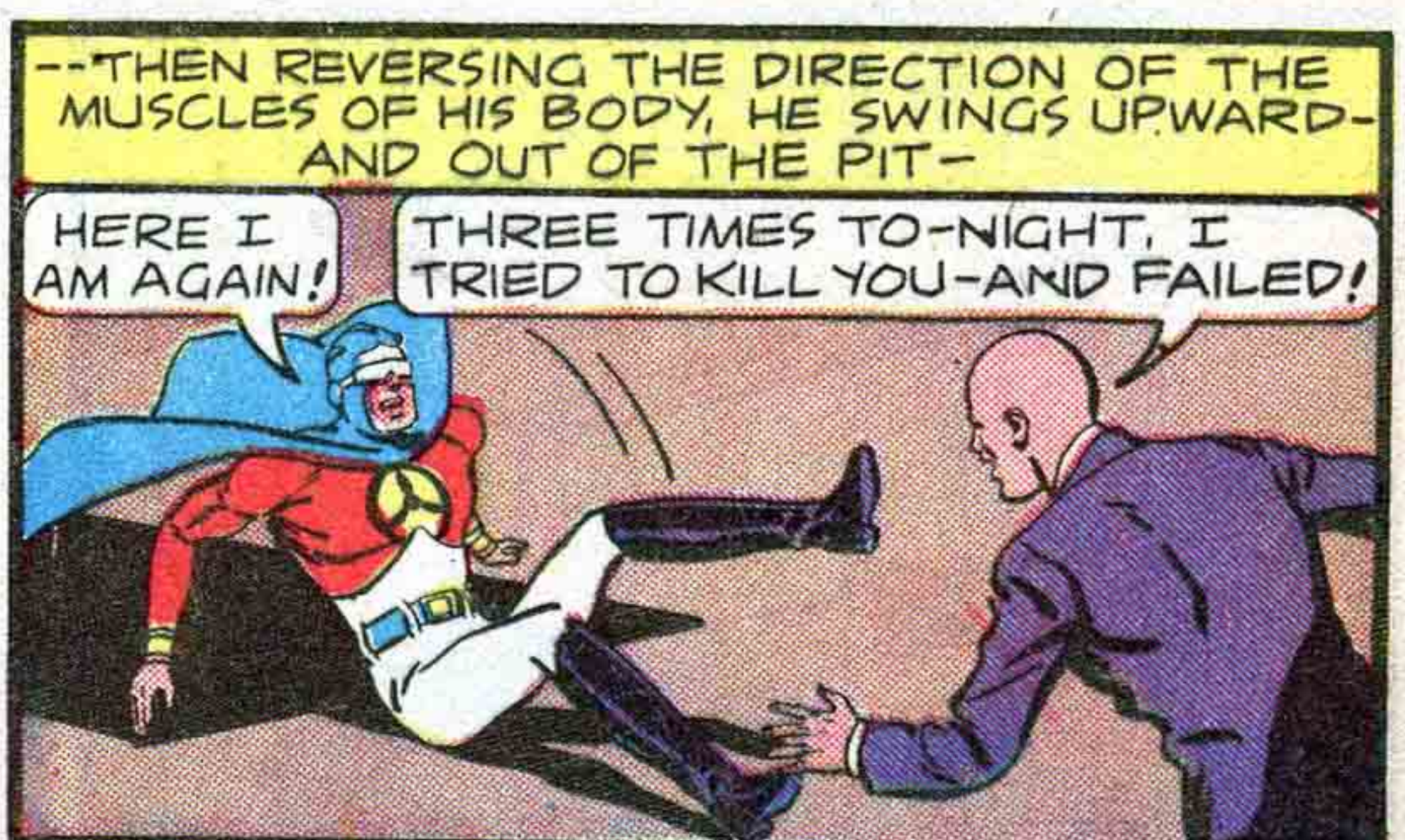
I HOPE
THIS WORKS--



--THEN REVERSING THE DIRECTION OF THE
MUSCLES OF HIS BODY, HE SWINGS UPWARD-
AND OUT OF THE PIT--

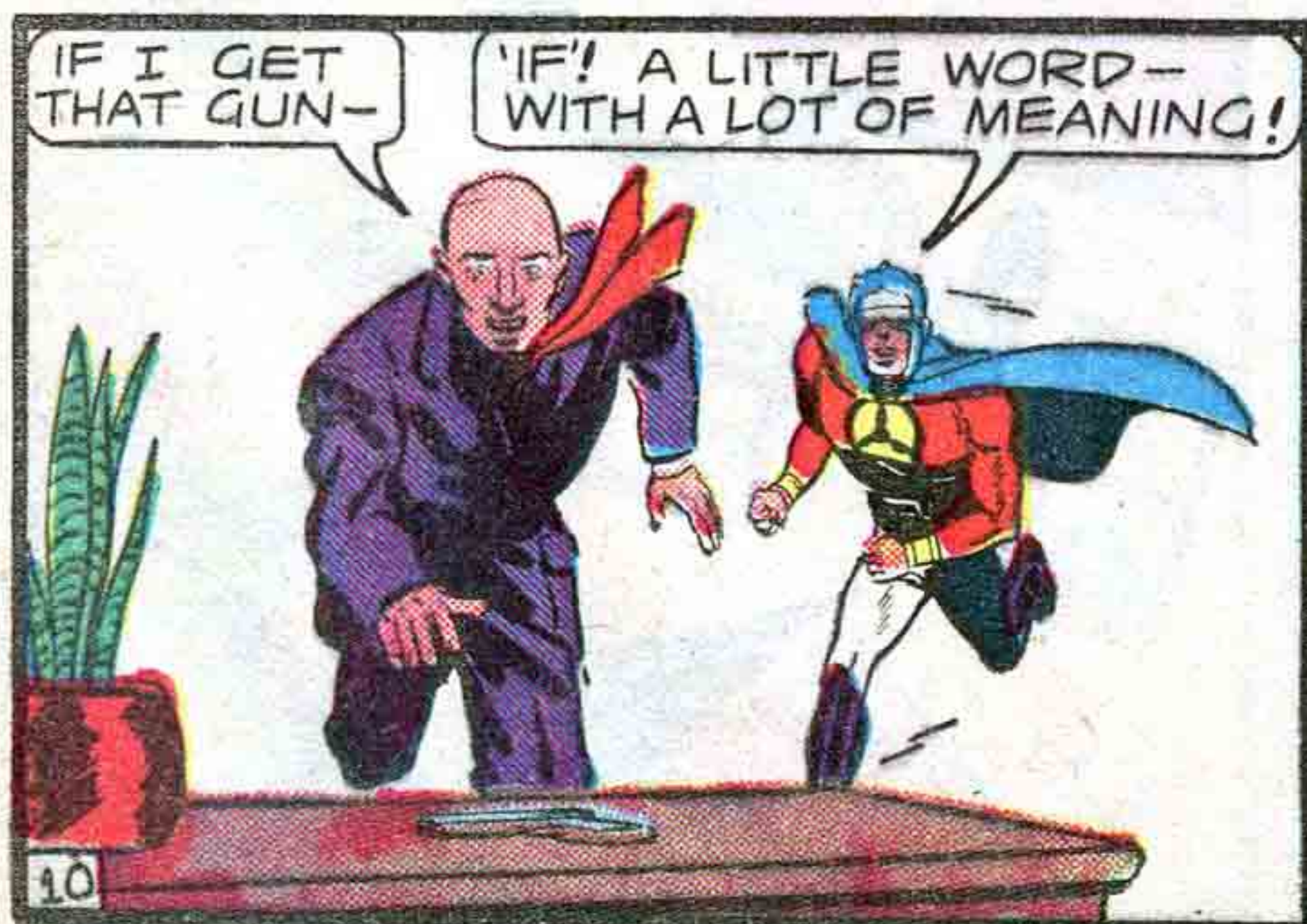
HERE I
AM AGAIN!

THREE TIMES TO-NIGHT, I
TRIED TO KILL YOU-AND FAILED!



IF I GET
THAT GUN--

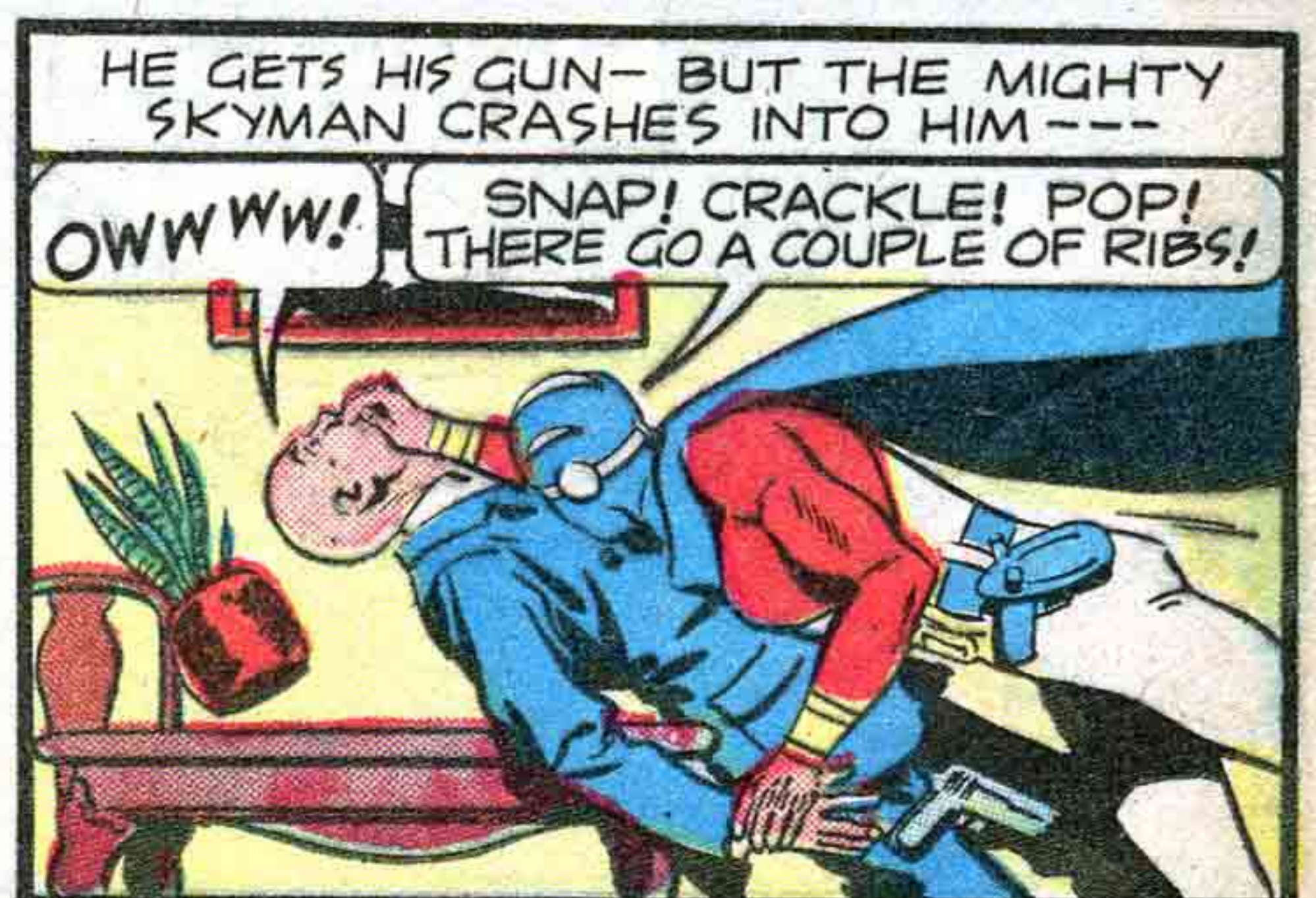
'IF! A LITTLE WORD--
WITH A LOT OF MEANING!

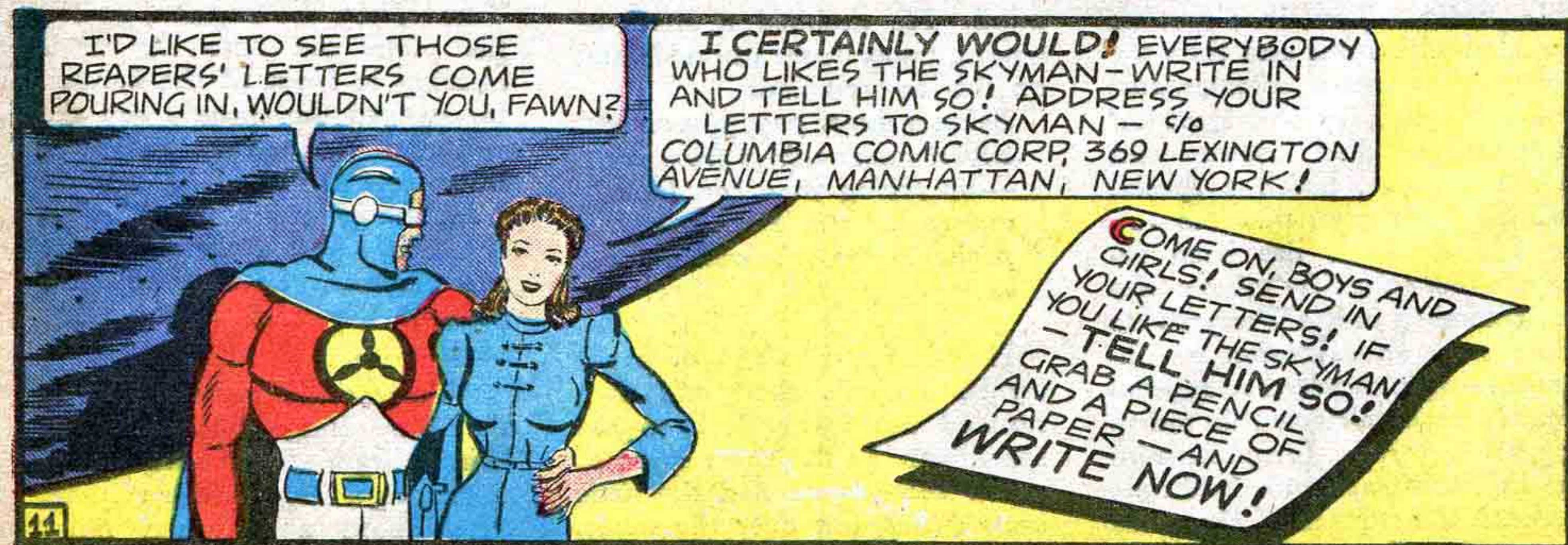
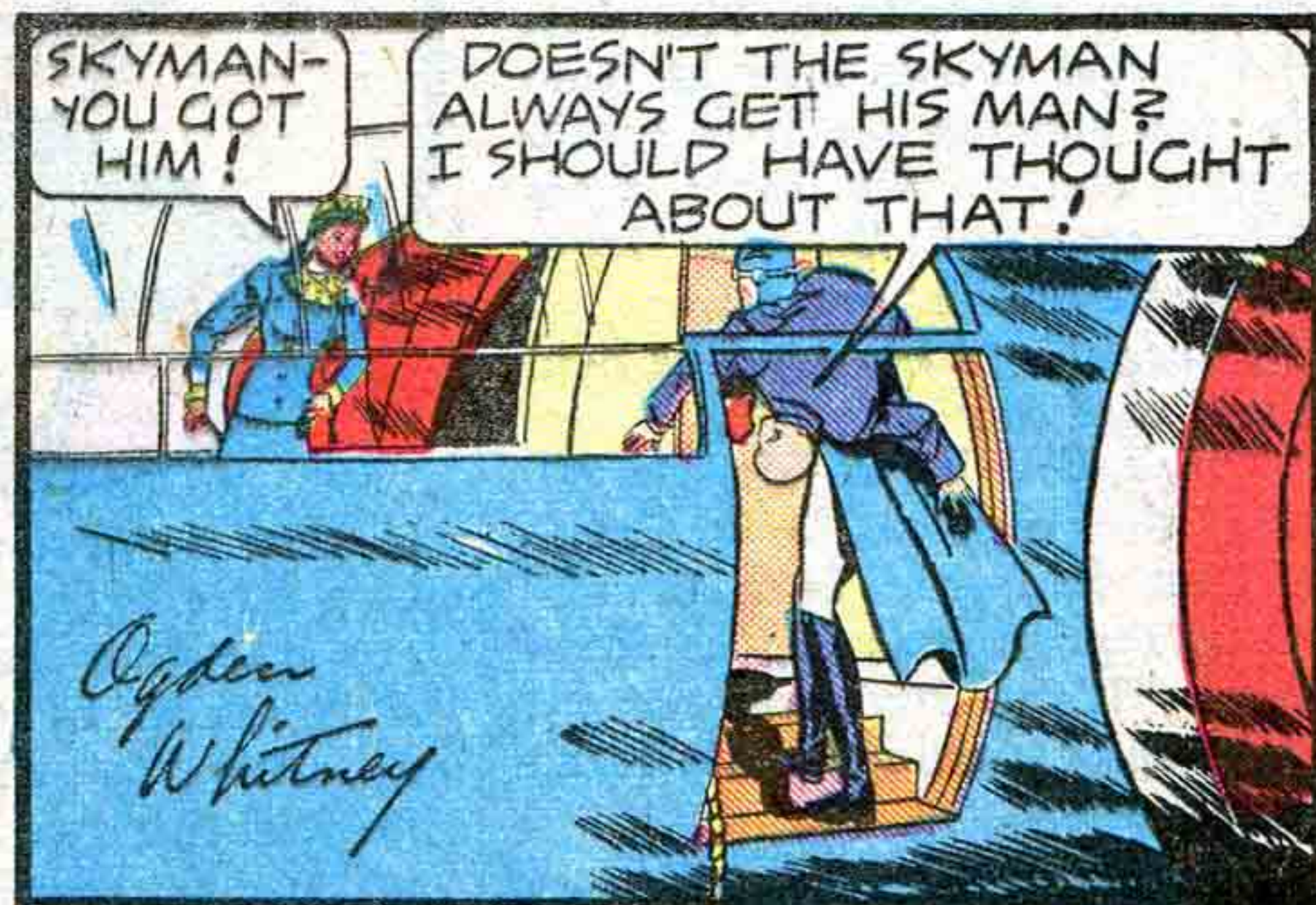
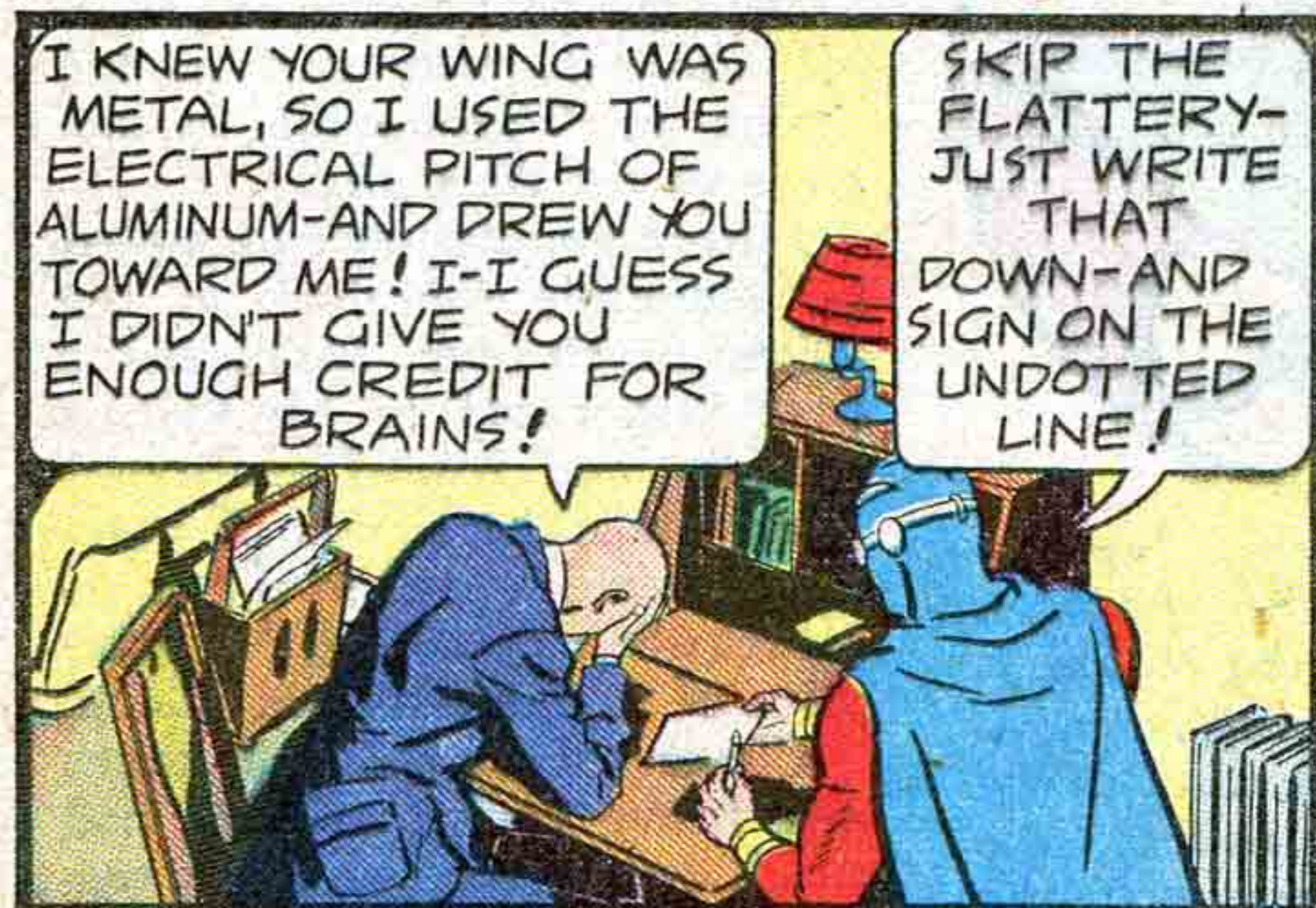
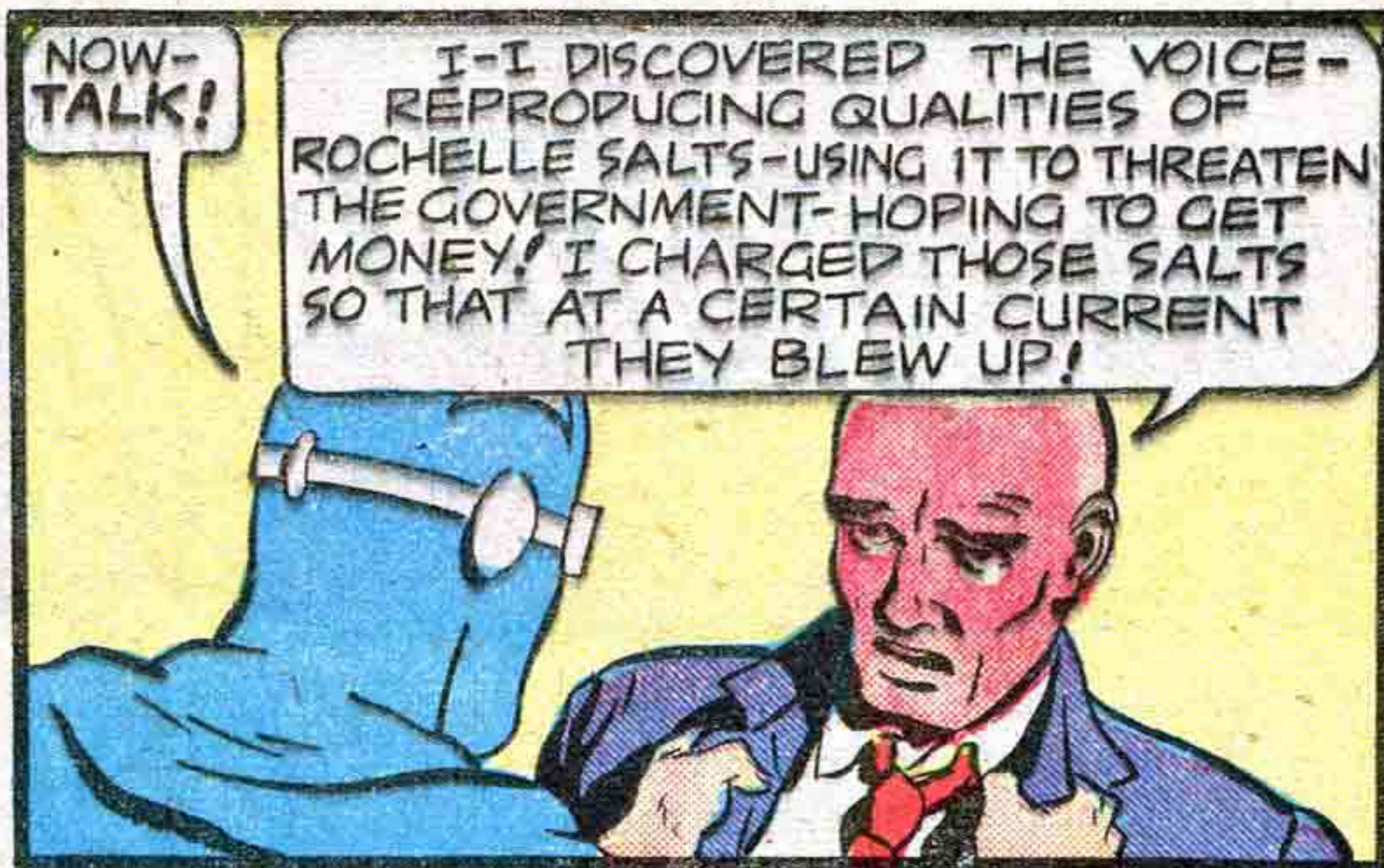


HE GETS HIS GUN- BUT THE MIGHTY
SKYMAN CRASHES INTO HIM ---

OWWWW!

SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!
THERE GO A COUPLE OF RIBS!





THE SKYMAN LENDS A HAND

by PAUL DEAN



ALLAN TURNER lounged on the aft deck of the yacht *Seagull*. The sun was high in the heavens, not even a tiny fluffy cloud was visible in the blue skies and a cool breeze blew in from the sea, fanning his brow soothingly. Across the table from Allan sat Ted Dawson, stout multi-millionaire and owner of the *Seagull*. In his hand he held a tall, cool drink.

"Well, this is the life, eh, Allan?" the corpulent Dawson said.

"Not bad—not bad at all," Allan replied, relaxing comfortably. "It's a hundred percent better than roasting on the beach back there!"

Allan indicated the long, white stretch of the Florida shore, five miles or so to the west. There was a good ten degrees difference in the temperature out here on the water and Allan was more than grateful that he had happened to meet Ted Dawson at the Miami Beach Club that morning.

The multi-millionaire arose. "Think I'll duck below and see how the chef's coming along with the lunch. I'm as hungry as a walrus."

Dawson disappeared through the doorway and Allan stood up, stretched and turned on the portable radio. The loud-speaker crackled with static and then the voice of a news commentator broke through as the electrical interference died down and stopped. "... here's a special bulletin from our newsroom ... no further word has been received about the fifty miners who are entombed in the Warrensville mine ... an explosion of unknown origin occurred at approximately eight o'clock this morning, sealing the unfortunate miners in a shaft almost a half mile beneath the surface of the earth ... as there is no other entrance

to that particular shaft, experts who have been rushed to Warrensville state that the only possible means of freeing the imprisoned men will be through the original entrance ... as they have no means of ascertaining the amount of damage done to this entrance, they are unable at this time to state how long it will take to reach the miners ..."

Allan flicked off the radio, arose and rubbed his jaw reflectively. "Entombed miners in Warrensville—there's something that interests the Skyman very much!"

Midway up the port side of the *Seagull* a small speedboat was suspended on davits, this to be used in the event of an emergency. Allan saw the boat and quickly a plan formulated in his mind. He grabbed a sheet of writing paper from the table and on this he scribbled:

Being a queer guy, you must expect queer things from me —am taking your speedboat ashore for a brief visit—will probably see you within the next few days,

Allan.

He pinned the sheet of paper on his friend's chair and then hurried down the deck to the speedboat. In the short space of a few seconds he had the little craft swung out over the water. He lowered it, detached the ropes

and leaped into it. The self-starter spun into action at the touch of his finger, and shifting gears, Allan Turner the playboy headed the boat toward the Florida shore to take part in the drama at Warrensville in the guise of the Skyman.

Fifteen minutes later he pulled up alongside the dock at the Miami Beach Club. He made the boat fast, raced to his waiting roadster and roared southward along the white ribbon of pavement toward a spot in the Everglades where the *Wing*, the super-plane of the Skyman, was hidden.

Cleverly concealed by palms and heavy underbrush, he had this hideaway for just such a reason as the one that presented itself now. He hurried into a small building on the side of the hangar. Here he pulled off his sport shirt and white flannels and hurriedly dressed himself in the uniform of the Skyman. He pressed a button and the wide doors of the hangar opened, revealing the blue and red shape of the glistening *Wing*.

"Well, *Wing* old boy," he said softly, patting the side of the plane, "we're off on another errand of mercy—so let me see you do your best!"

Seated at the controls, Allan Turner, now the Skyman, guided the plane out onto the small clearing in front of the hangar. He opened the throttle and the powerful twin-motors roared a lusty tune as the *Wing* shot up from the ground at an unbelievable angle. At a thousand feet the Skyman leveled off and pointed the nose of the ship northward.

"Warrensville's a small town in the Blue Ridge Mountains in West Virginia," he read aloud, consulting a large leather volume. "It's about a thousand miles from here—ought to make it in

about two hours!"

AND two hours it was, as the *Wing* circled high above the mining town in the purpled-hazed mountains. Almost half a mile beneath those rugged peaks fifty men were trapped, praying, hoping that those on the surface would reach them before the air supply was exhausted and they collapsed. The Skyman spotted a cleared field beneath him, and zooming down, landed the *Wing*. A small boy, amazed and curious at the sight of the strange plane, timidly approached and stood gaping as the cabin door opened and the Skyman leaped to the ground.

"Perhaps you can help me, sonny," the Skyman said. "Where's this coal mine located—the one that had the explosion and trapped the miners?"

"About a quarter of a mile down the road," the boy replied, staring at the costumed figure. "Golly—you're the Skyman, ain't ya?"

"That's right, sonny, and I'm here to see if I can't help those miners!" The Skyman covered the distance to the mine in fifteen minutes and when he walked into the group of rescuers who were working frantically at the mine's entrance he was immediately recognized. For the Skyman's deeds of mercy were numerous and his fame had spread throughout the length and breadth of the land.

"How is it coming?" he asked the leader of the workers.

"Not so good," the man replied with frank disappointment. "We've succeeded in reaching the miners with a small line of pipe, enough to convey messages—the air supply is pretty bad—twenty of the men have collapsed already!"

"Where's the entrance that leads to the shaft?" the Skyman inquired. "I think I can add a little speed to this work."

The other led the way to a spot about fifty feet away. Here a tunnel, ten feet high and some five feet wide, entered the side of a mountain and wound down through the earth. They continued for a good twenty-five yards when the passageway was

suddenly stopped by a wall of rock and earth—here it was that the explosion had taken place and just how far the shaft was filled was simply guesswork. The rescue workers had been digging frantically since early morning but the length of the shaft seemed unending.

"Will you tell these fellows to step aside for a moment," the Skyman said to the head man. "I have an idea this *atomic* of mine will be a bit more effective!"



Puzzled, the workers stood aside and the Skyman approached the solid barrier. He aimed the *atomic*, one of the many extraordinary things he had invented, pulled the trigger and a jagged flame of sizzling light shot out of the weapon. The workers gasped in amazement at what they saw—where once stood

rock and earth was now a thin coating of gray, powdery dust! Whatever the crackling ray of the *atomic* touched wherever the Skyman directed it, disintegrated—seemed to vanish into thin air. It was uncanny—in less than a minute's time a large gaping hole was seen where once the fallen rocks had jammed the shaft. The Skyman penetrated further and further into the tunnel. Behind him came the rescuers with oxygen tanks, stretchers and the emergency apparatus that would be sorely needed by the trapped men.

Suddenly the barrier before the Skyman yawned into a hole of black void—he had reached the section of the mine where the men were imprisoned! He put the *atomic* back into the holster and plunged through space, the others following directly behind him.

"Hold your breaths for a moment," the Skyman directed them. "The air in here is filled with carbon monoxide—I'll fix it in a second!" He reached into his pocket and produced two small capsules. These he flung on the ground—they burst and filled the cavern with the clear odor of fresh air!

The rescuers entered — and barely in the nick of time! The imprisoned miners, every last man of them, were stretched on the floor of the shaft—exhausted and overcome by the poisonous monoxide fumes. Quickly they were given temporary treatment and were then carried up to the surface.

The news of the miraculous rescue spread with the speed of light. Reporters and photographers flocked to Warrensville—and once again the name of the Skyman, helper of the oppressed and staunch defender of the weak, was on the lips of every newspaper reader throughout the country. But in his usual manner, the Skyman disappeared before the acclamations of an admiring public could reach him—and two days later Allan Turner was again back on board the *Seagull*, sunning himself with the complacency of the playboy he pretended to be.

SPY-CHIEF

MANY AND VARIED ARE THE ACCIDENTS THAT HAPPEN TO VARIOUS UNITED STATES AIRPLANES AND DESTROYERS AS WAR RAGES BETWEEN BORDANNIA AND PLAKKA ...



DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS!

YEAH—SOMETHING'S FISHY!



THE PILOTS REPORT TO THE AIR SQUADRON COMMANDER ...

—AND SOMETHING WENT PING AND DOWN WE CAME!

THERE CERTAINLY IS SABOTAGE GOING ON—BUT HOW CAN WE CHECK BACK ON IT? AMMM...



JEFF CARDIFF? COMMANDER NOLAN. ONE OF MY BOMBERS CRASHED THIS MORNING—*THIRD* ACCIDENT IN A WEEK!



I'LL BE DOWN RIGHT AWAY, COMMANDER!



THE 'SPY CHIEF' TRAVELS SWIFTLY...

AT SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR I OUGHT TO BE THERE SOON...



THE ARMY FLYING FIELD...

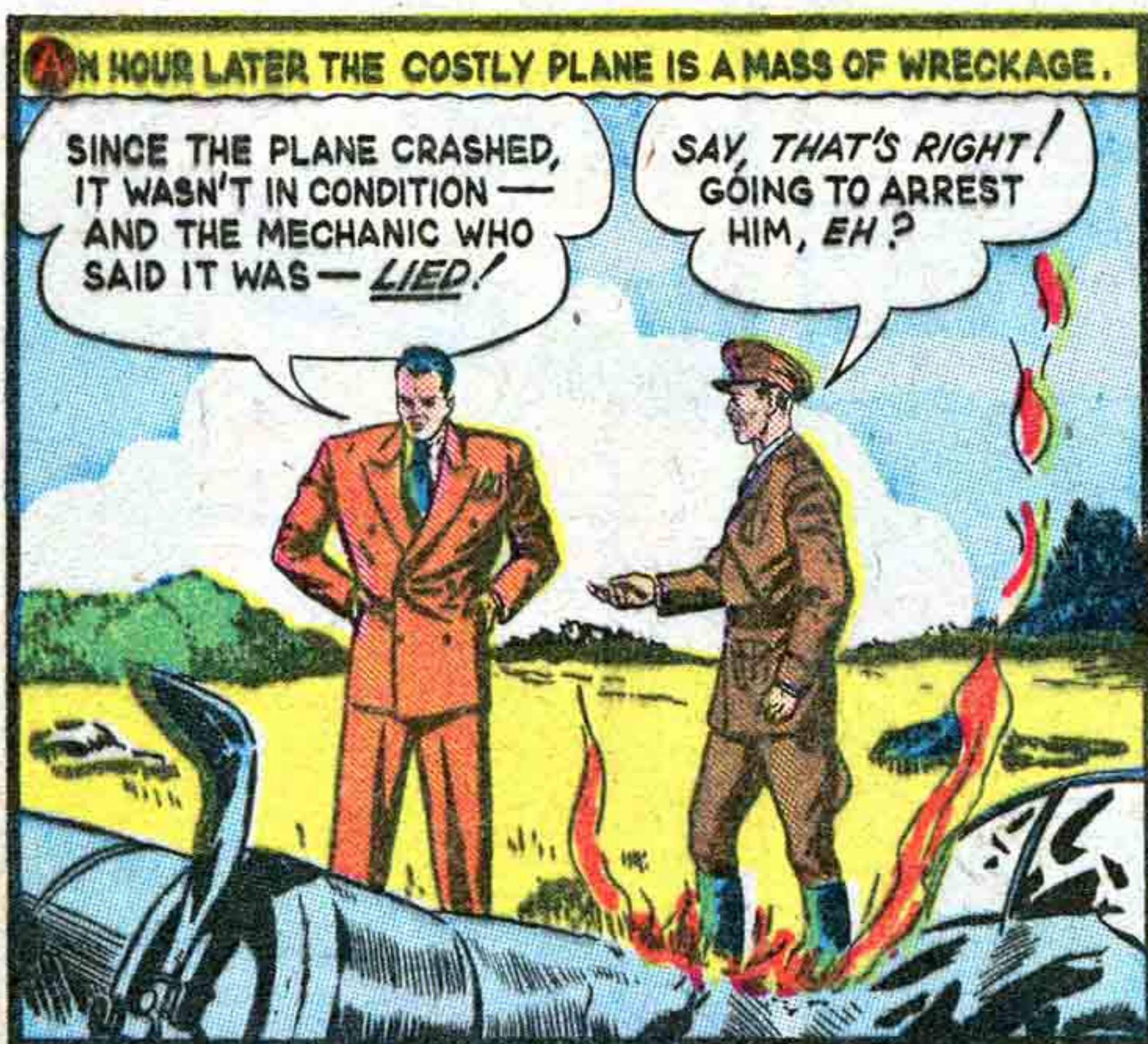
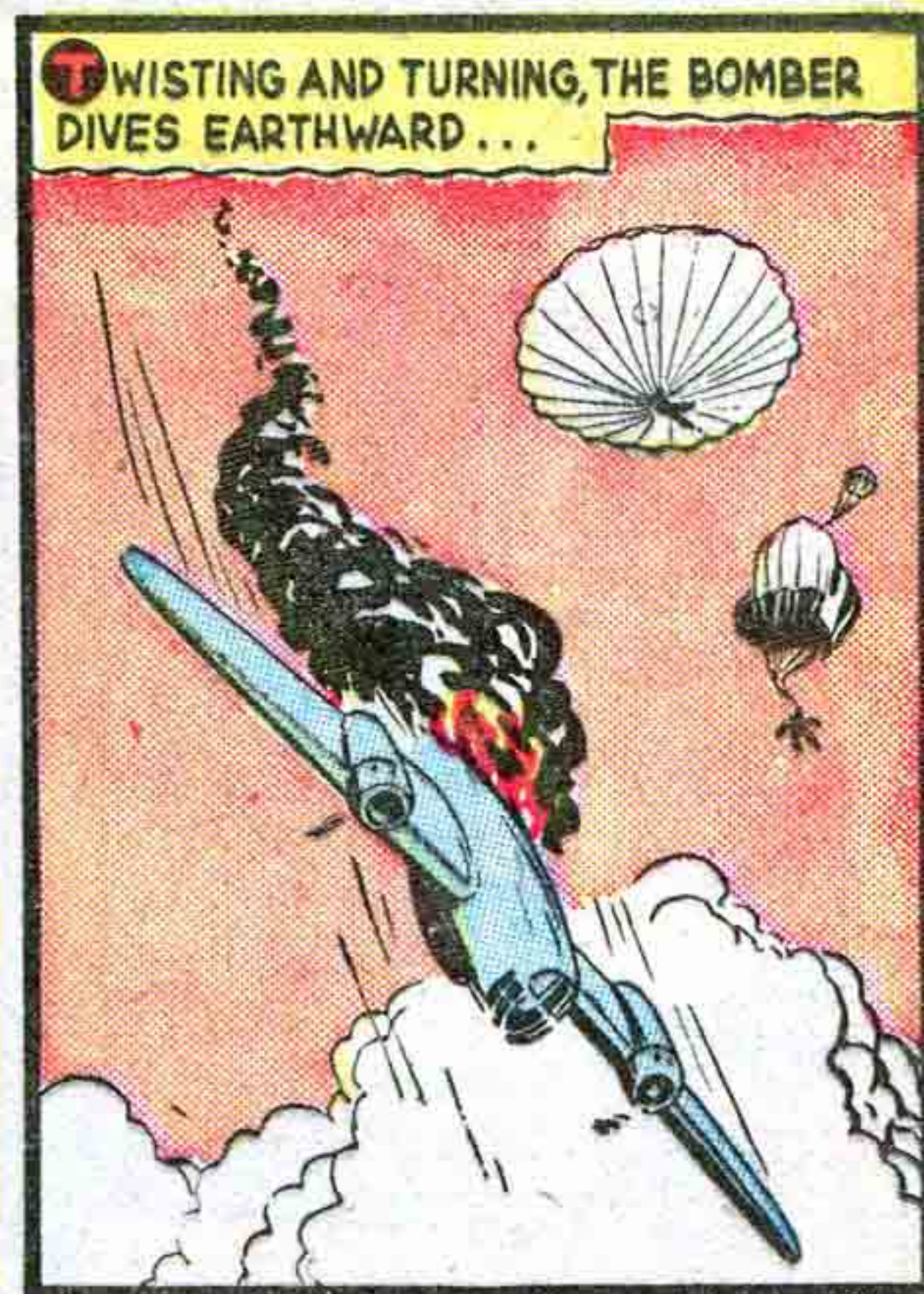
IF YOU'LL JUST LOOK AROUND—SEE IF YOU NOTICE ANYTHING THAT WE HAVEN'T—YOUR EYES BEING NEW TO THE SCENE WILL OBSERVE THINGS WE PASS BY—

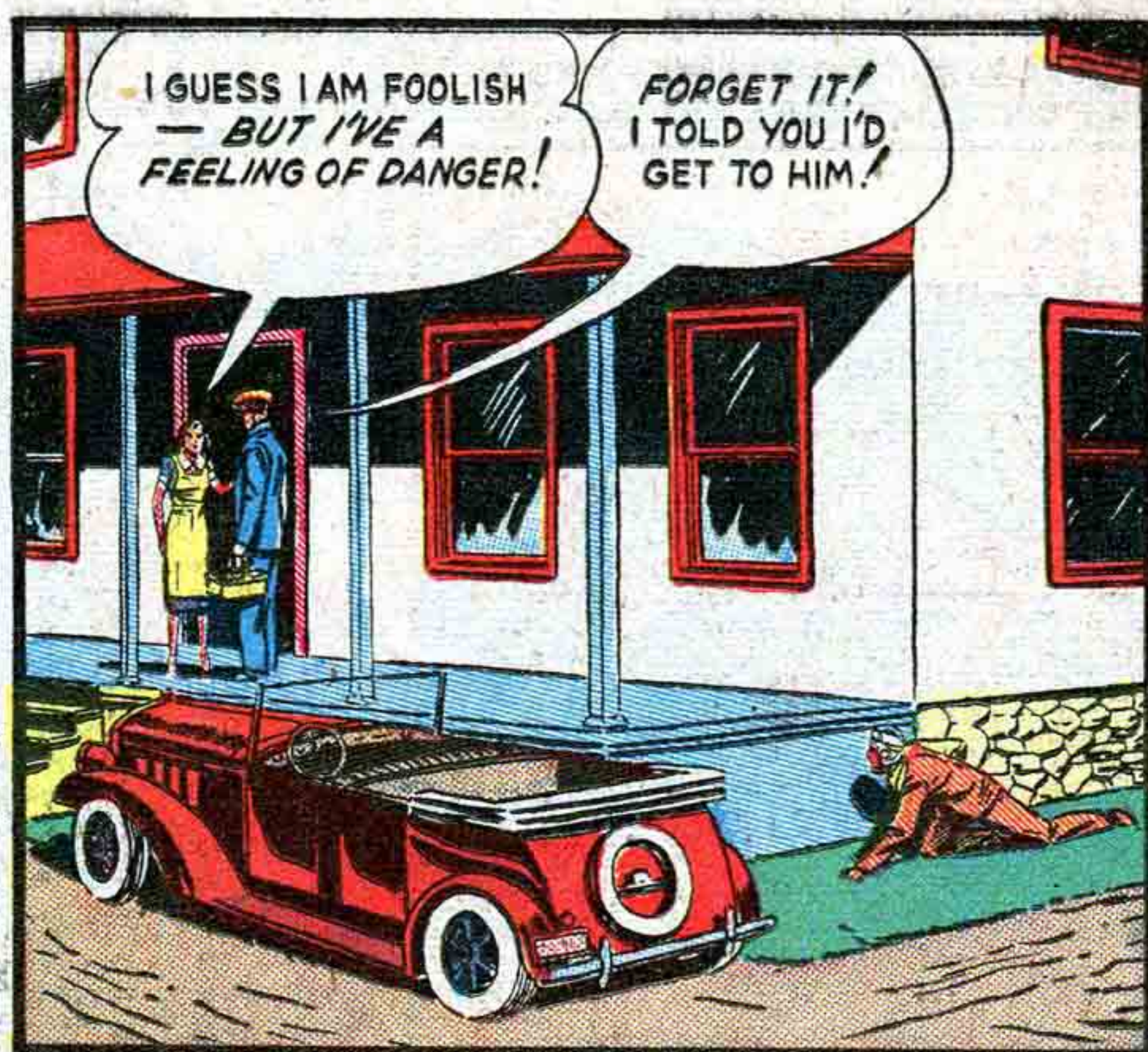
GLAD TO—!

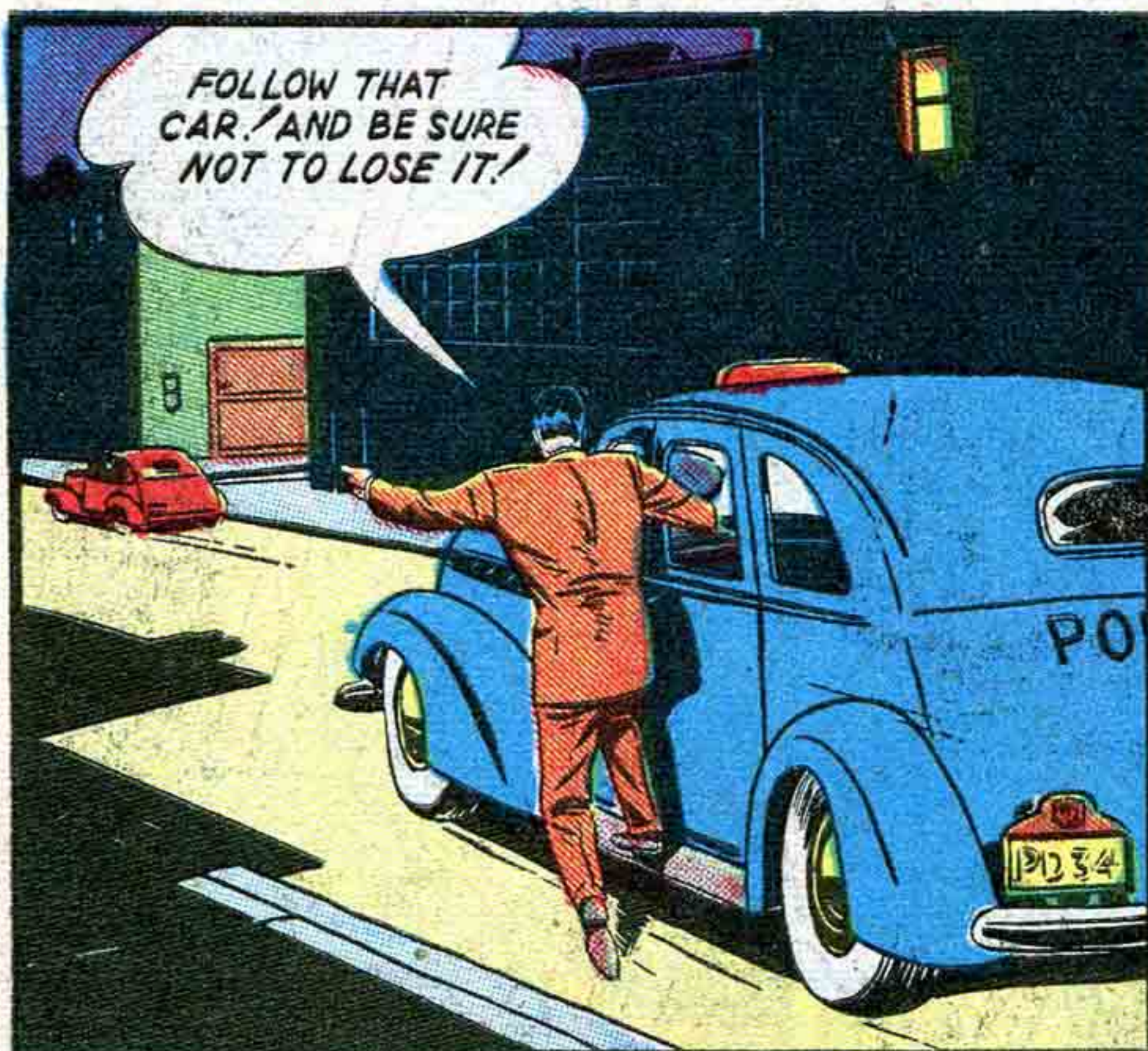


ALL READY, SIR!

GOOD! THIS IS A NEW BOMBER, JEFF—GETTING A TRIAL SPIN. WE'LL SEE HOW SHE CARRIES ON—







THE SPEEDY PLANE OVERHAULS THE OTHER —



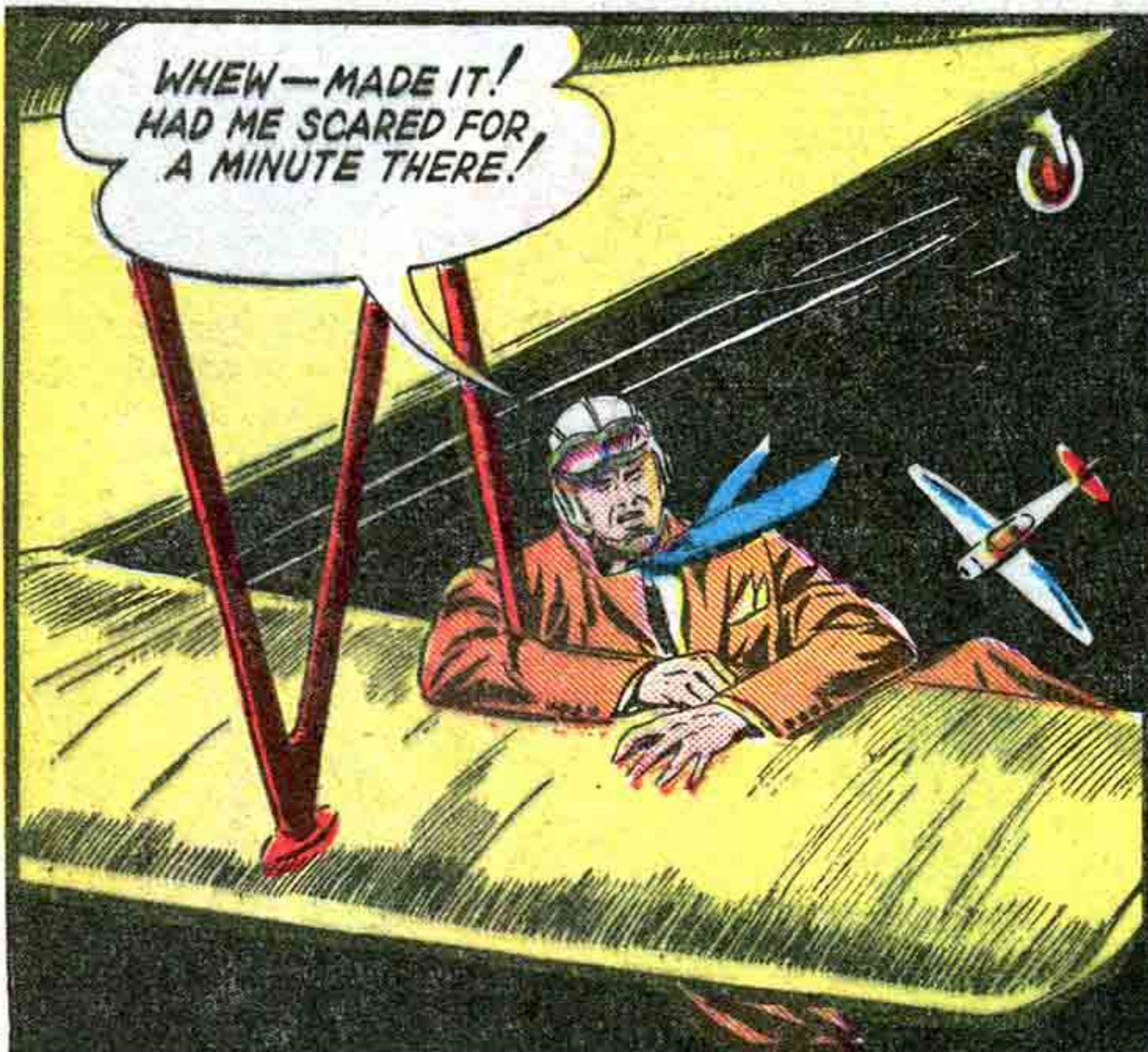
—AND JEFF PREPARES TO TRANSFER PLANES ... IN MIDAIR!



ALL SET—



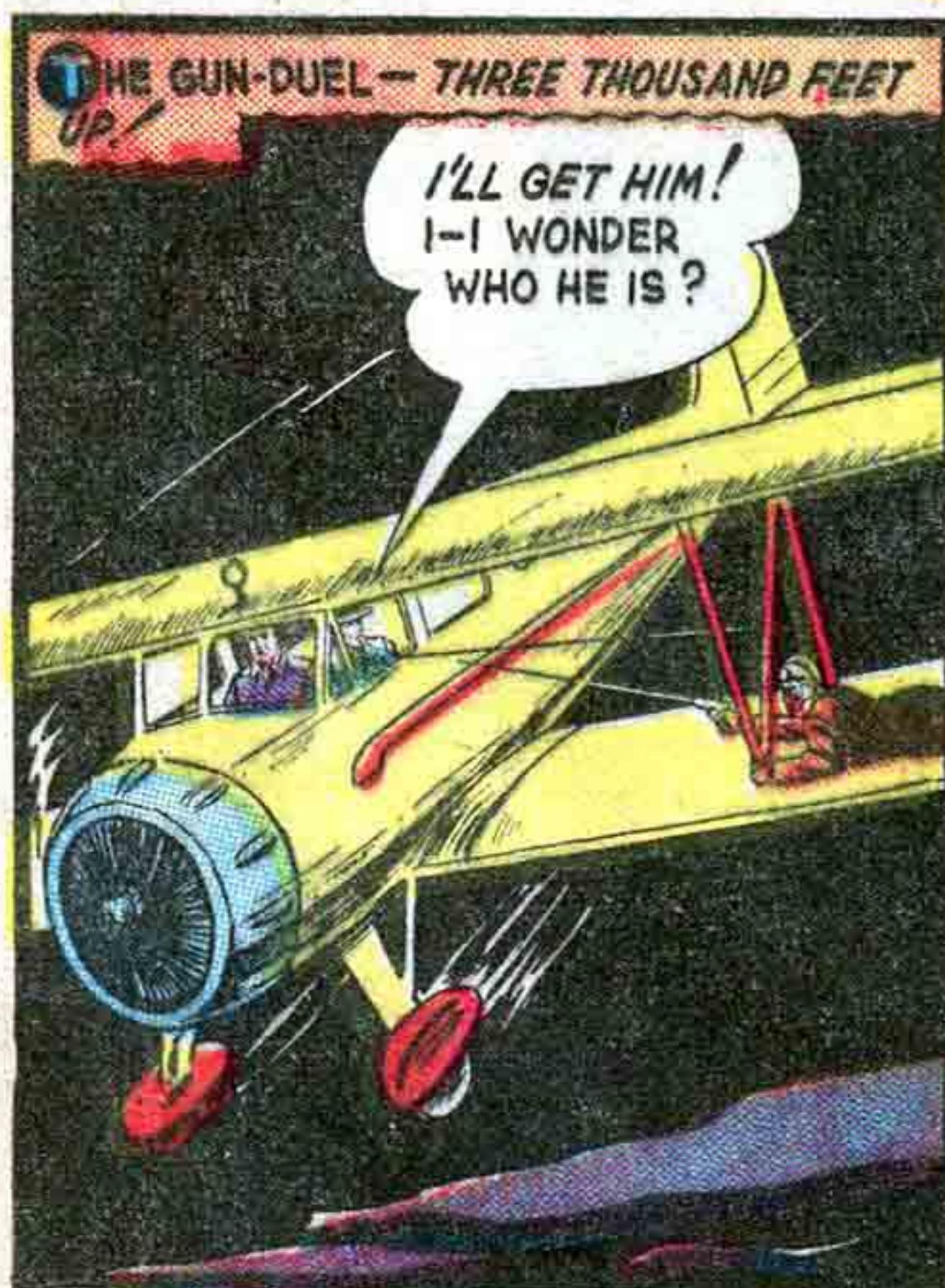
—AND GO!



WHEW—MADE IT!
HAD ME SCARED FOR
A MINUTE THERE!



WHAT THE —!
HOW'D THAT MAN
GET OUT THERE?



THE GUN-DUEL — THREE THOUSAND FEET UP!

I'LL GET HIM!
I—I WONDER
WHO HE IS?



GOOSE FLESH IS RUNNING UP
AND DOWN MY BACK! THAT
WAS CLOSE BACK THERE—
BUT NOW THAT THEY CAN'T
REACH ME HERE—I'LL PUT THE
SHIP OUT OF COMMISSION!



HIS WELL-PLACED BULLETS SMASH THE PROPELLOR...

SHE'S SPUTTERIN'!
I GOTTA LAND!



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



DESPITE A BADLY
SPRAINED ANKLE, JOE
HAS JUST REGAINED
THE CHAMPIONSHIP
FROM BUDDY PETERS.

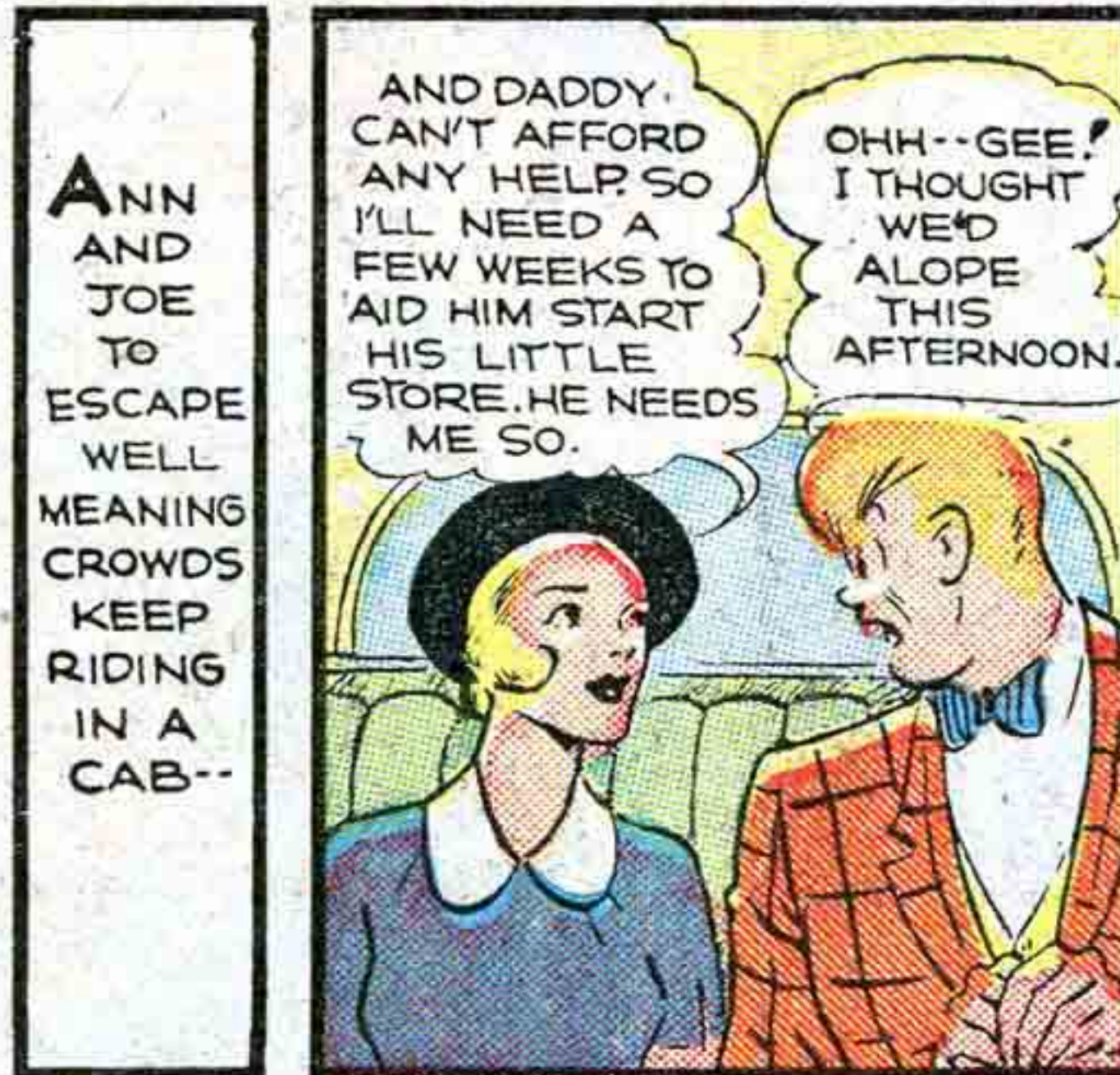
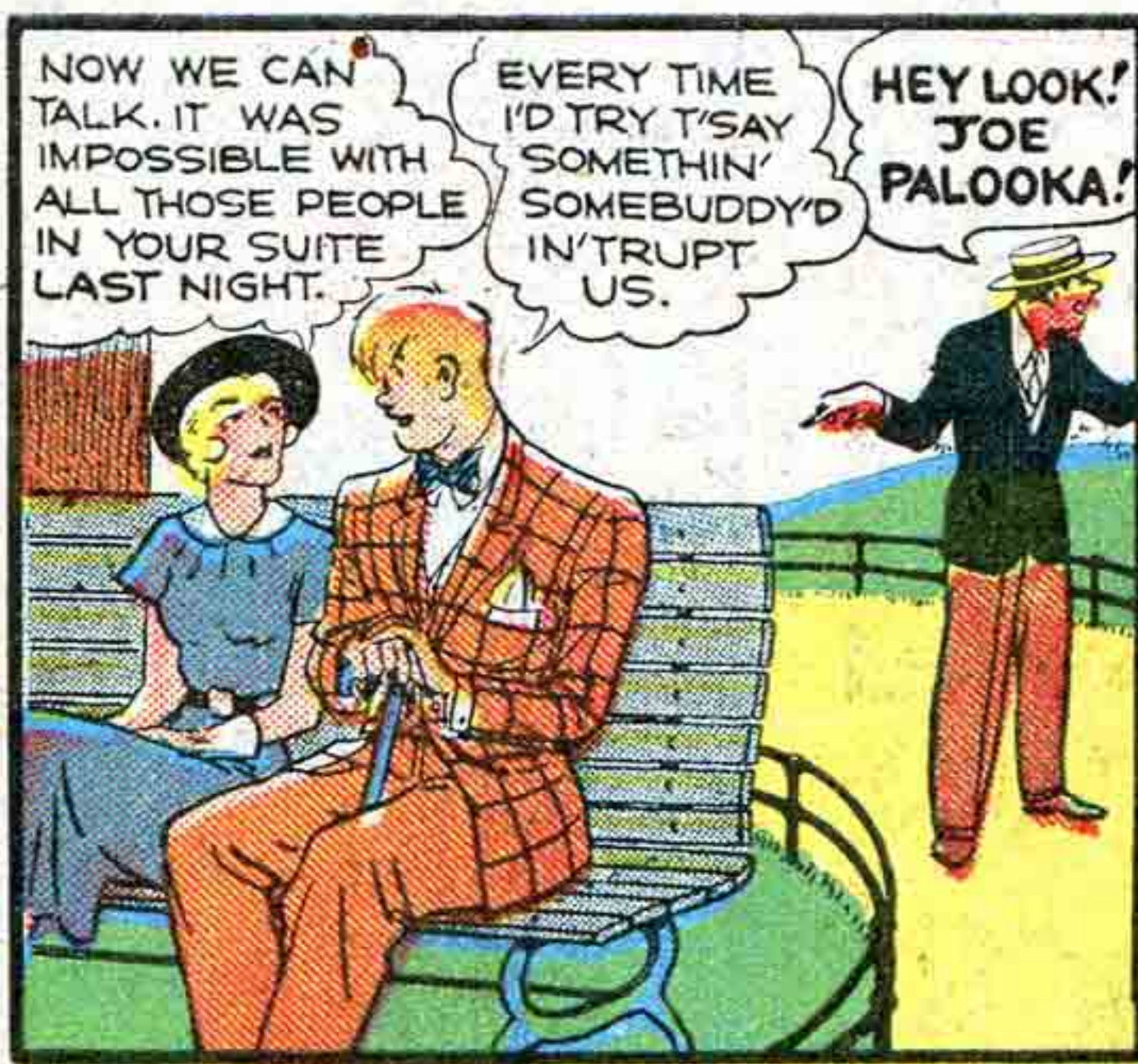


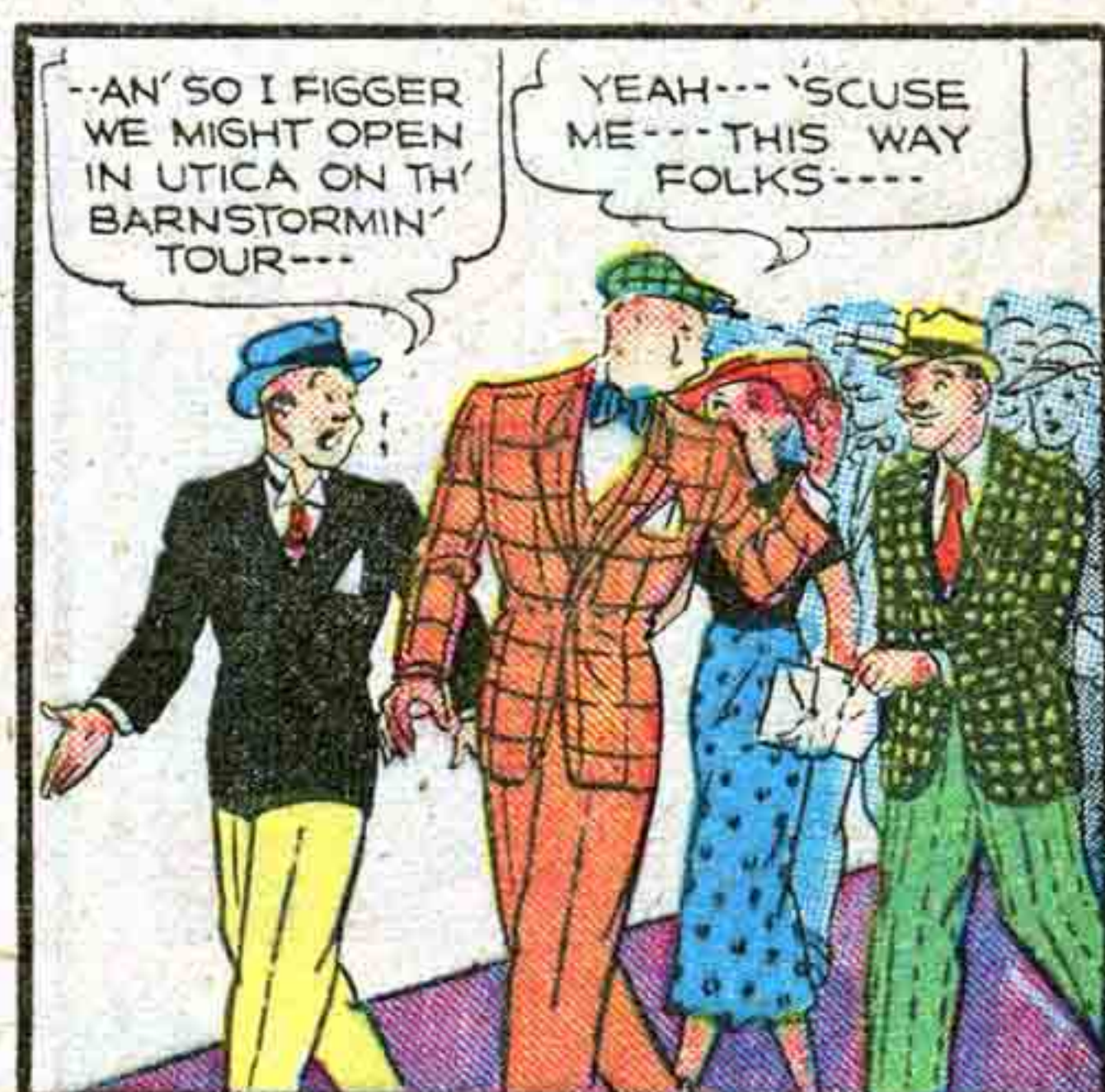
JOE'S TRIP
FROM THE
STADIUM
TO THE
HOTEL IS
A
TRIUMPHANT
TOUR. CROWDS
ALONG THE
WAY
CHEER HIM
AS A
CONQUERING
HERO.
BUT IN THE
CAB----

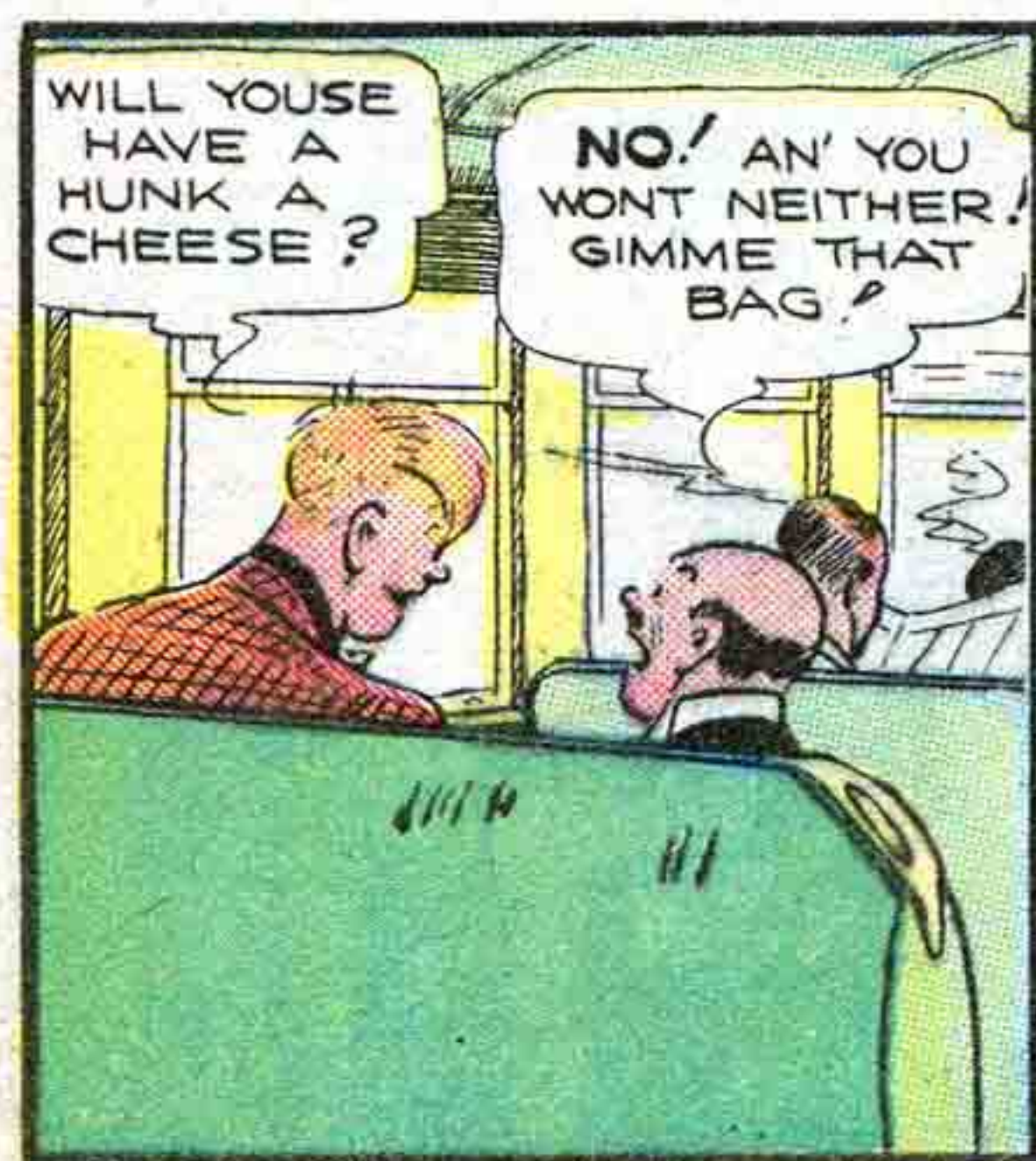
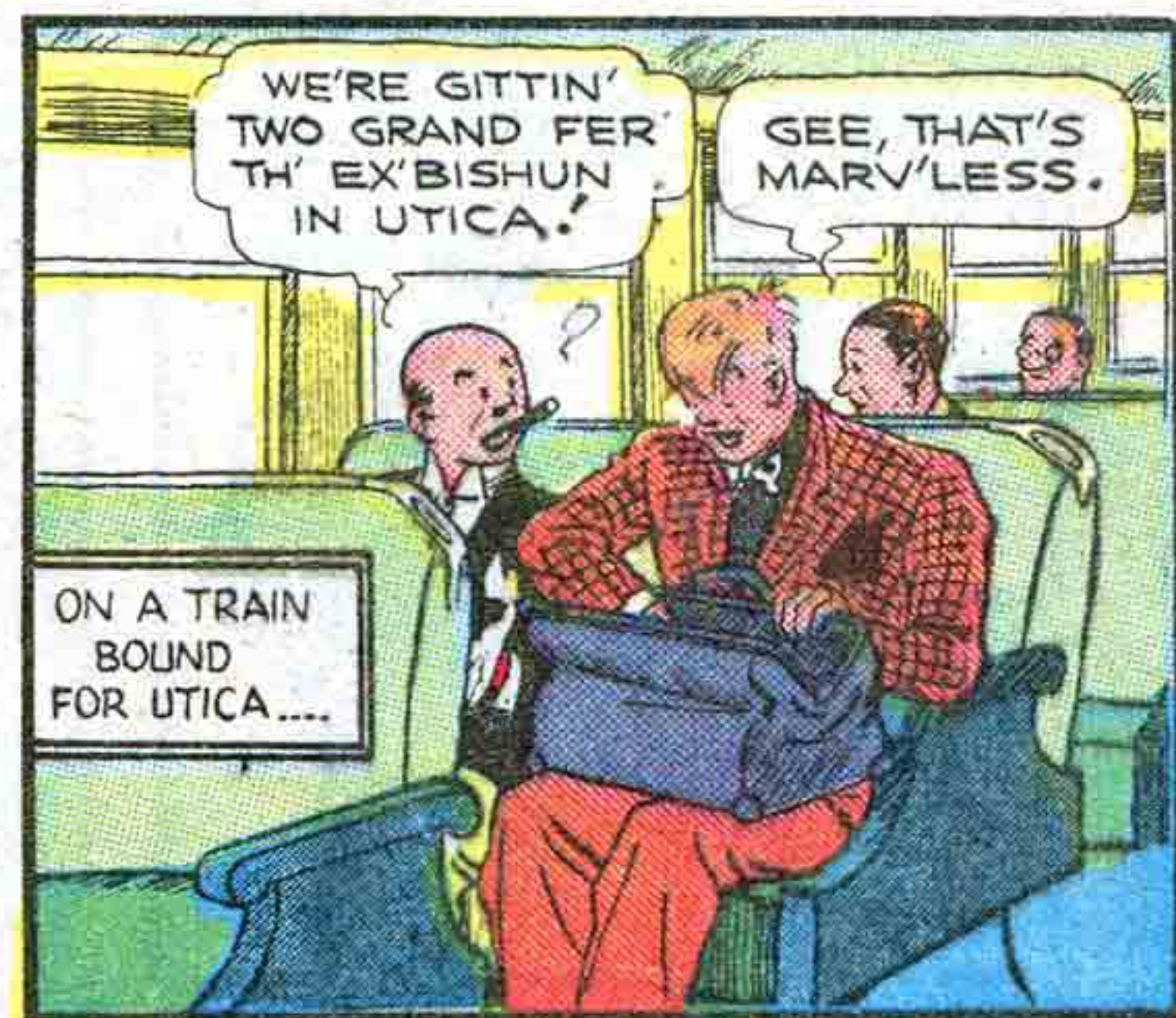
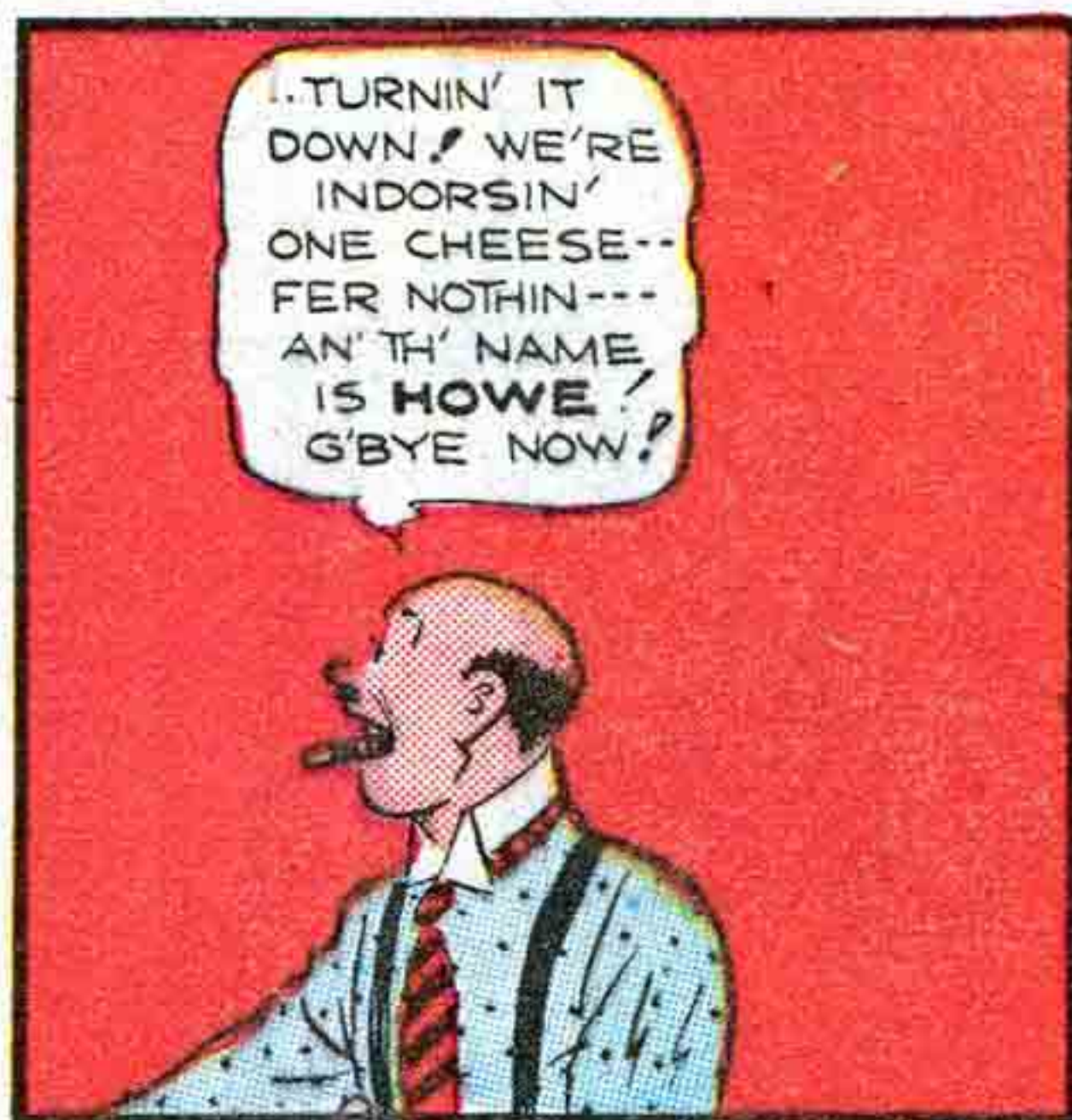


WHILE
A CROWD
JAMS THE
LOBBY
AND TRIES
TO REACH
JOE---
HE DEFTLY
DESTROYS
STEAKS
WHILE ANN
SITS
WATCHING
IN
ADMIRATION

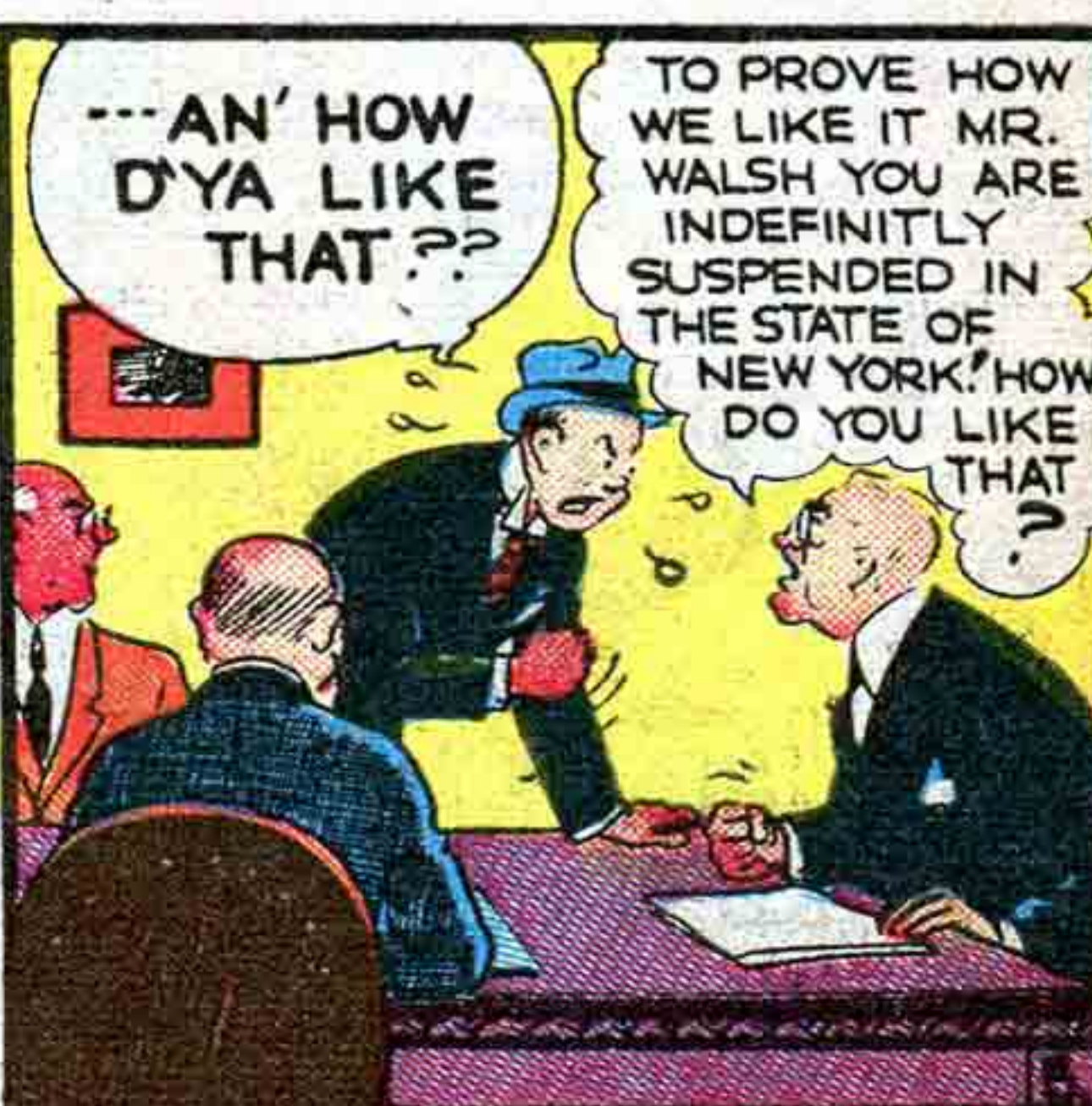
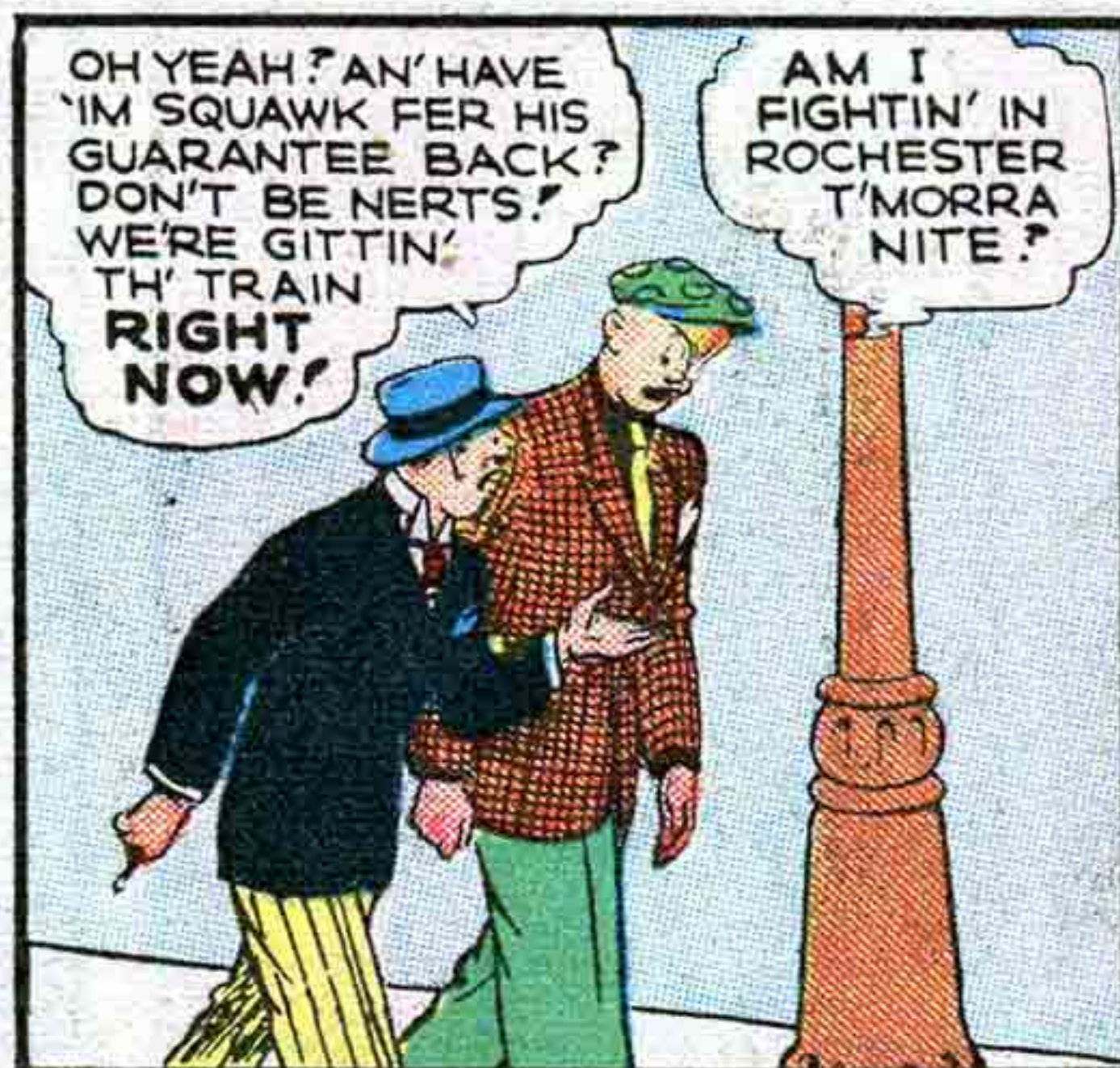
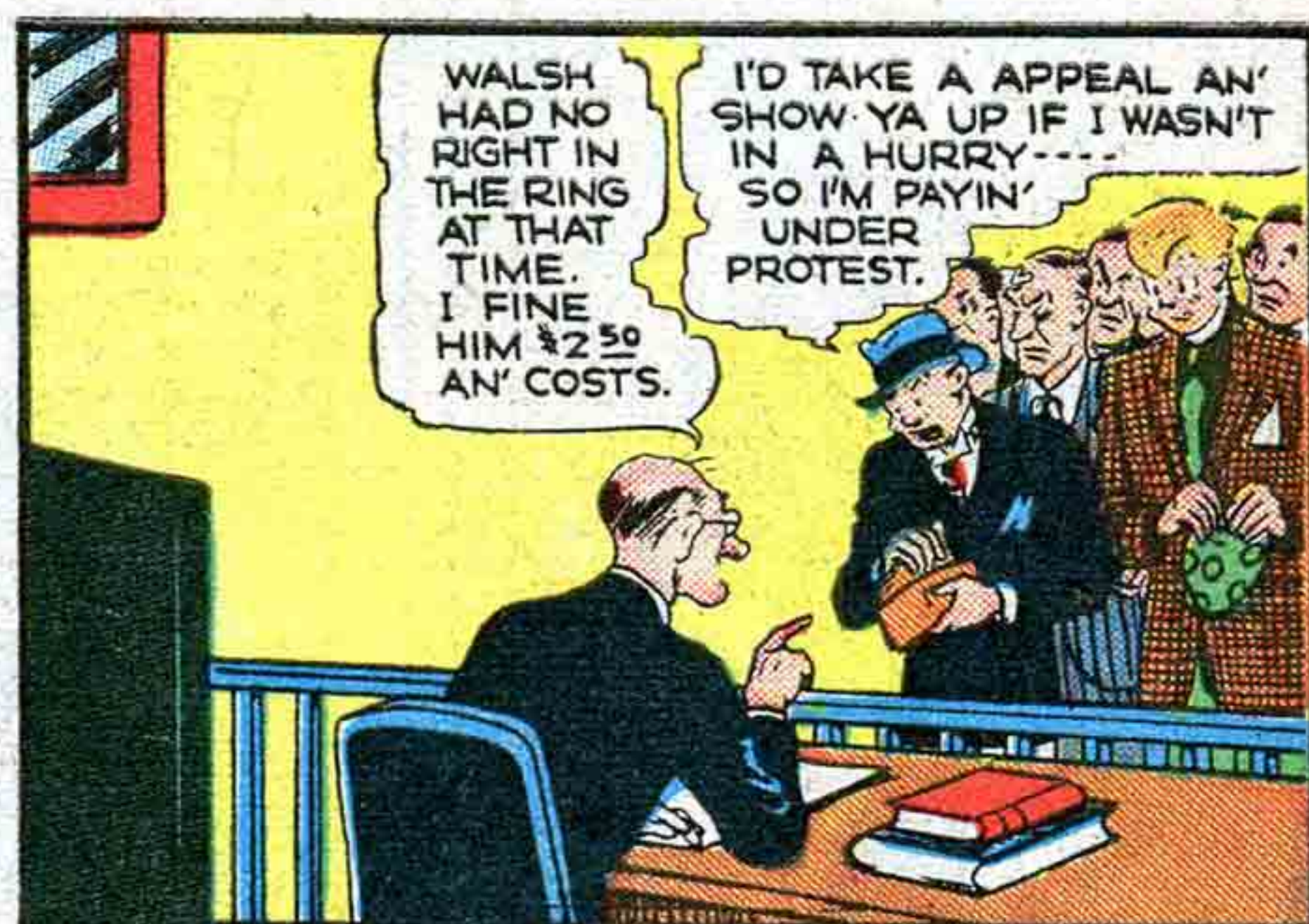
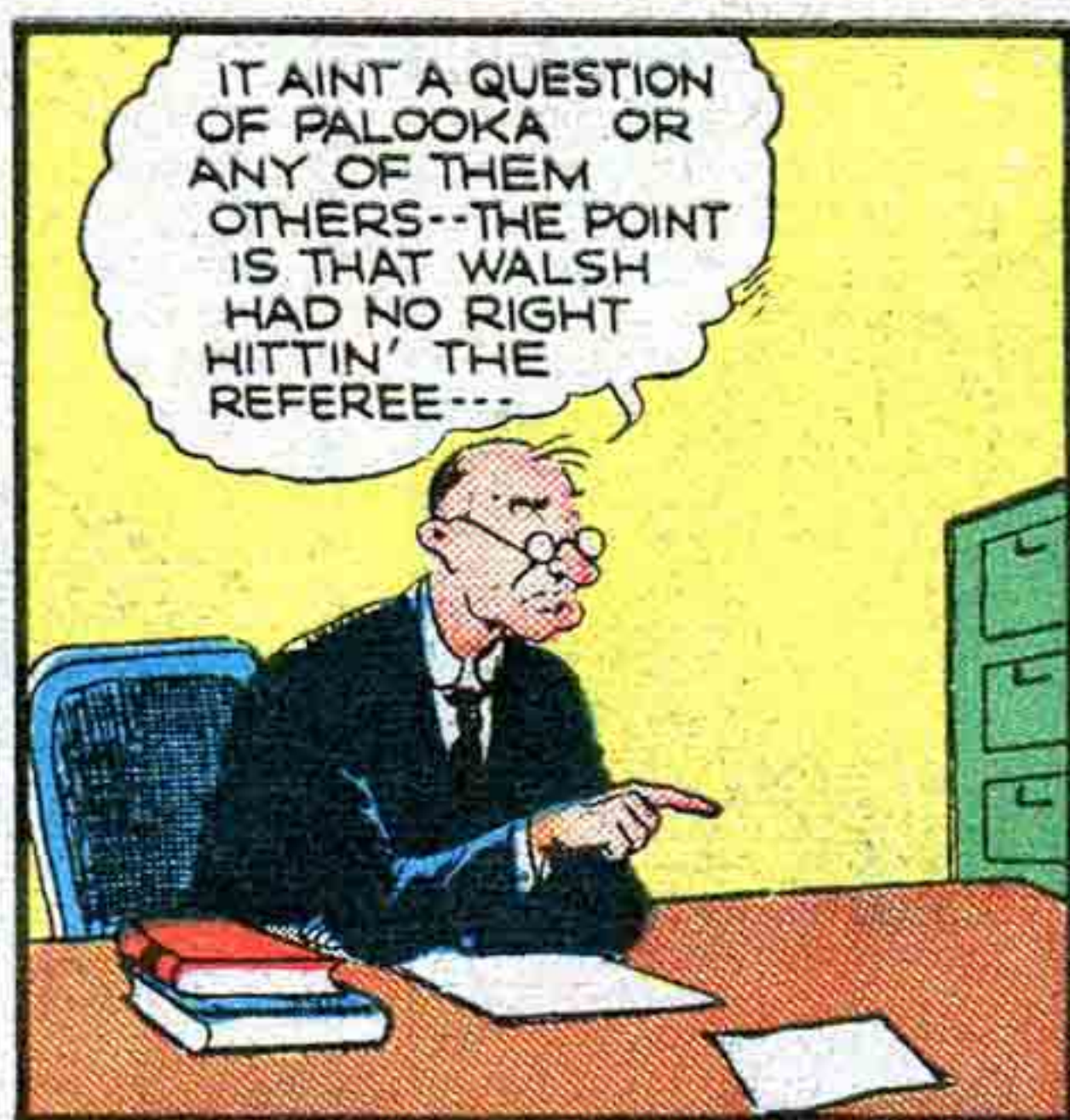








THE WHOLE SHEBANG IS HAILED BEFORE A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE FOR DISTURBING THE PEACE. HUNDREDS OF UTICA FANS GO ALONG TO APPEAR FOR JOE.

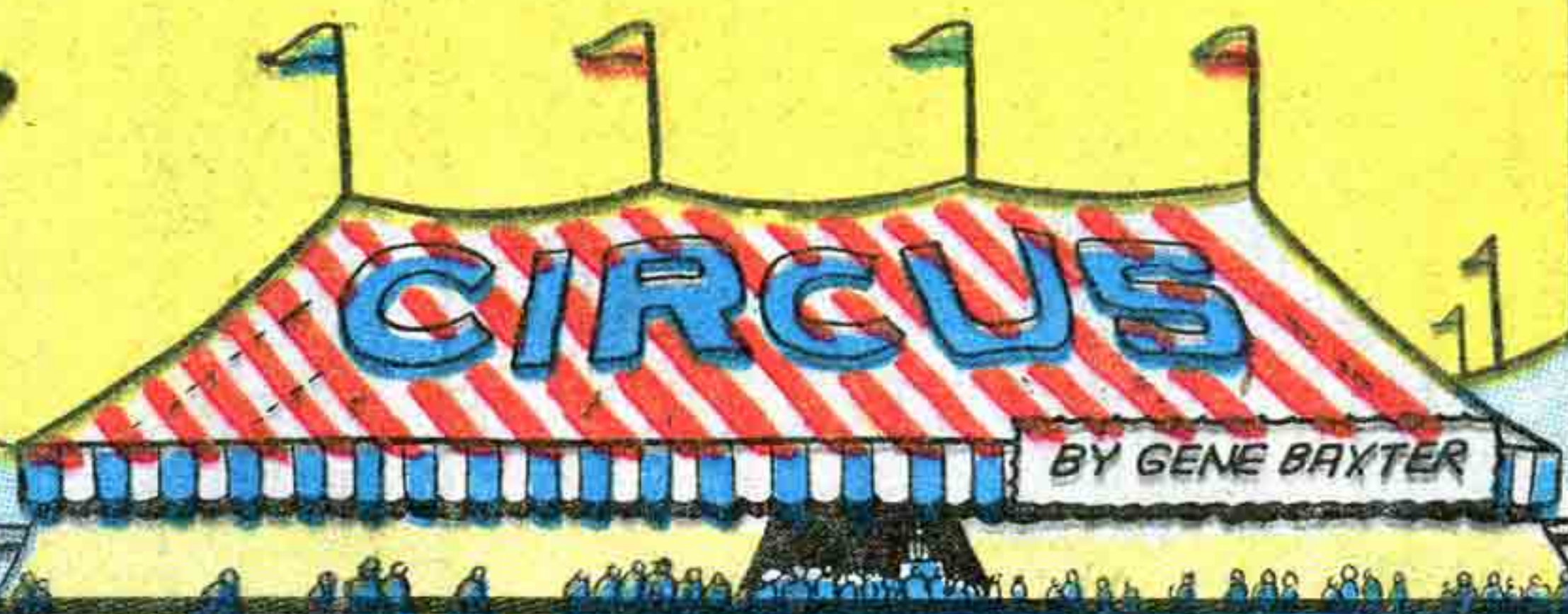




TOM KERRY

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

THE CIRCUS IS IN TOWN! SPREAD ON A LOT NEAR THE RESIDENTIAL SECTION, ITS TENTS AND BANNERS, ANIMALS AND GAILY UNIFORMED PERFORMERS ARE ALL SET TO GO ON WITH THE SHOW—



TOM KERRY—HARD-FISTED DISTRICT ATTORNEY—ENTERS THE BIG TENT—

IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE I SAW A CIRCUS! I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE A YOUNGSTER AGAIN! I'LL LOOK AROUND THE GROUNDS!



TOR THE TERRIBLE! CERTAINLY A POWERFUL BRUTE! I WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO MEET ME IN A DARK ALLEY—



HE PASSES A TENT—AND OVERHEARS A CONVERSATION

EITHER YOU MARRY ME — OR I FIRE BILLY THE CLOWN!

OH—YOU COULDN'T DO THAT—IT WOULD BE MEAN!



I TELL YOU I MEAN IT, STELLA! YOU DECIDE—AND LET ME KNOW!

I—I HATE YOU! I WISH YOU WERE—**DEAD!**



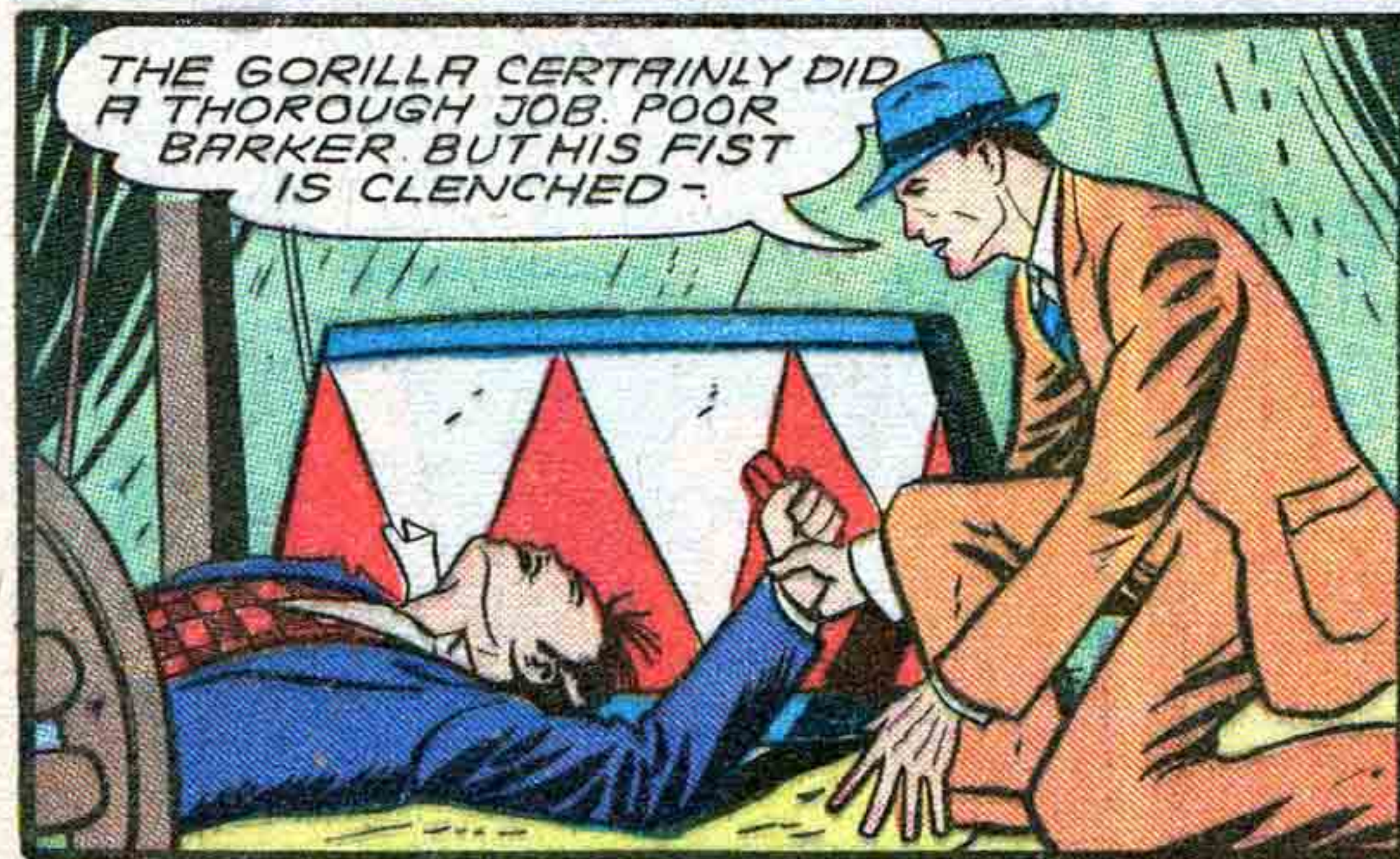
APPARENTLY CARL BARKER ISN'T ANY TOO WELL LIKED—WHAT'S THIS?



YOU DELIBERATELY LET MY HUSBAND GET KILLED IN THE TRAINING RING, CARL! I'M NOT FORGETTING IT!

COME ON, DOLLY. I DIDN'T DO IT ON PURPOSE!

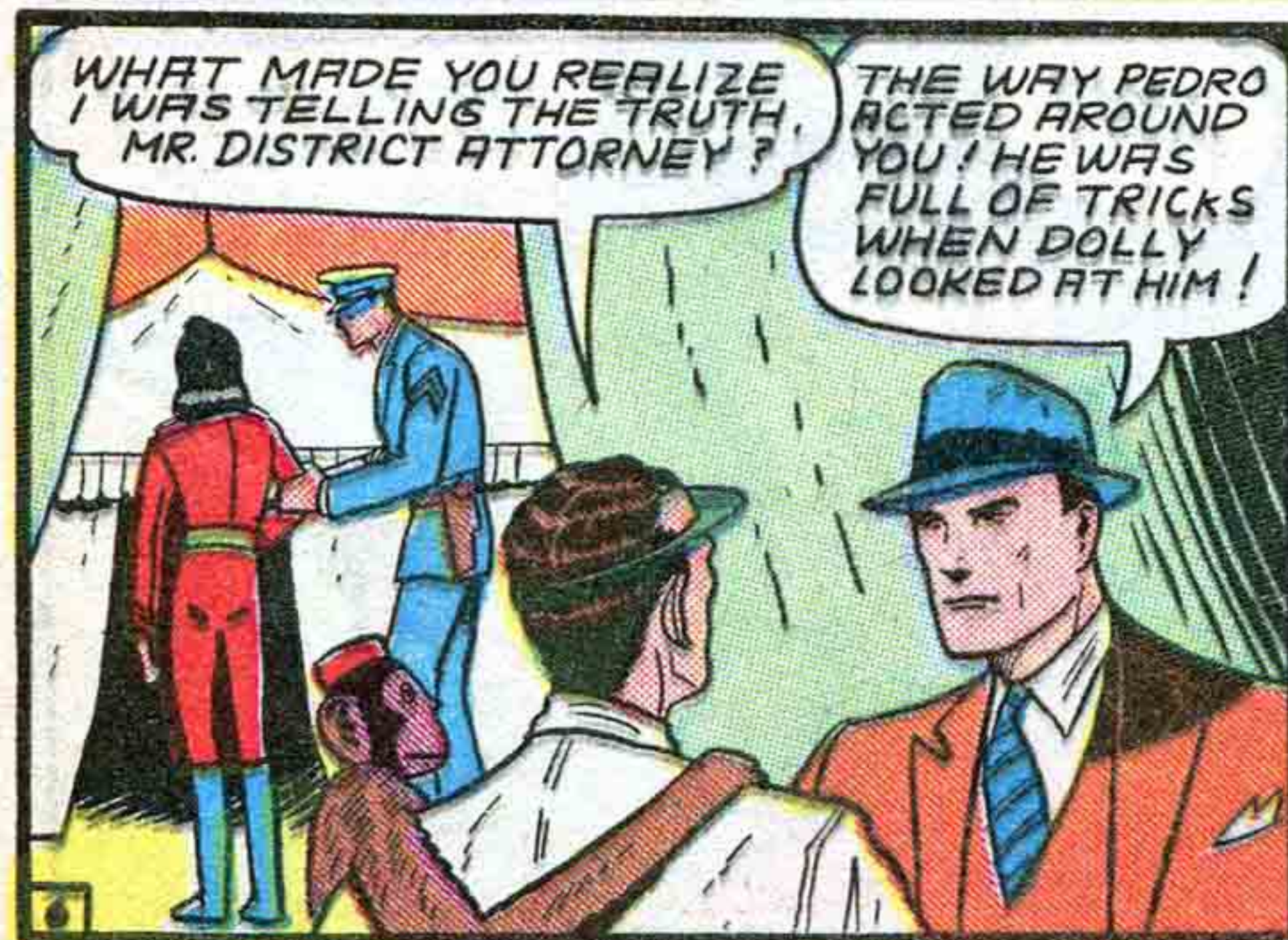
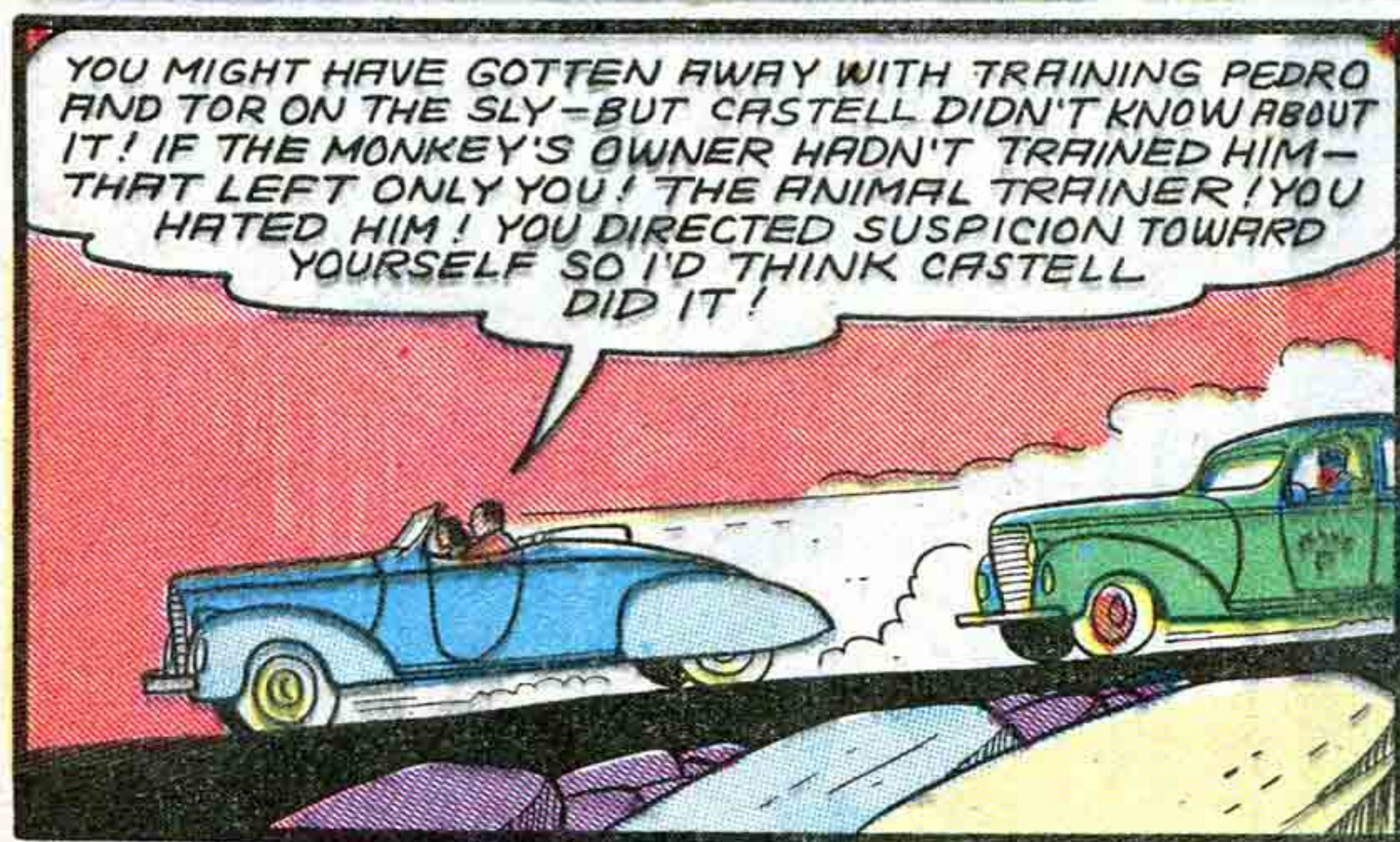
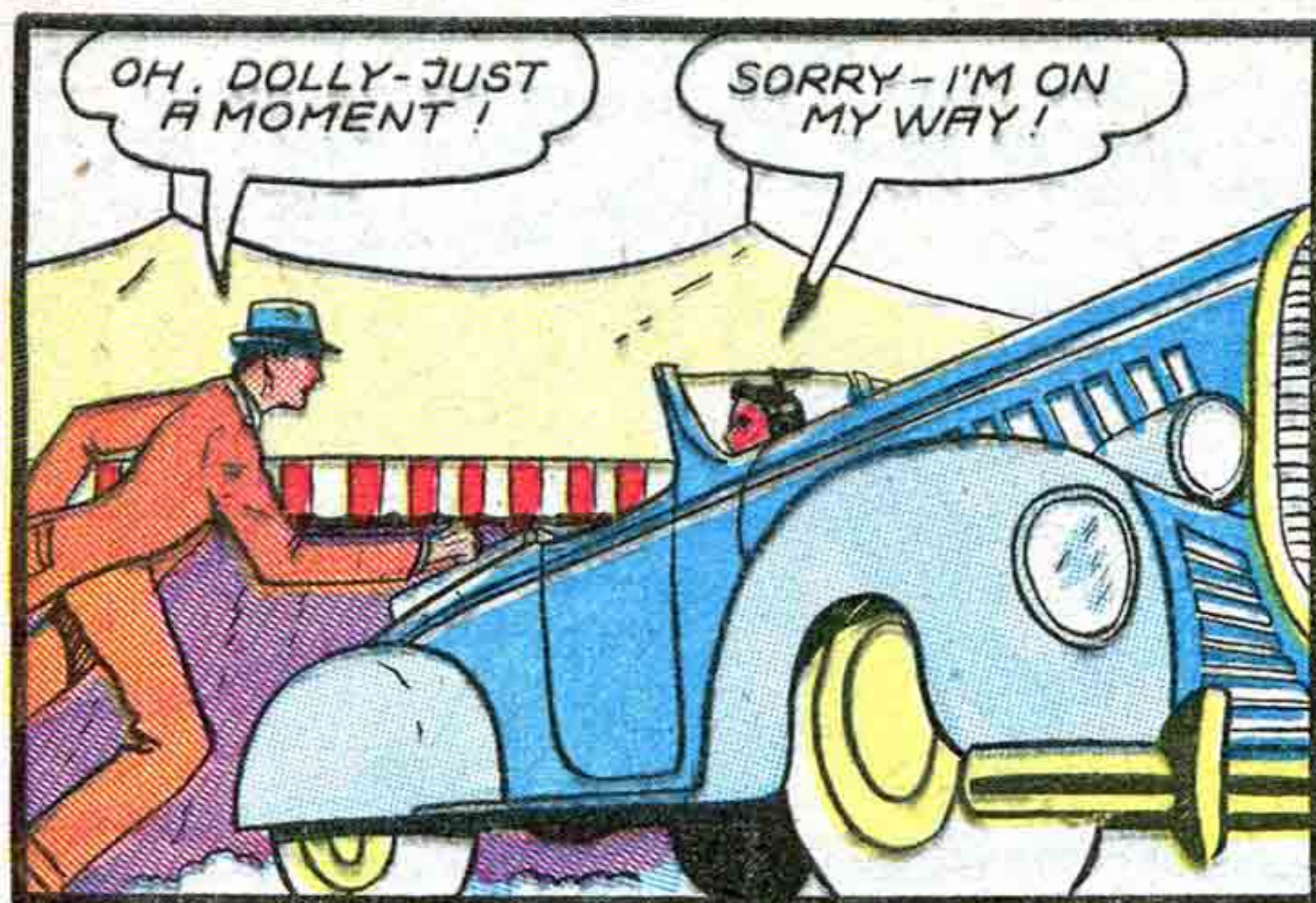




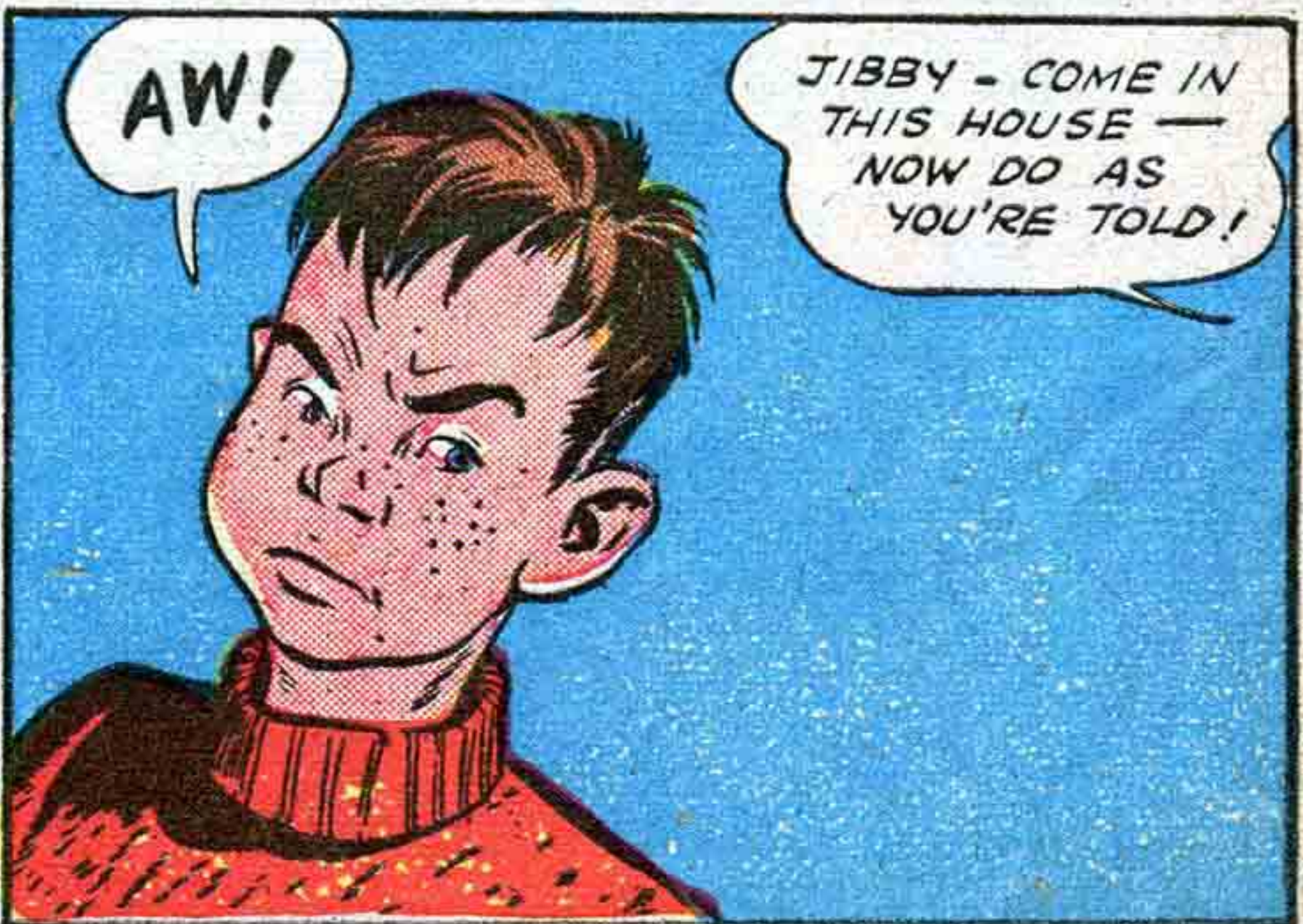
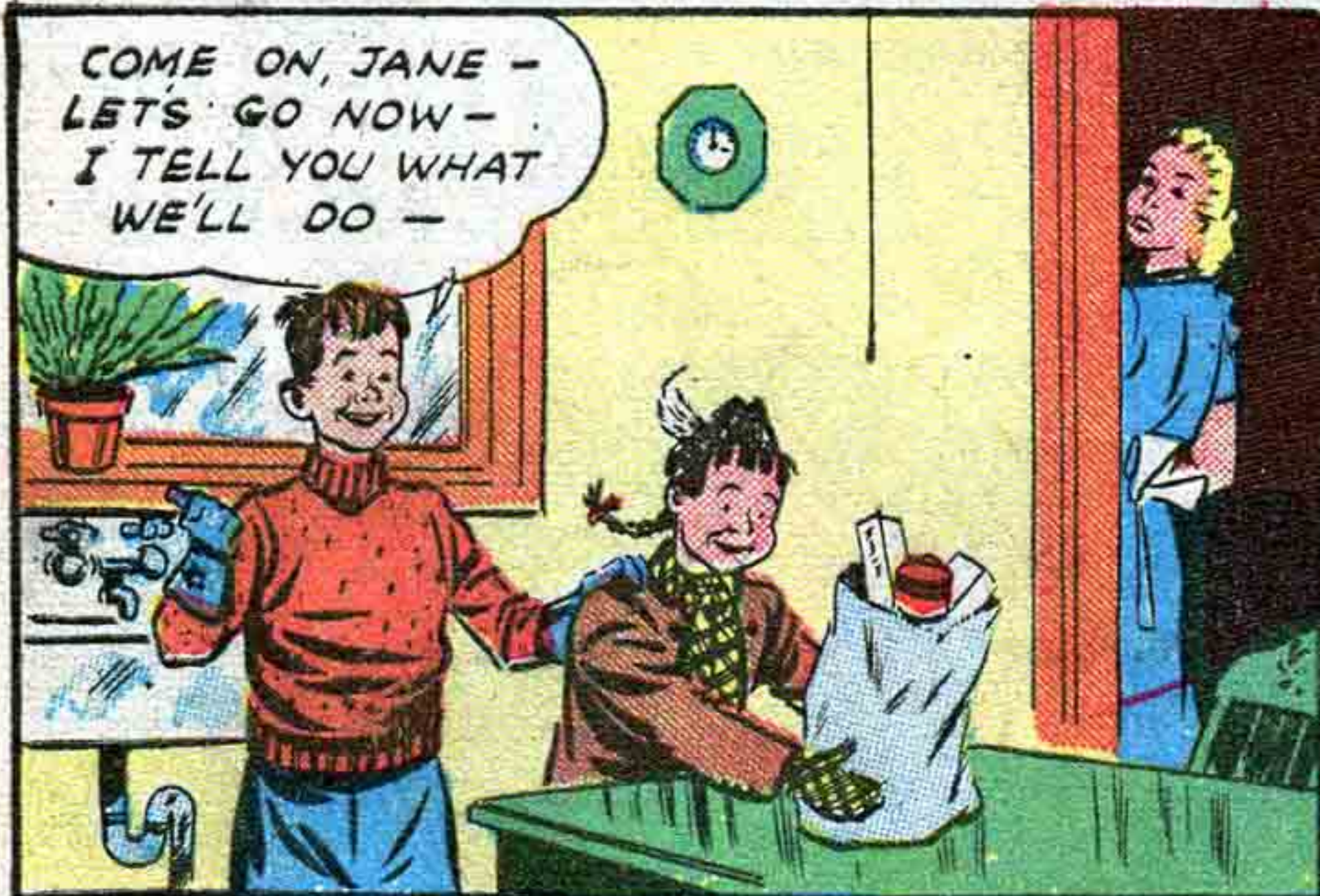


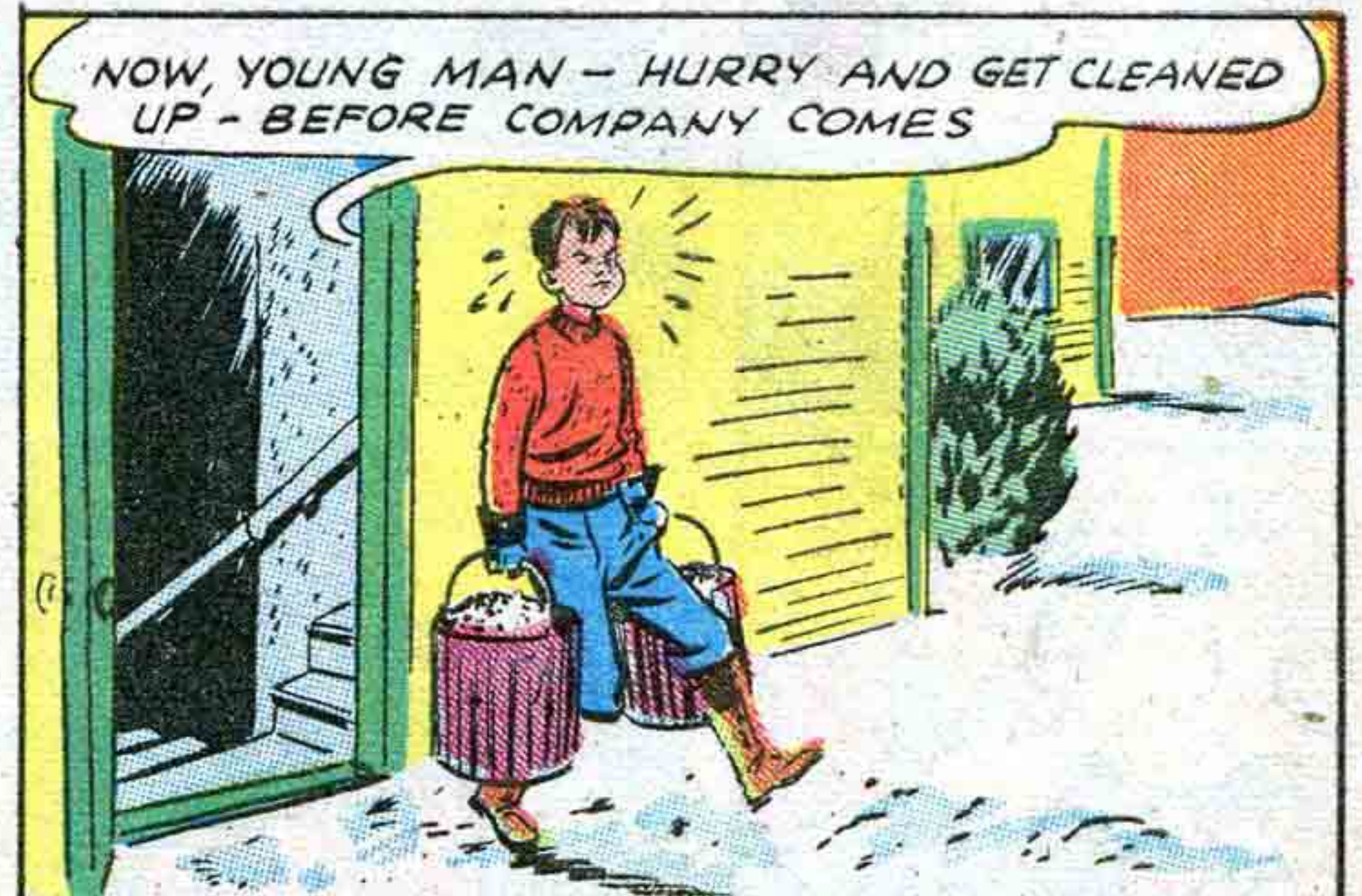
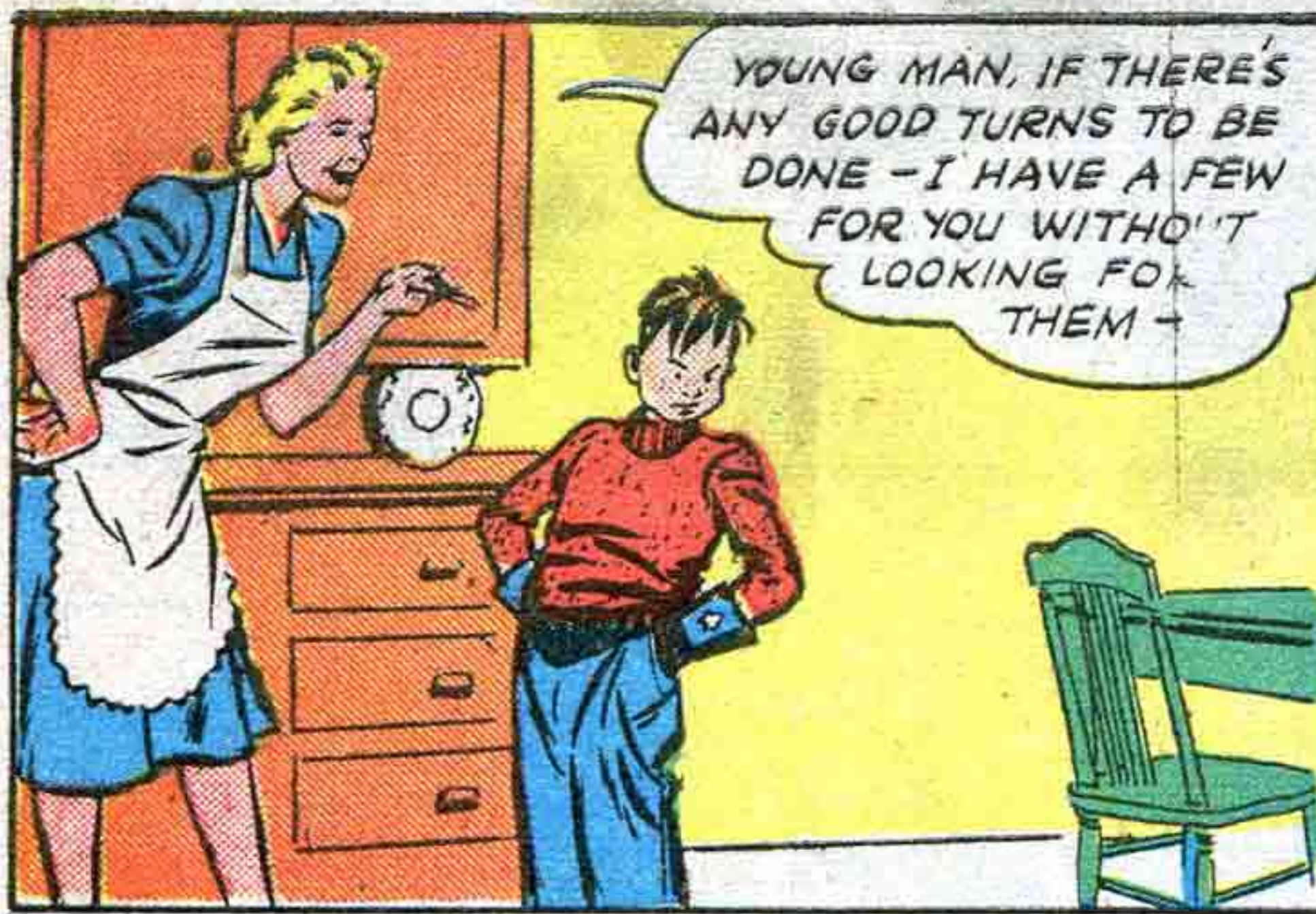




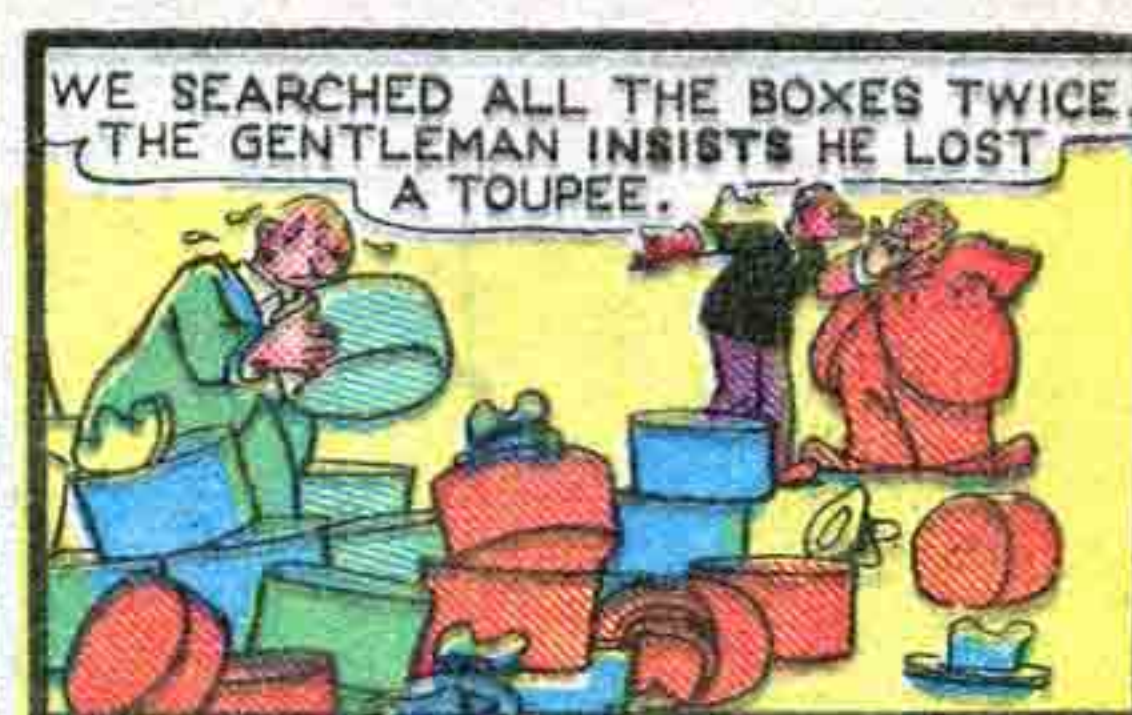


JIBBY JONES



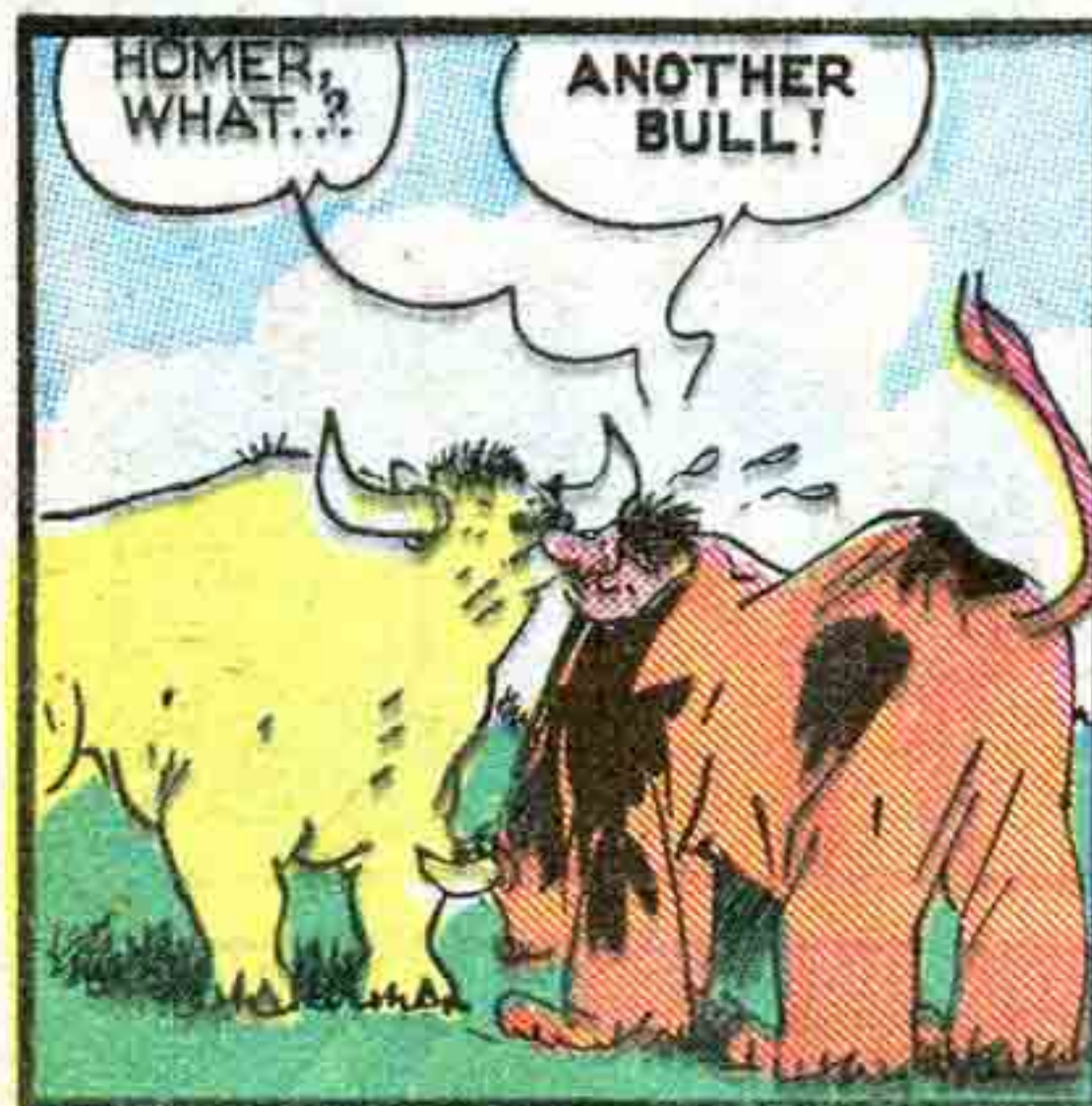
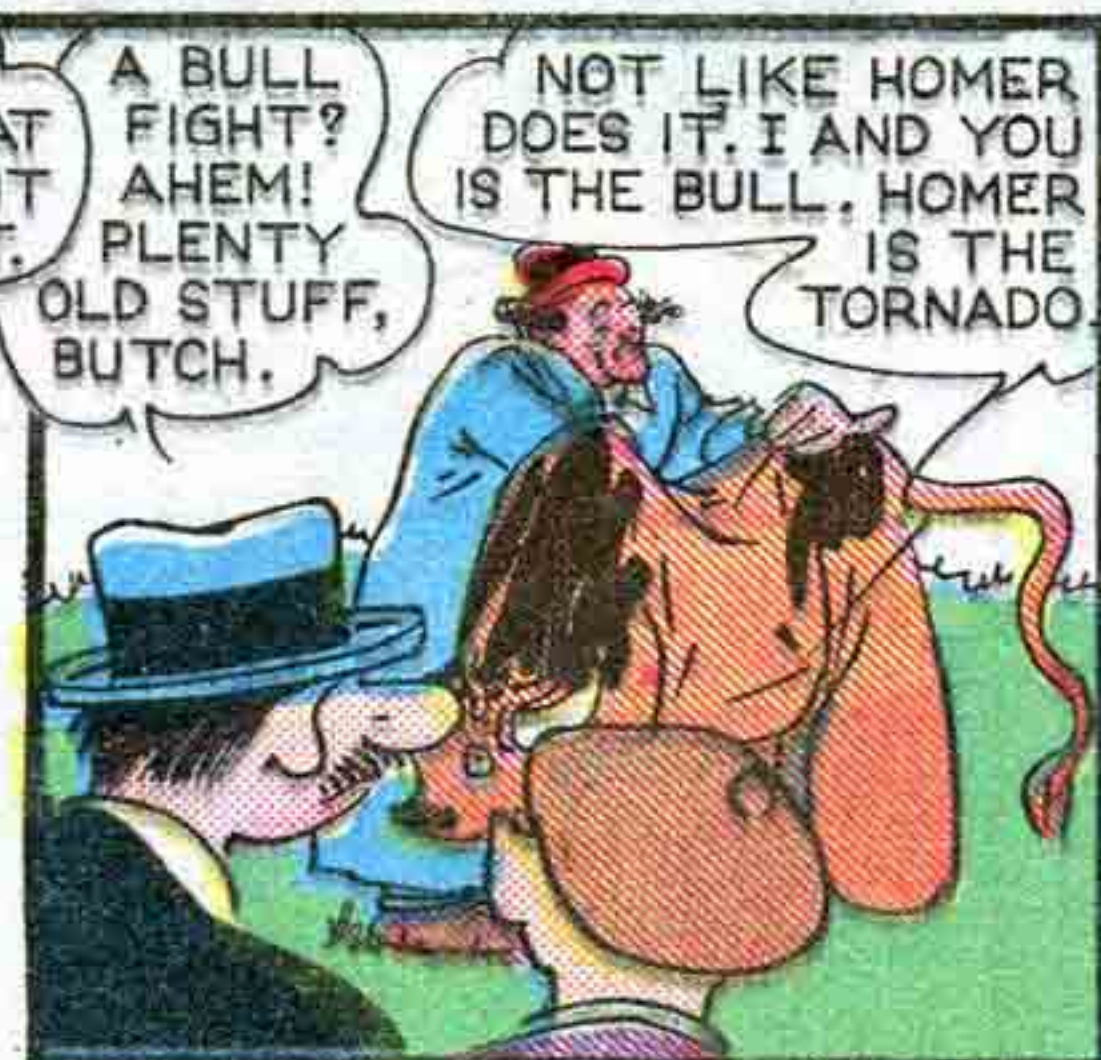


SHORT STORIES



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

By H. J. TUTHILL

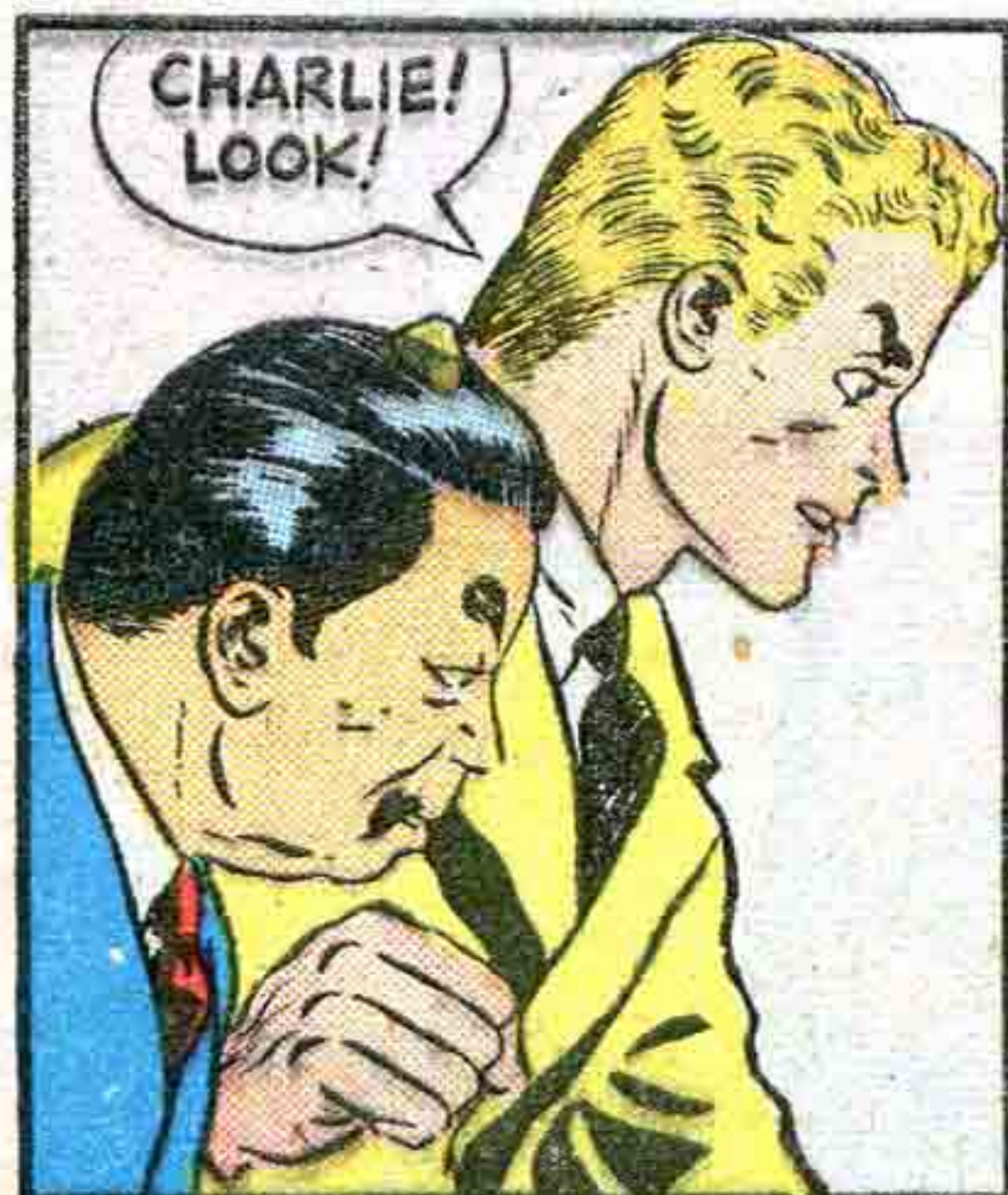




Charlie CHAN

by Alfred ANDRÉOLA

ON BOARD SHIP RETURNING TO THE UNITED STATES, CHAN AND KIRK PASS AN OPEN PORTHOLE AND SEE.....



CHARLIE! LOOK!



HE'S KILLED HIMSELF!

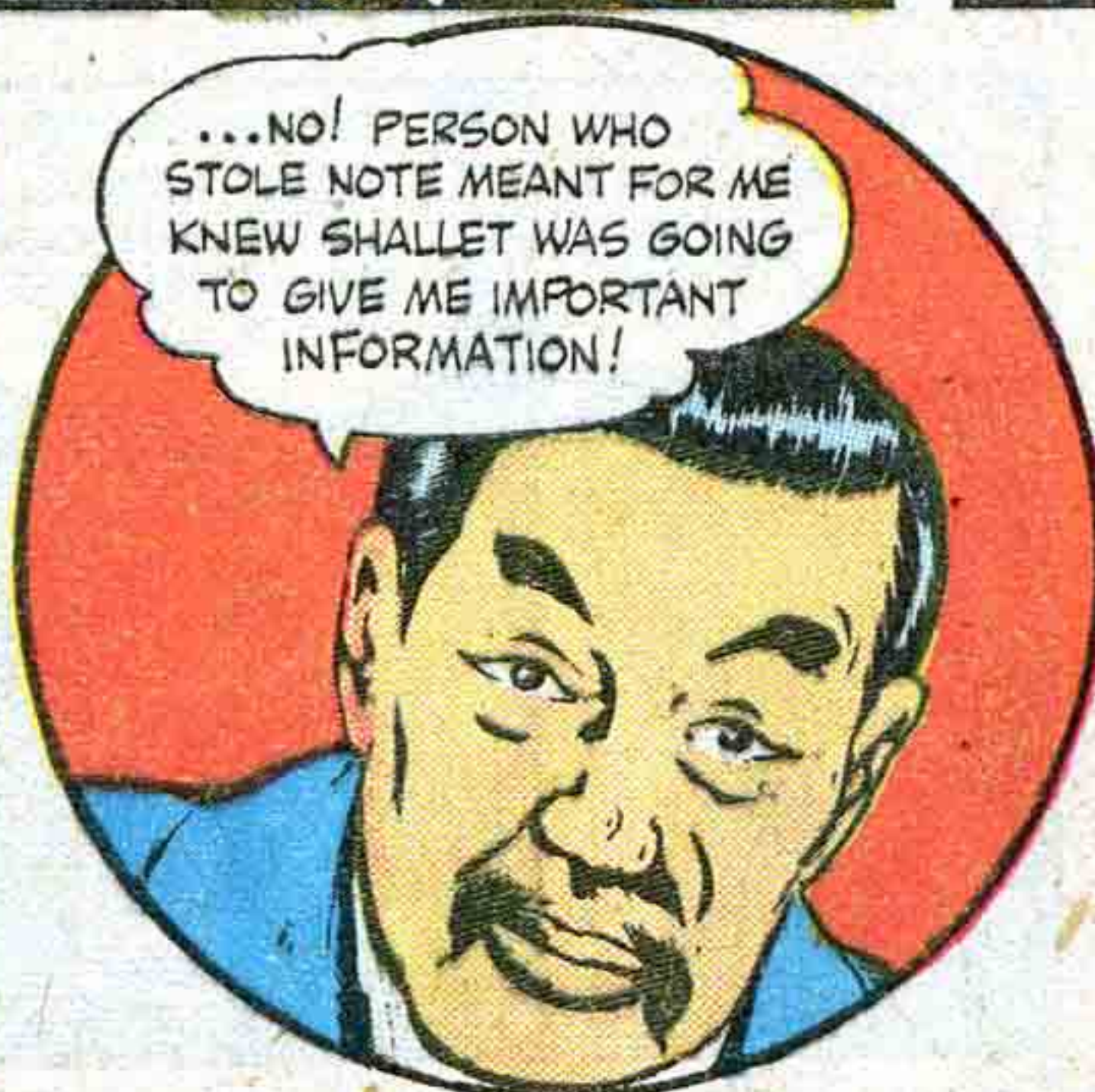


GUN IN HIS RIGHT HAND! POWDER MARKS ON HIS RIGHT TEMPLE WHERE THE BULLET WENT THROUGH!

I DON'T LIKE THIS! WHY DID HE HAVE TO COMMIT SUICIDE ON MY SHIP!



AH! REGRET CANNOT BELIEVE LIKEWISE! WOULD SAM SHALLET SEND FOR HUMBLE DETECTIVE AND THEN COMMIT SUICIDE BEFORE I ARRIVE?



...NO! PERSON WHO STOLE NOTE MEANT FOR ME KNEW SHALLET WAS GOING TO GIVE ME IMPORTANT INFORMATION!



HAH! LOOK! HERE IS PROOF SAM SHALLET WAS MURDERED!



MURDERED ??

YES! IT APPEARS LIKE SUICIDE BUT MURDERER OVERLOOKED ONE THING!

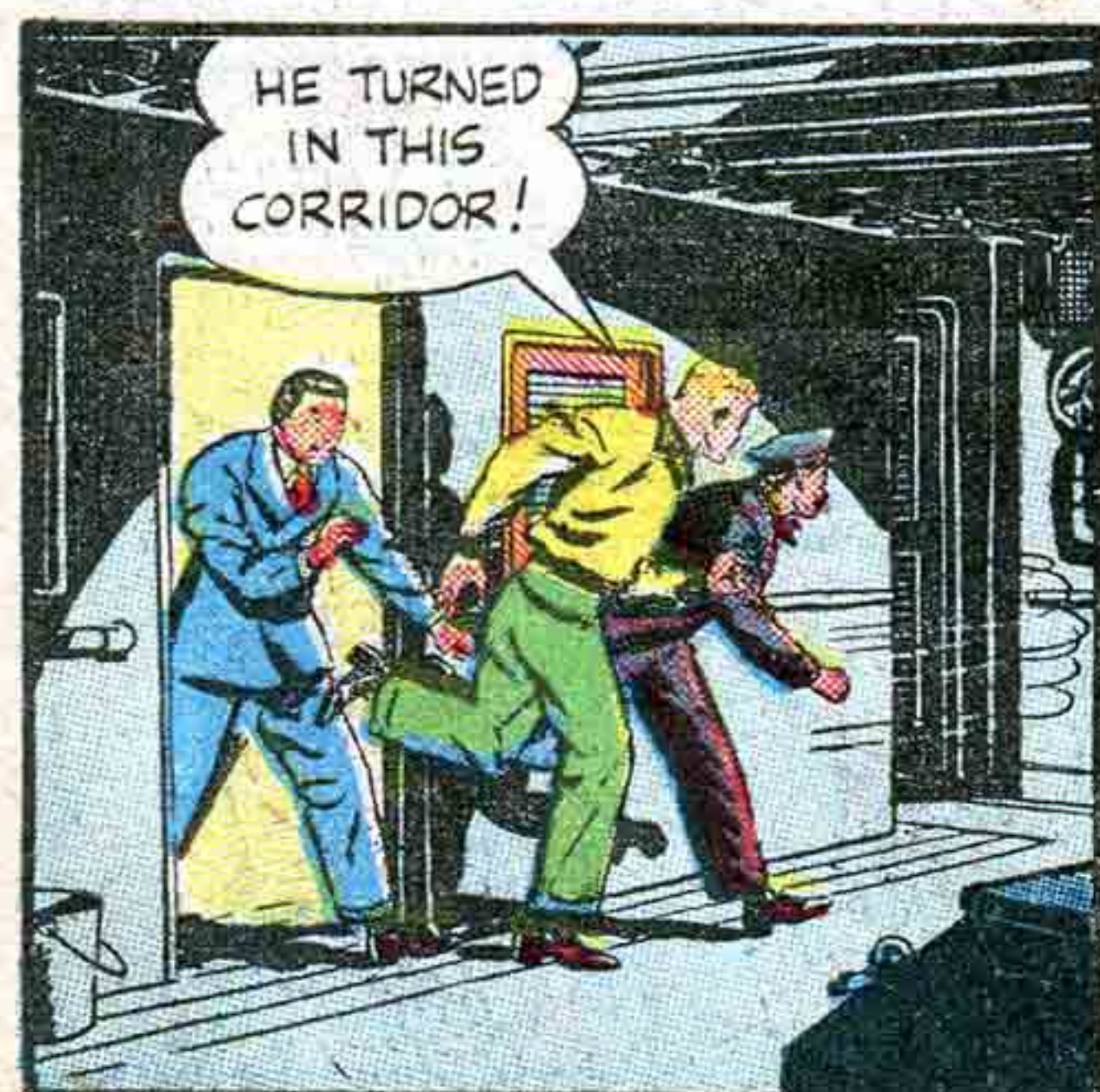
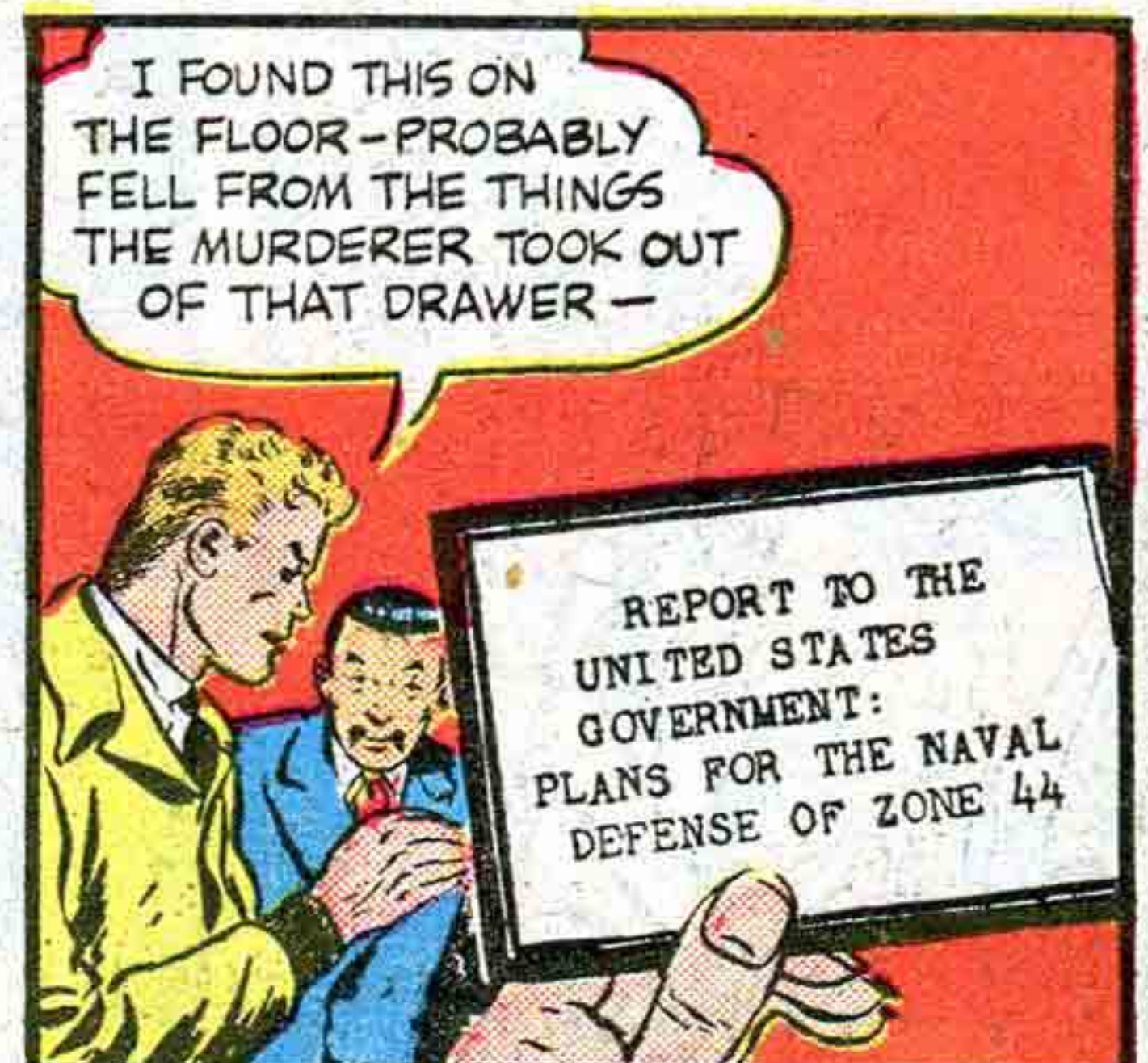


NOTE PARTICLES OF FLESH AND HAIR WHICH I REMOVED FROM UNDER NAILS OF SHALLET'S LEFT HAND!

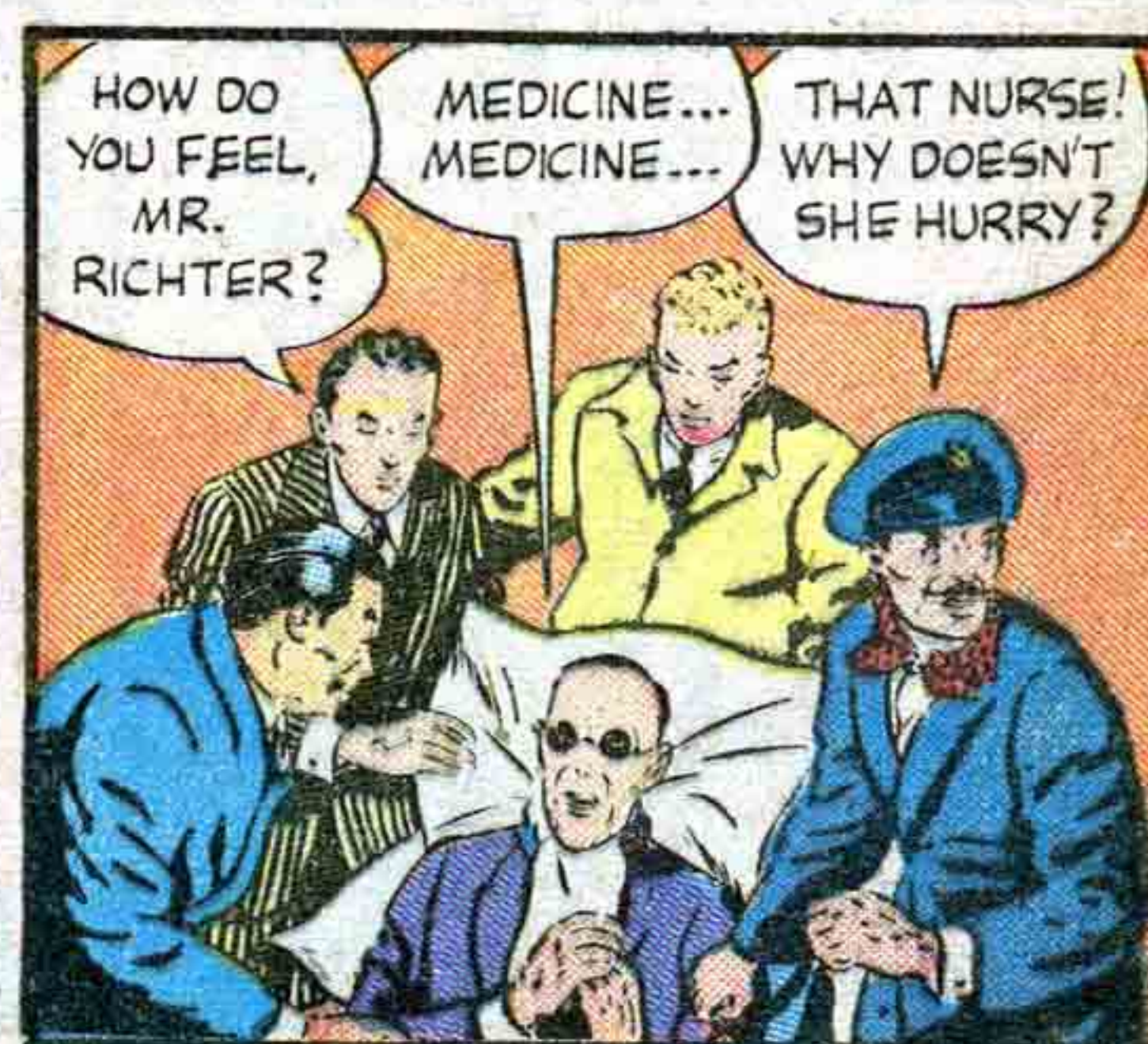
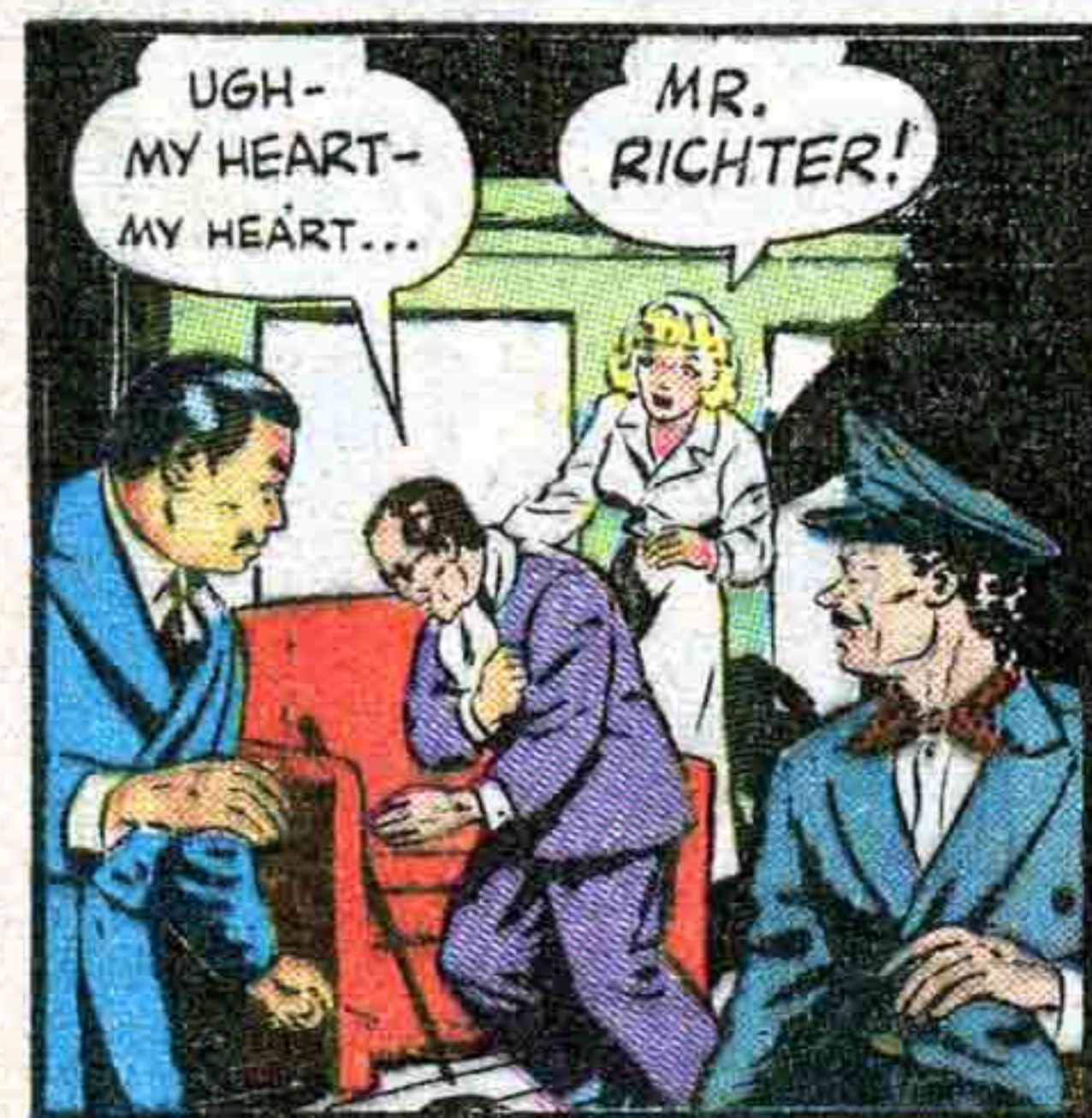
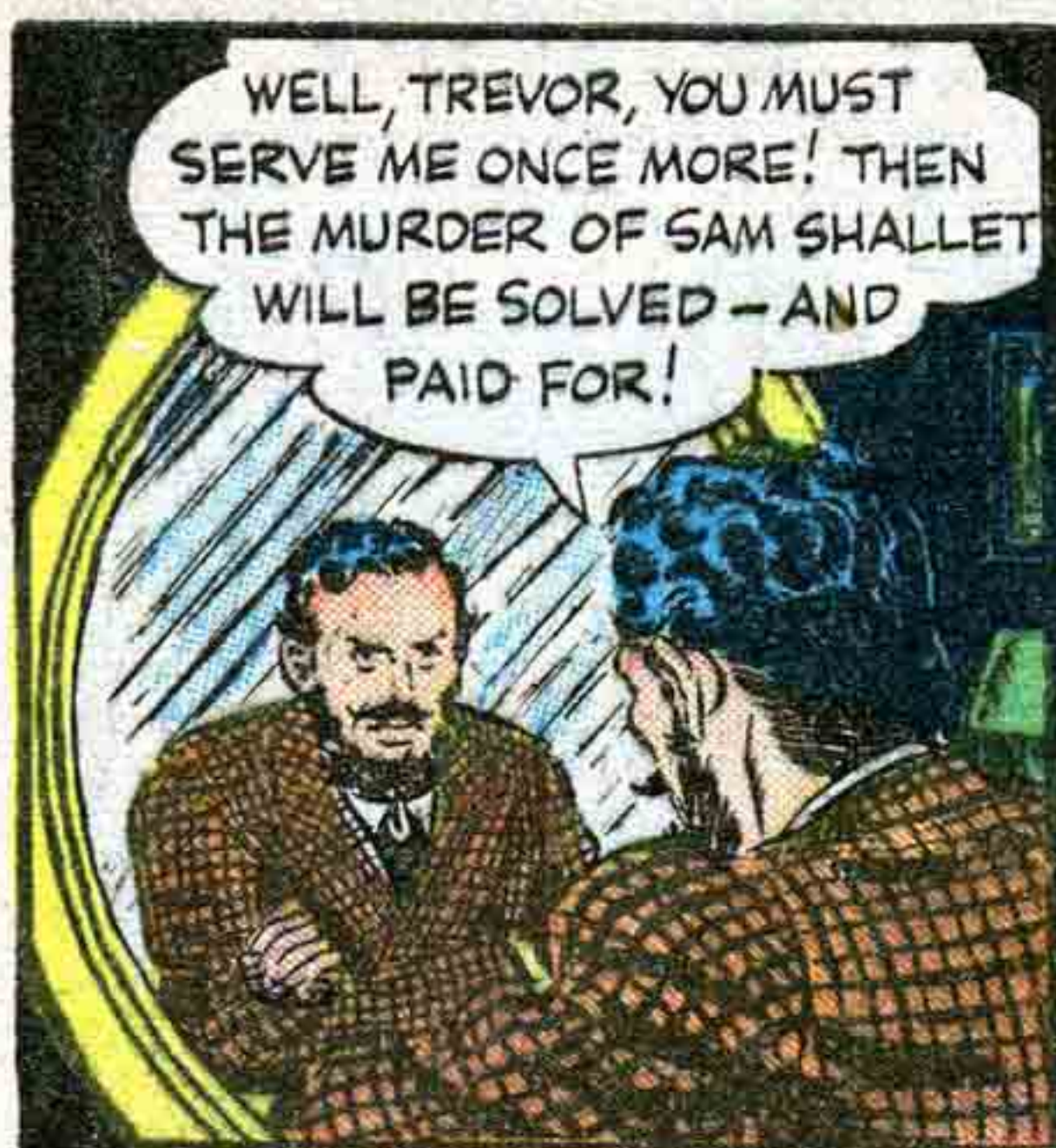


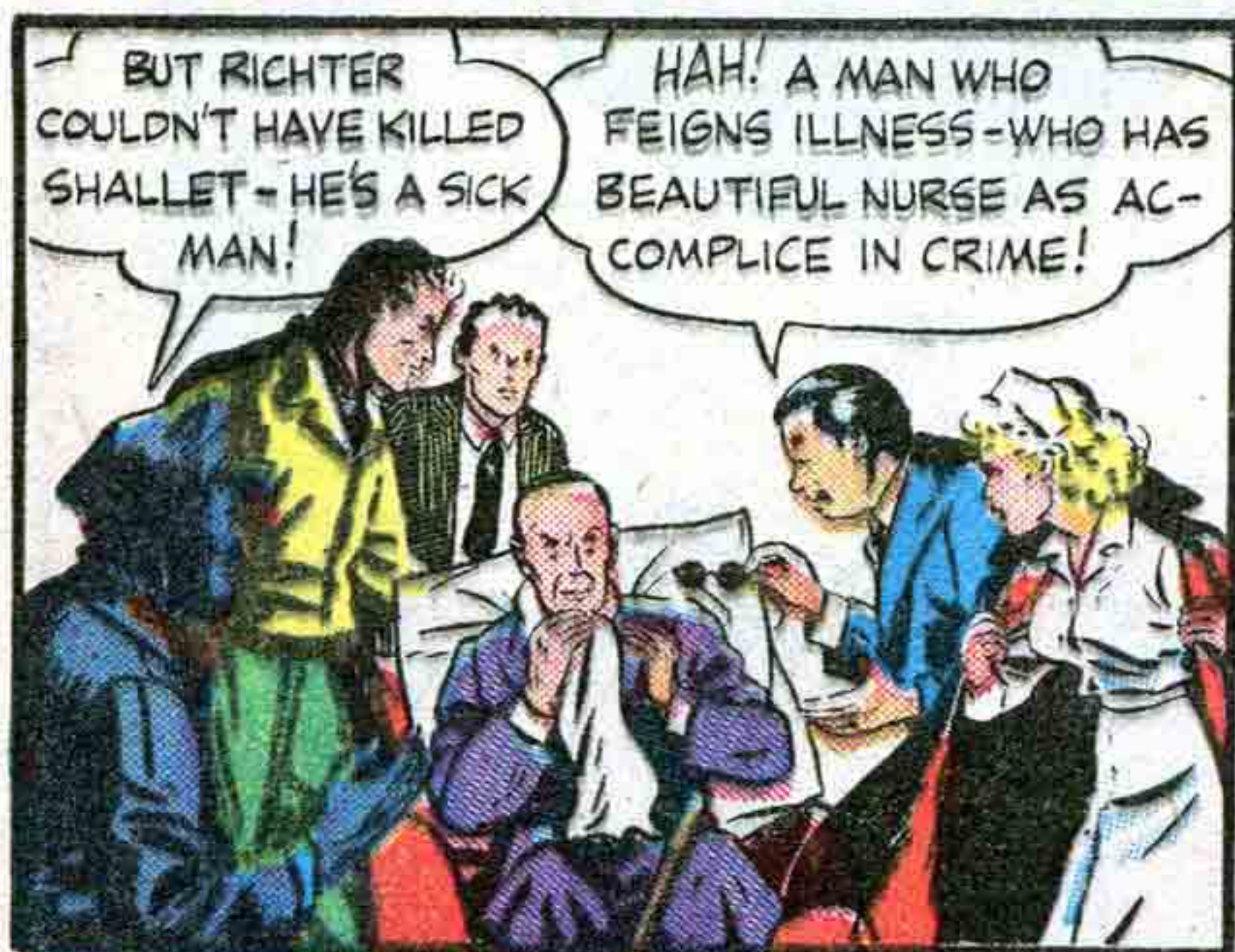
SHALLET SCRATCHED MURDERER IN STRUGGLE OVER GUN!

IF WE HAD THE EQUIPMENT I COULD TEST THE HAIR WITH ONE FROM EACH PASSENGER AND IDENTIFY THE KILLER!









MOVIELAND

Sketches

IN MANY OF THE MOVIE FIGHT SCENES FEATURING SWORDS, AXES, KNIVES, ETC. THE WEAPONS ARE MADE OF RUBBER GIVING A MAXIMUM OF REALISM WITHOUT HURTING THE ACTORS!

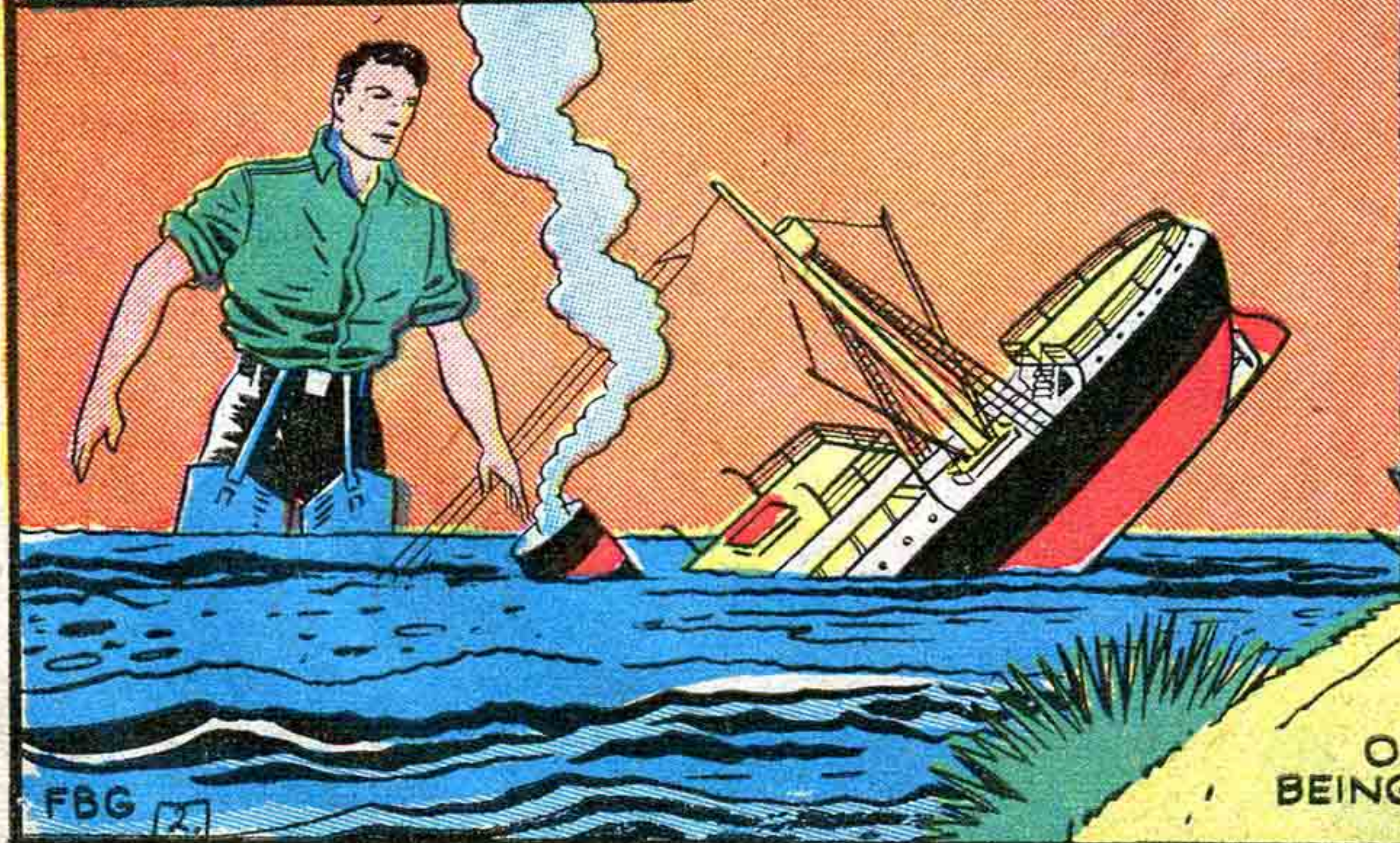
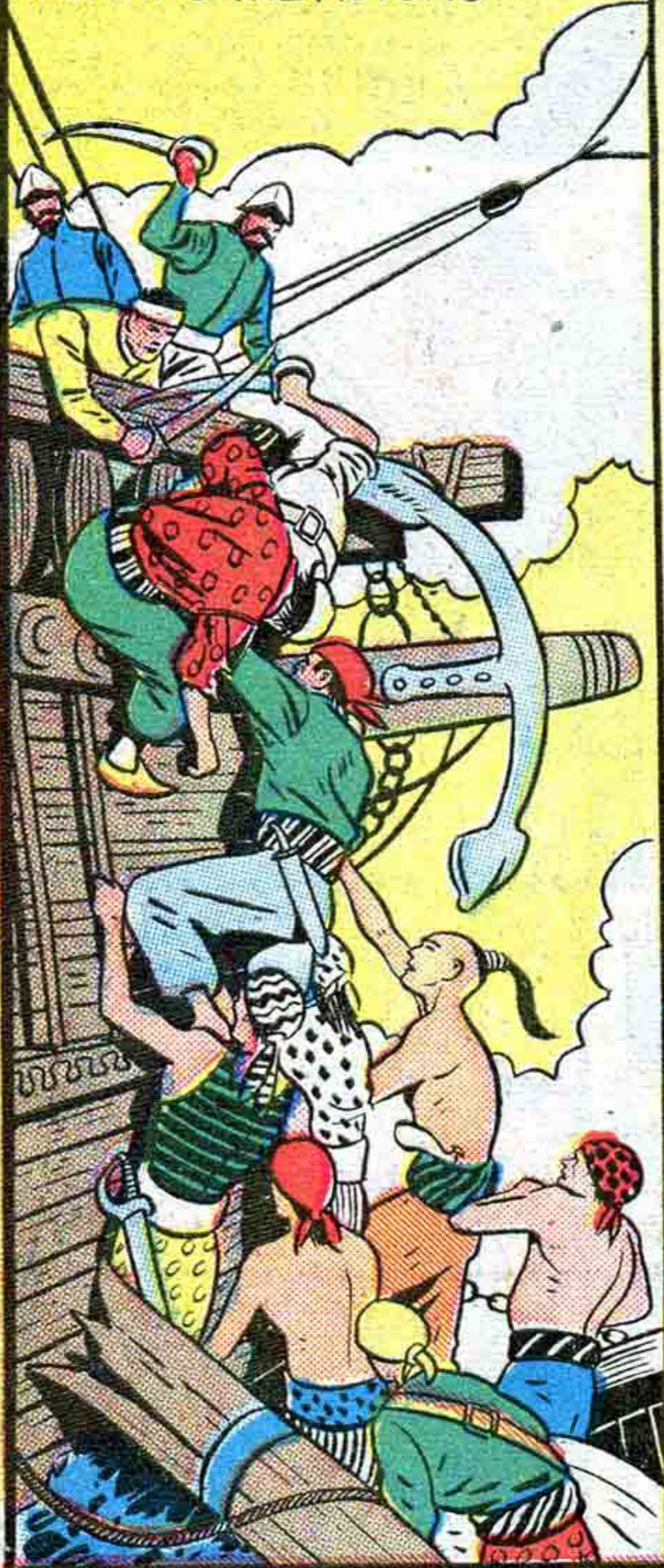
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE MOVIES BETTE DAVIS FIRES A GUN IN THE "LETTER". THE FIRST TIME SHE EVER FIRED A GUN WAS IN A BROADWAY PLAY AND SHE SPOILED THE SCENE BY PULLING THE TRIGGER TOO SOON!

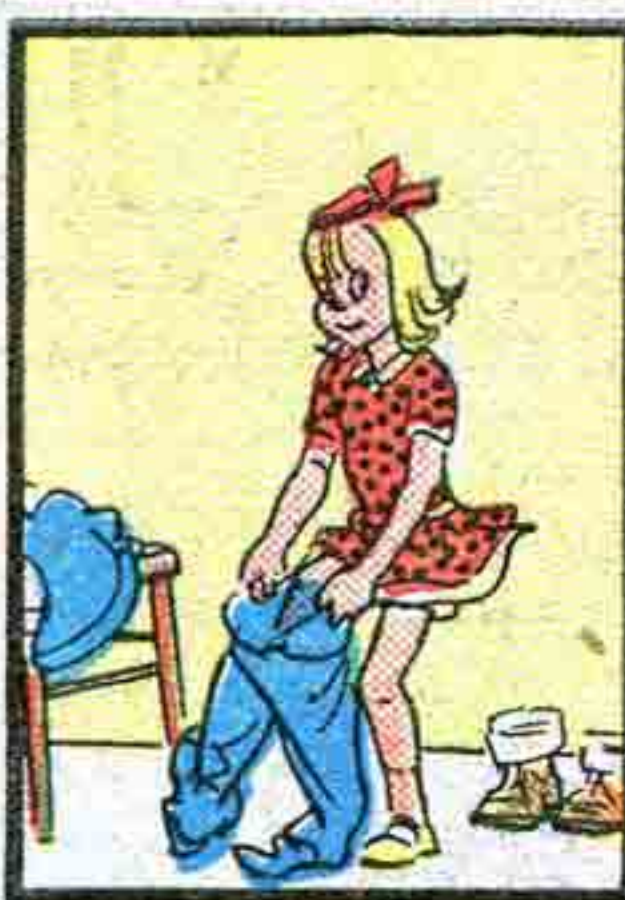
IN THE MOVIES BLACKBERRY JAM IS USED FOR CAVIAR!

BING CROSBY HAS NEVER BEEN UP IN AN AIRPLANE!

MODEL BOATS ARE USED IN FILMING SEA DISASTERS AND TORPEDOED OCEAN LINERS WHEN LONG AND FULL LENGTH SHOTS ARE REQUIRED!

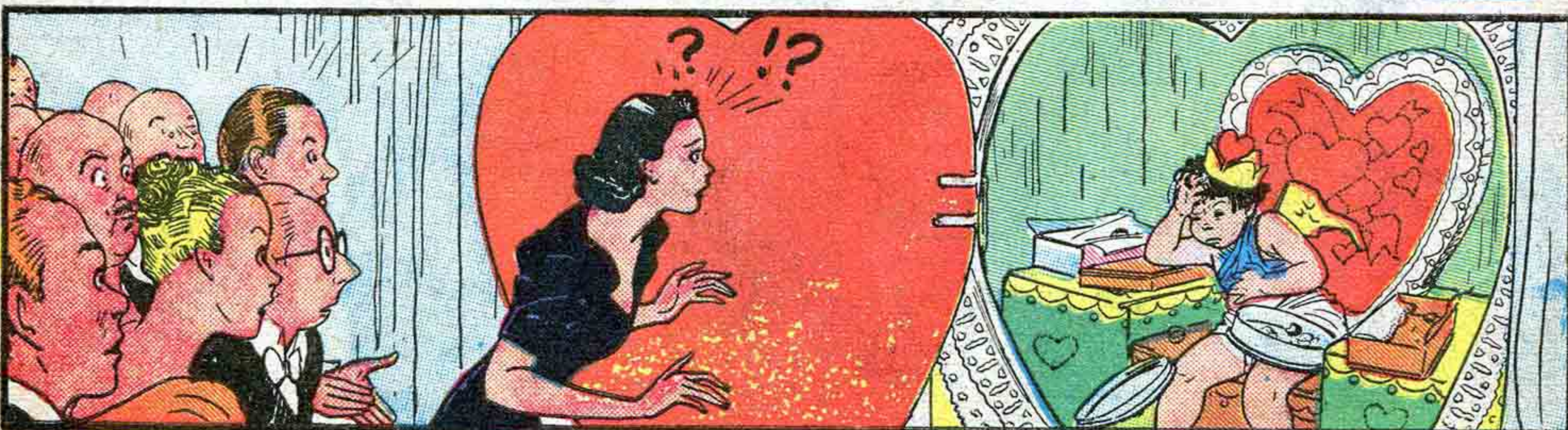
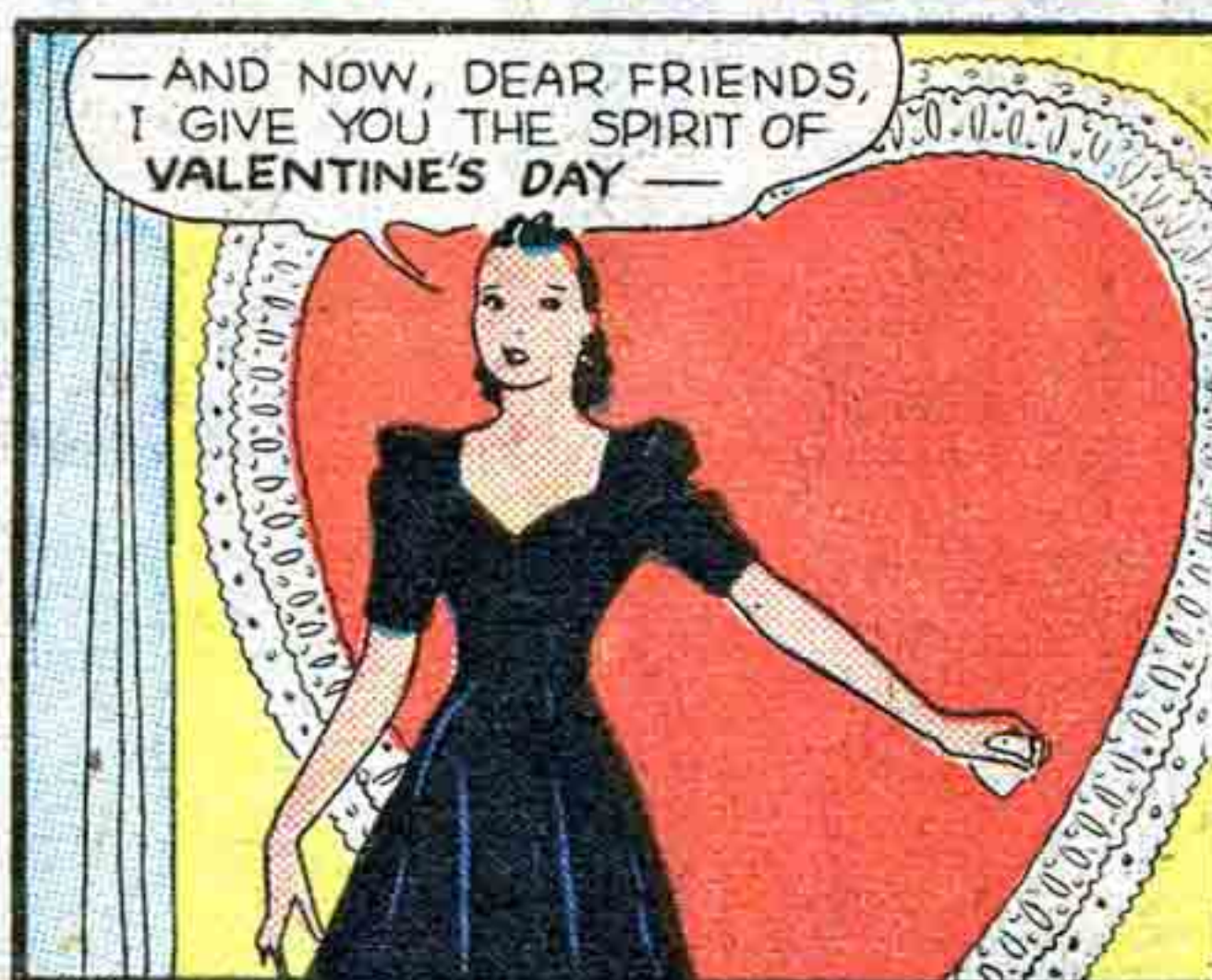
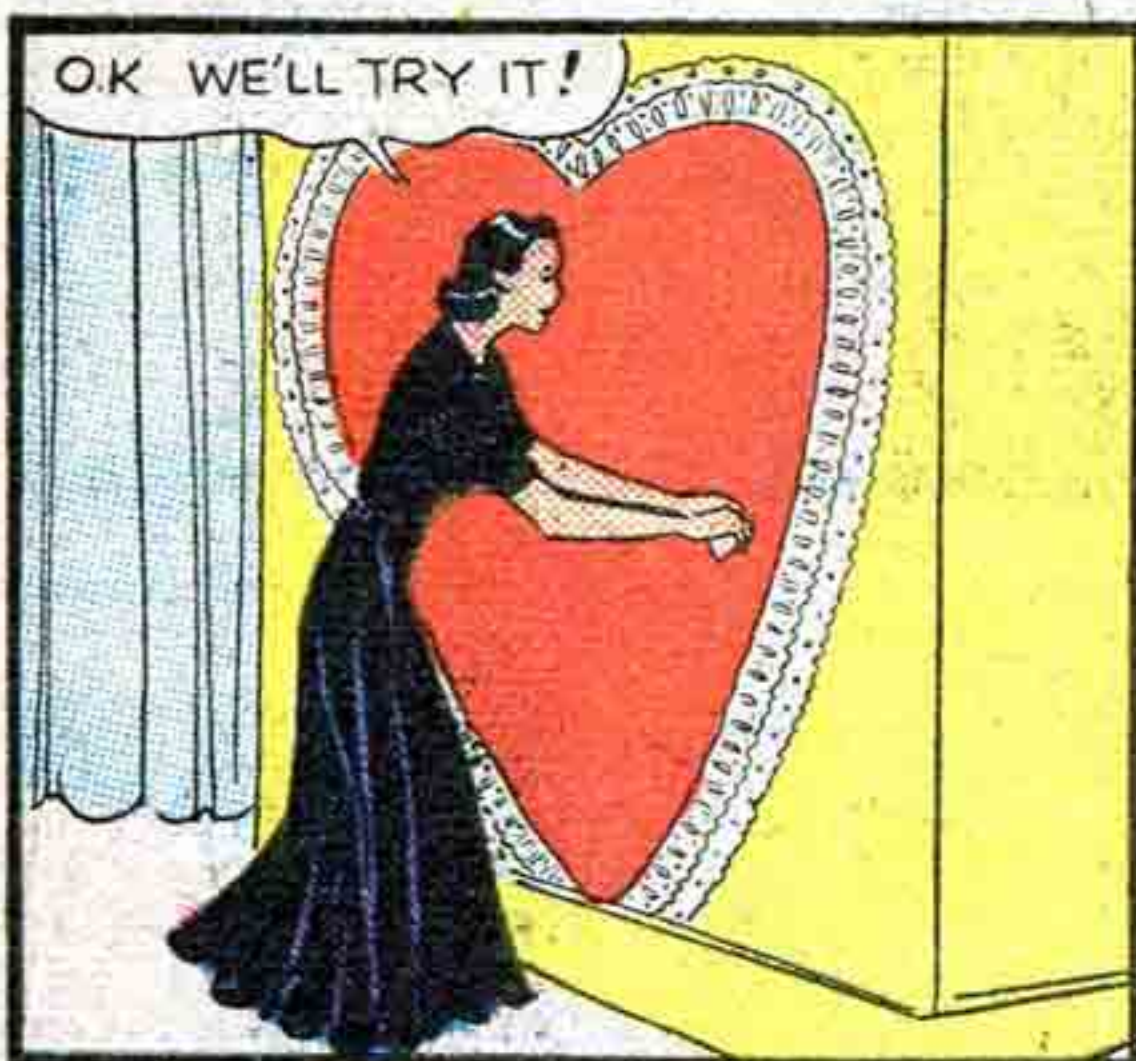
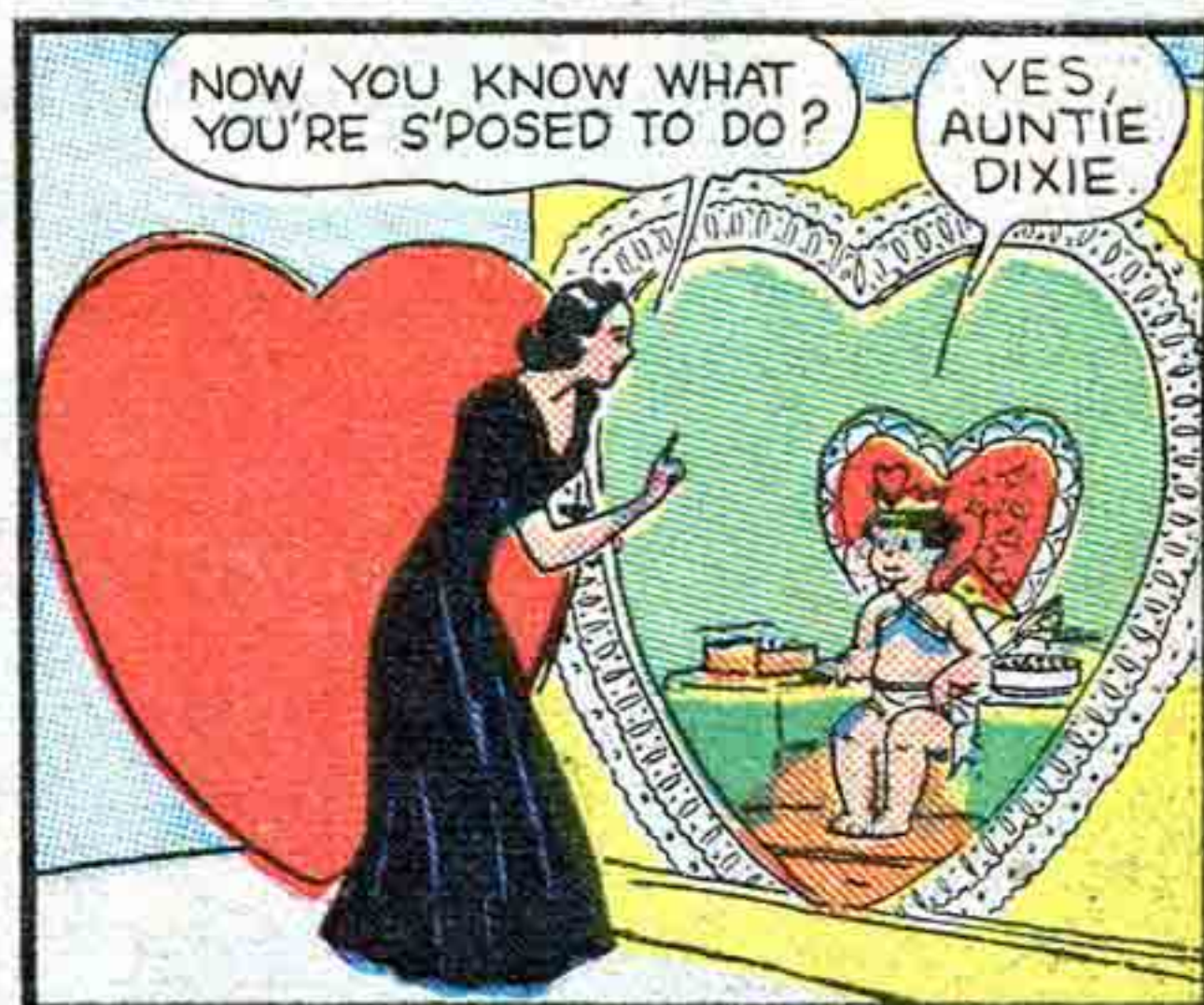
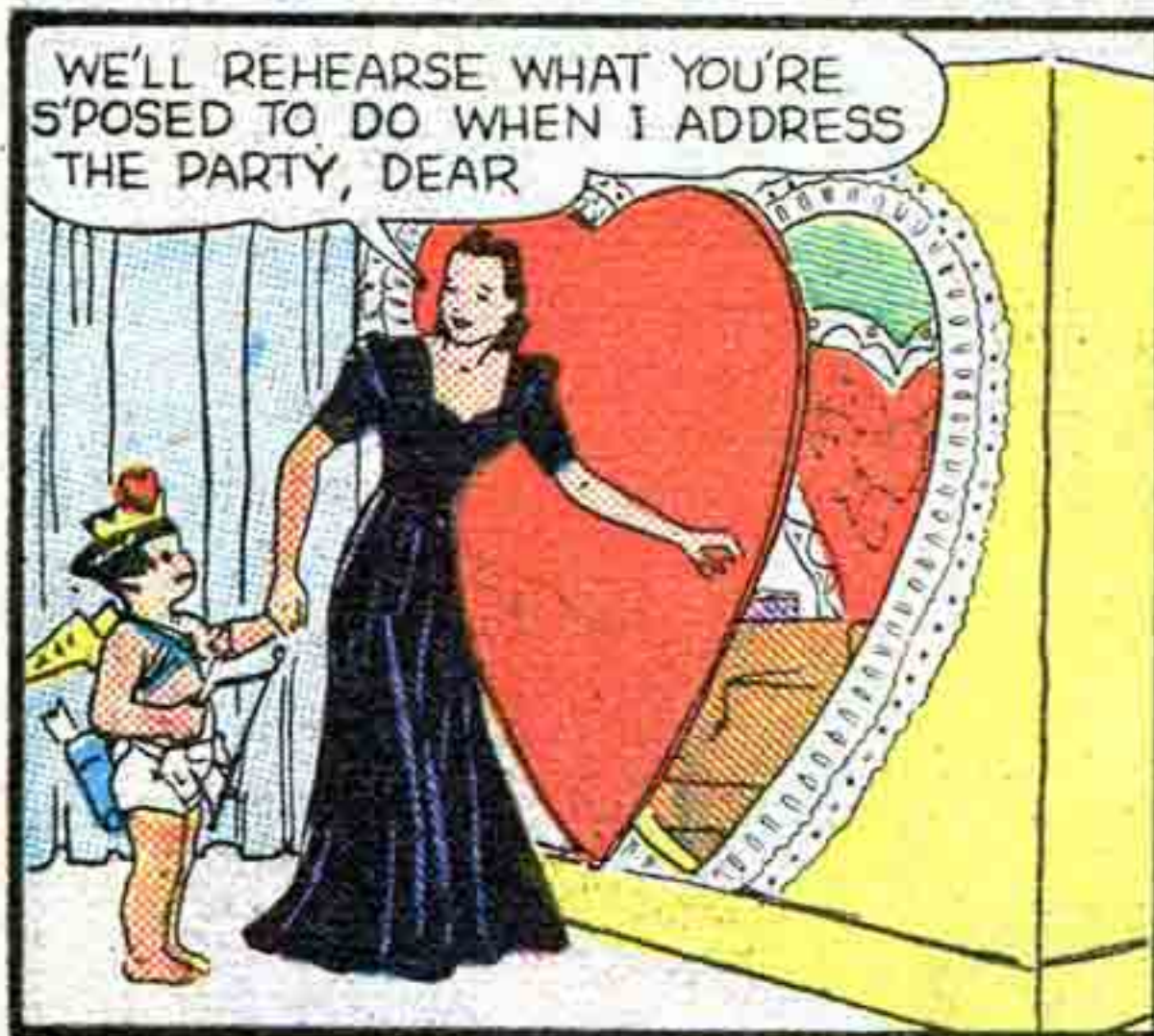
MALA, THE ESKIMO, WAS HIRED AS ASSISTANT CAMERAMAN IN THE FILMING OF "ESKIMO" BUT ENDED UP BY BEING THE STAR OF THE PICTURE!





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL



ROCKY RYAN

THROUGH THE LAND OF THE BLUE GLASS TOWER, ROCKY AND DOE AMES, FIND THEMSELVES IN A QUEER COUNTRYSIDE—OVERRUN BY HAIRY HUNTERS—ONE OF WHOM—TARGO—GIVES ROCKY A SWORD AND PROMISES TO SHOW HIM "CARCAROLA"—

ACROSS THESE STONE MOUNTAINS LIES CARCAROLA! IT IS A LAND OF QUEER MYSTERIES, AND QUEERER PEOPLES—

YOU SURE MAKE ME WANT TO SEE THAT PLACE!

IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU TO GO TRAMPING MILE AFTER MILE— BUT I'M HUNGRY!

GEE, I GUESS I AM MYSELF!

THEY MAKE CAMP AT A WATERHOLE—

HOW FAR IS IT TO CARCAROLA, TARGO?

WE ARE ON ITS BORDERS NOW! SOMETIMES THEIR RIDERS COME TO THESE PLAINS, BUT VERY SELDOM!

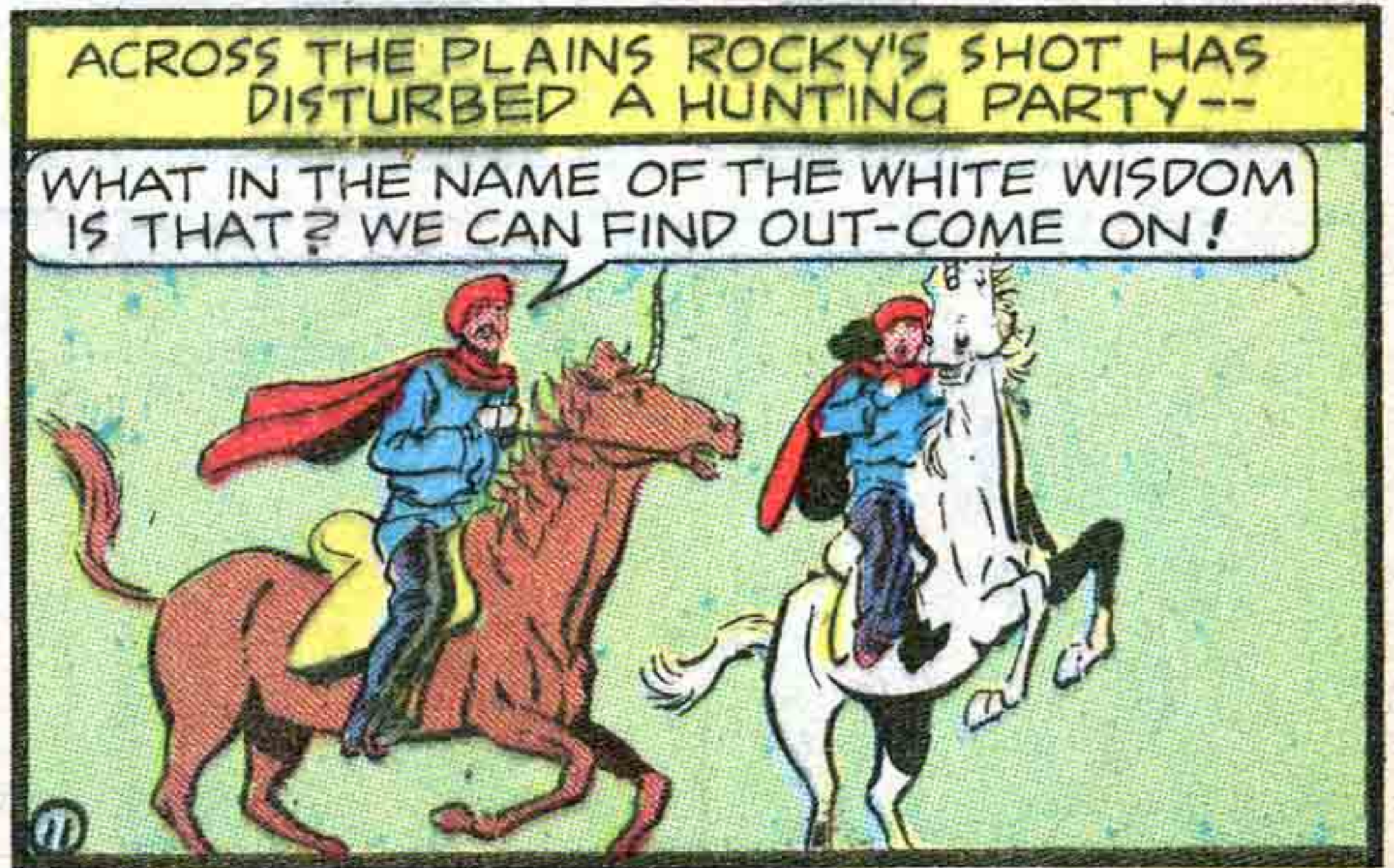
ROCKY HUNTS FOOD—

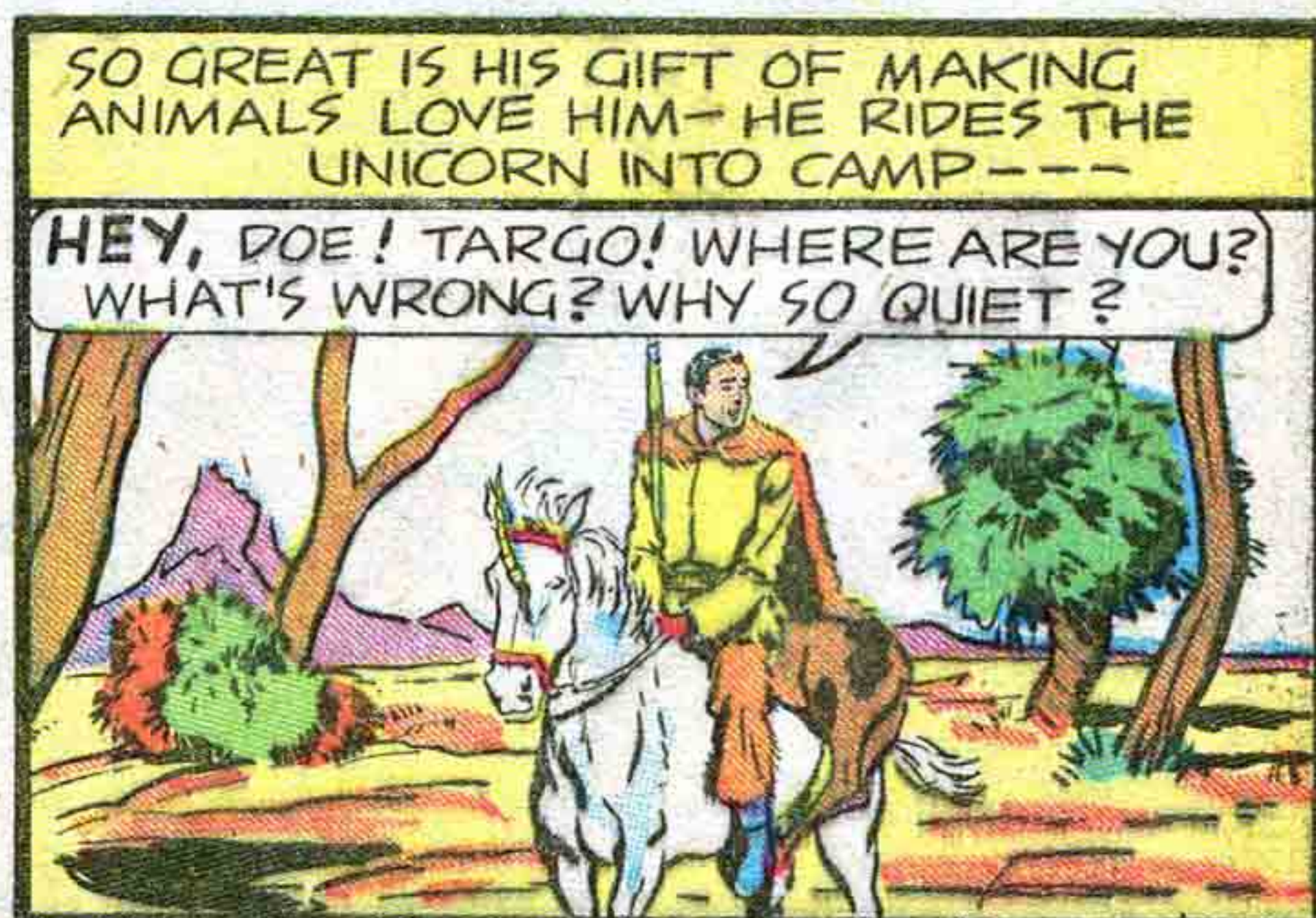
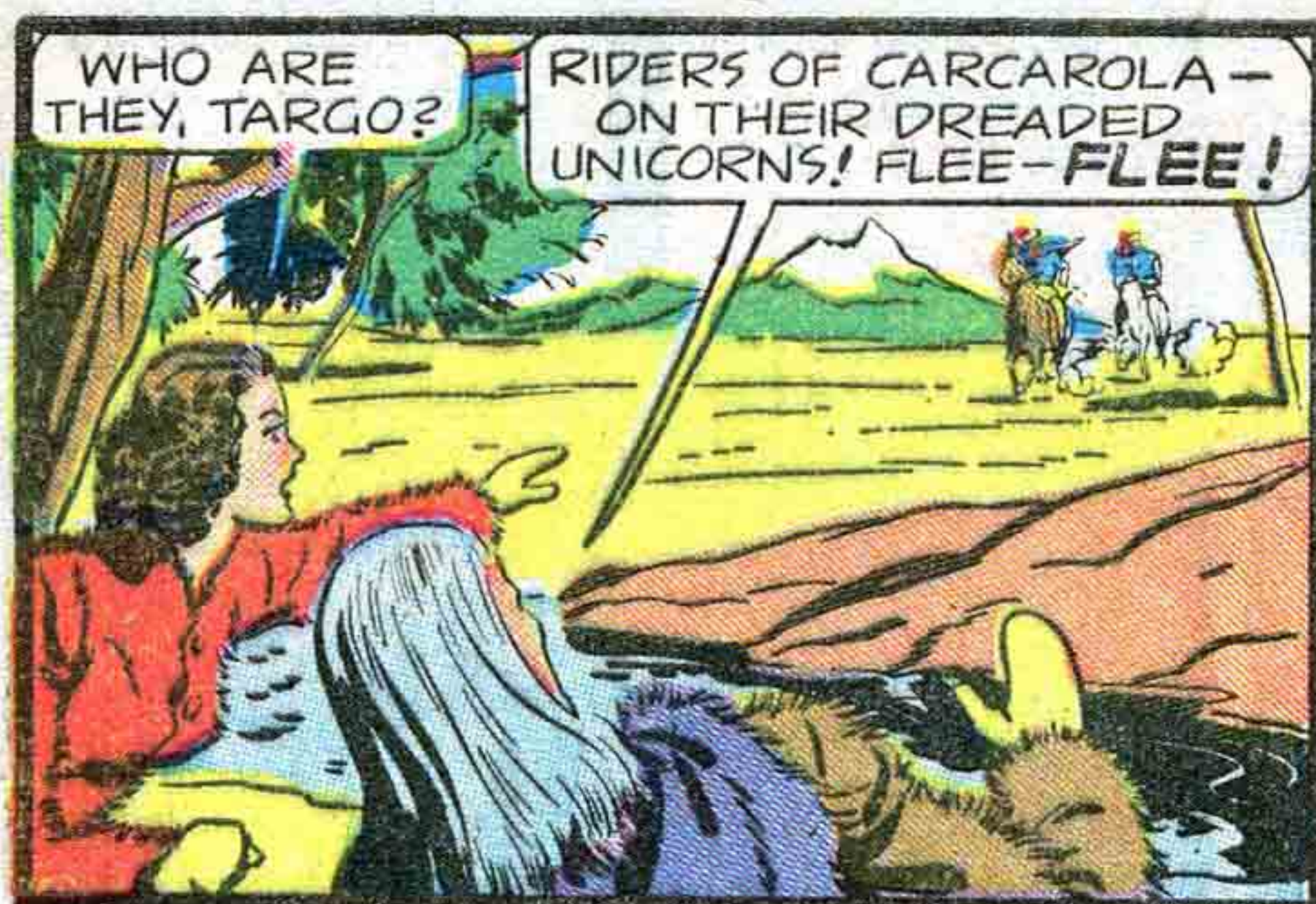
BULLSEYE!

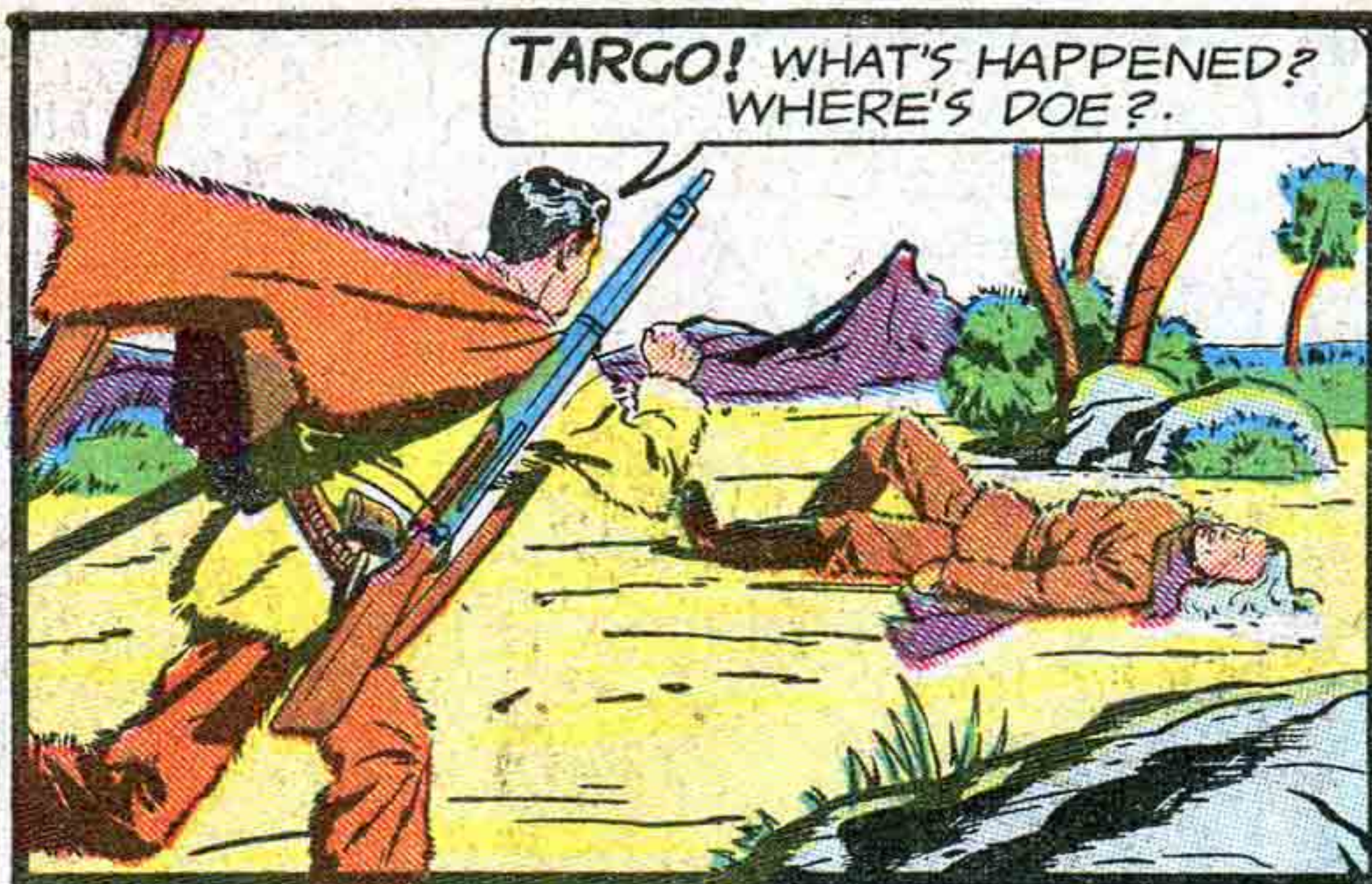
WELL, I'LL BE—! A UNICORN—

ACROSS THE PLAINS ROCKY'S SHOT HAS DISTURBED A HUNTING PARTY—

WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE WHITE WISDOM IS THAT? WE CAN FIND OUT—COME ON!





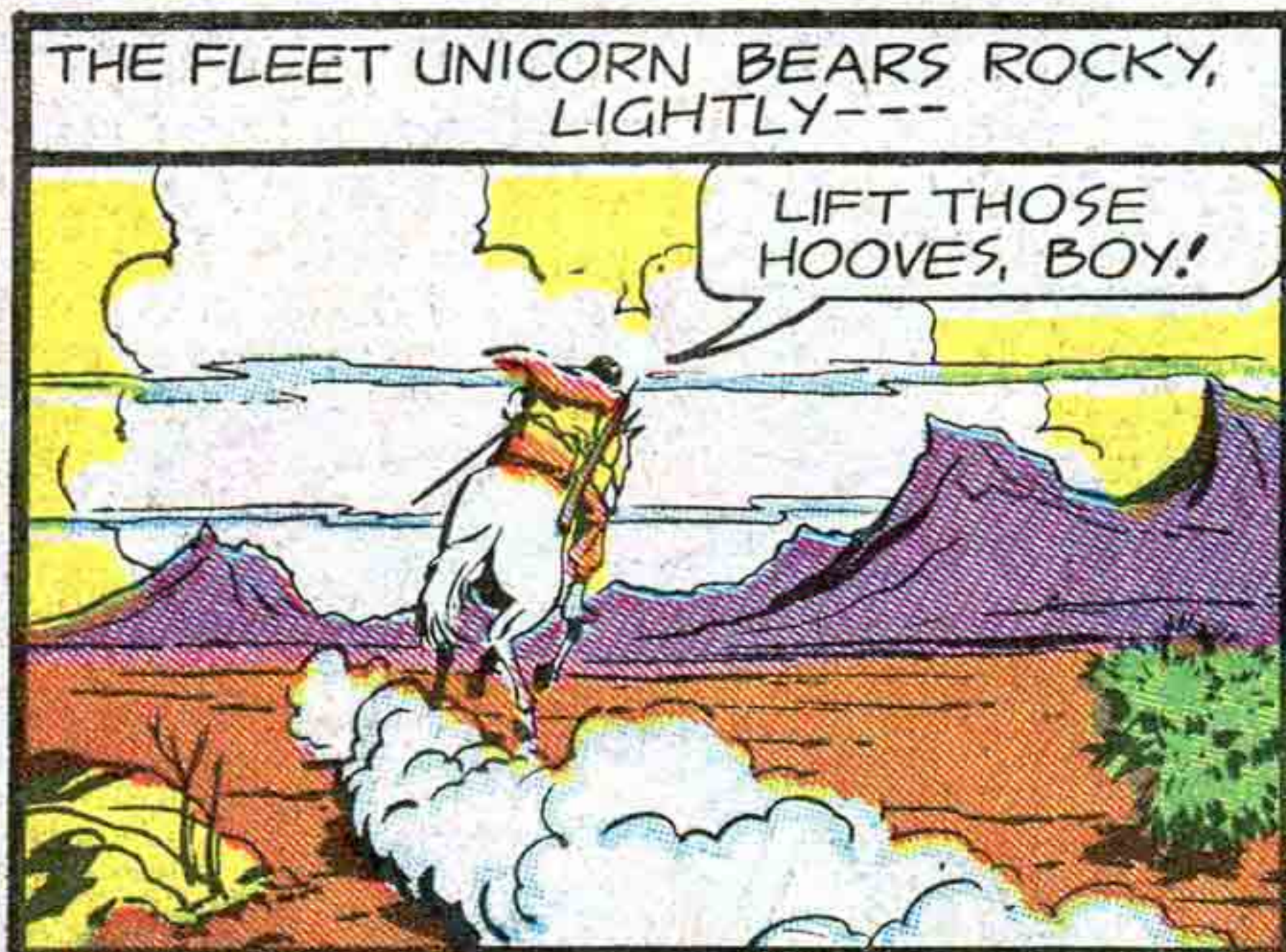


TARGO! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
WHERE'S DOE?.



HORSEMEN FROM
CARCAROLA!
TOOK DOE - GO
AFTER THEM;
ROCKY RYAN!

FROM CARCAROLA!
I SURE WILL GO
AFTER THEM! AND
IF THEY'VE HARMED
DOE, WOW

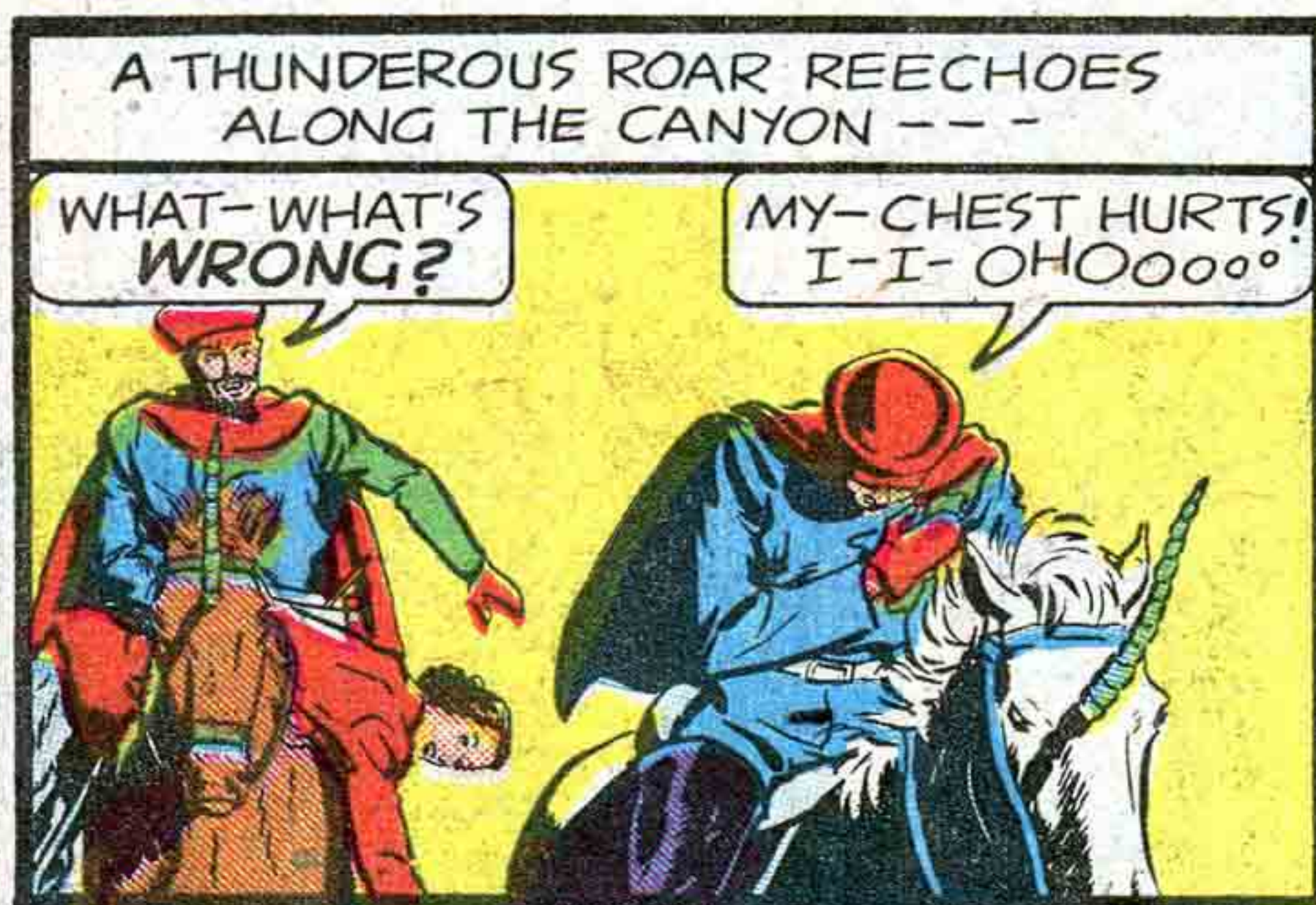


THE FLEET UNICORN BEARS ROCKY,
LIGHTLY---

LIFT THOSE
HOOVES, BOY!



THERE THEY ARE! WHAT SWEET TARGETS
-I THINK THEY NEED A LESSON!



A THUNDEROUS ROAR REECHES
ALONG THE CANYON ---

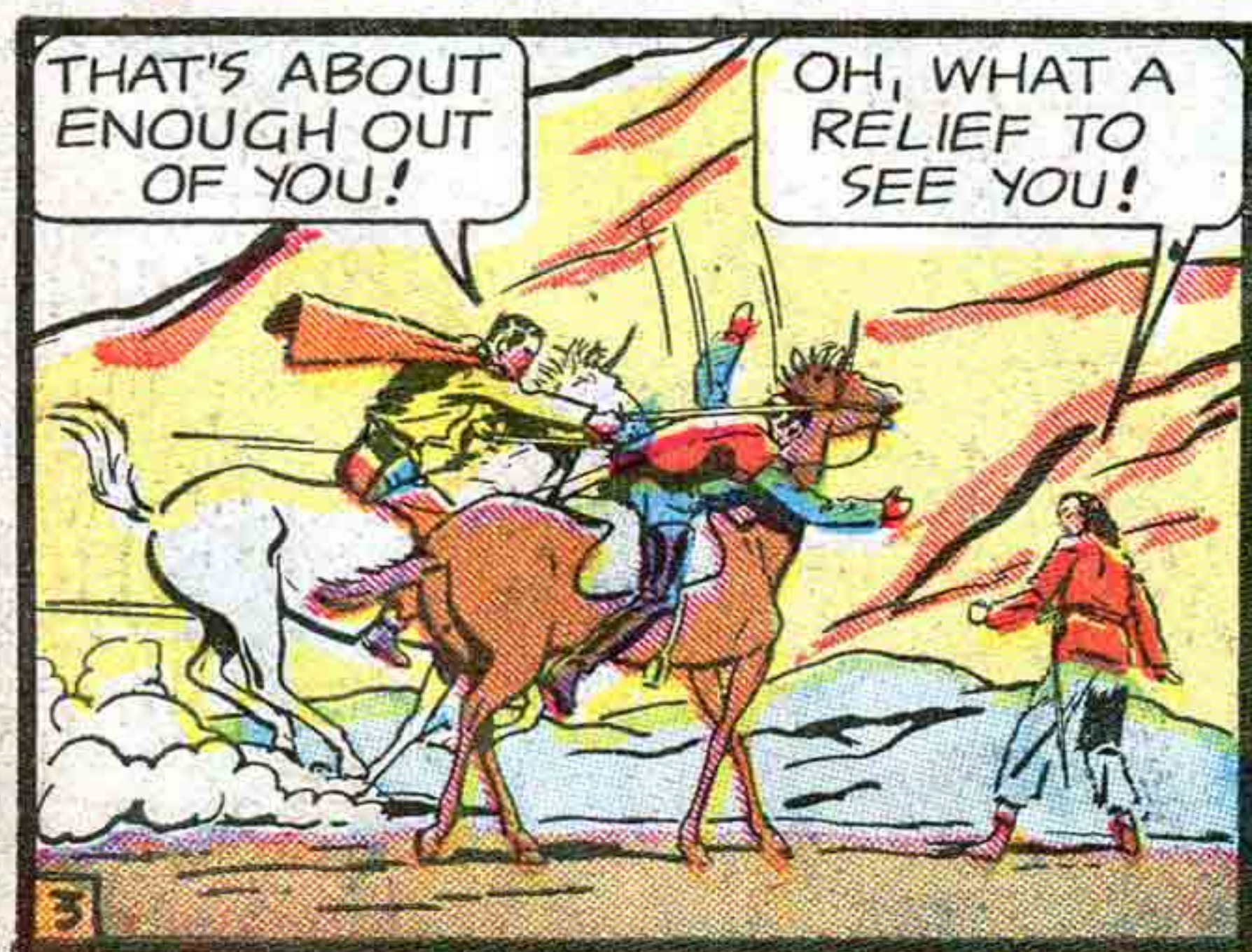
WHAT-WHAT'S
WRONG?

MY-CHEST HURTS!
I-I- OHOOOOO



NO, YOU
DON'T-

ROCKY,
HURRY!



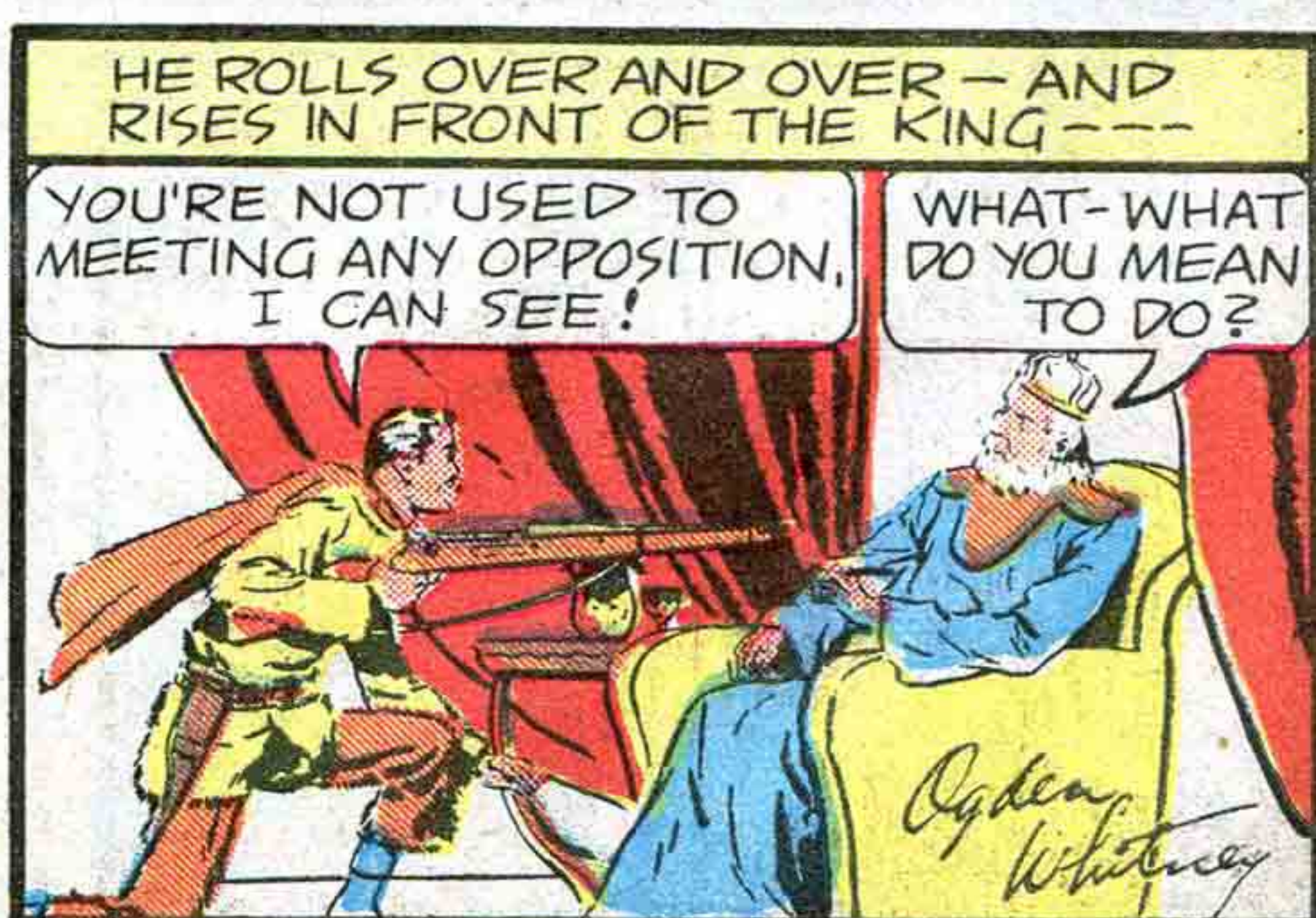
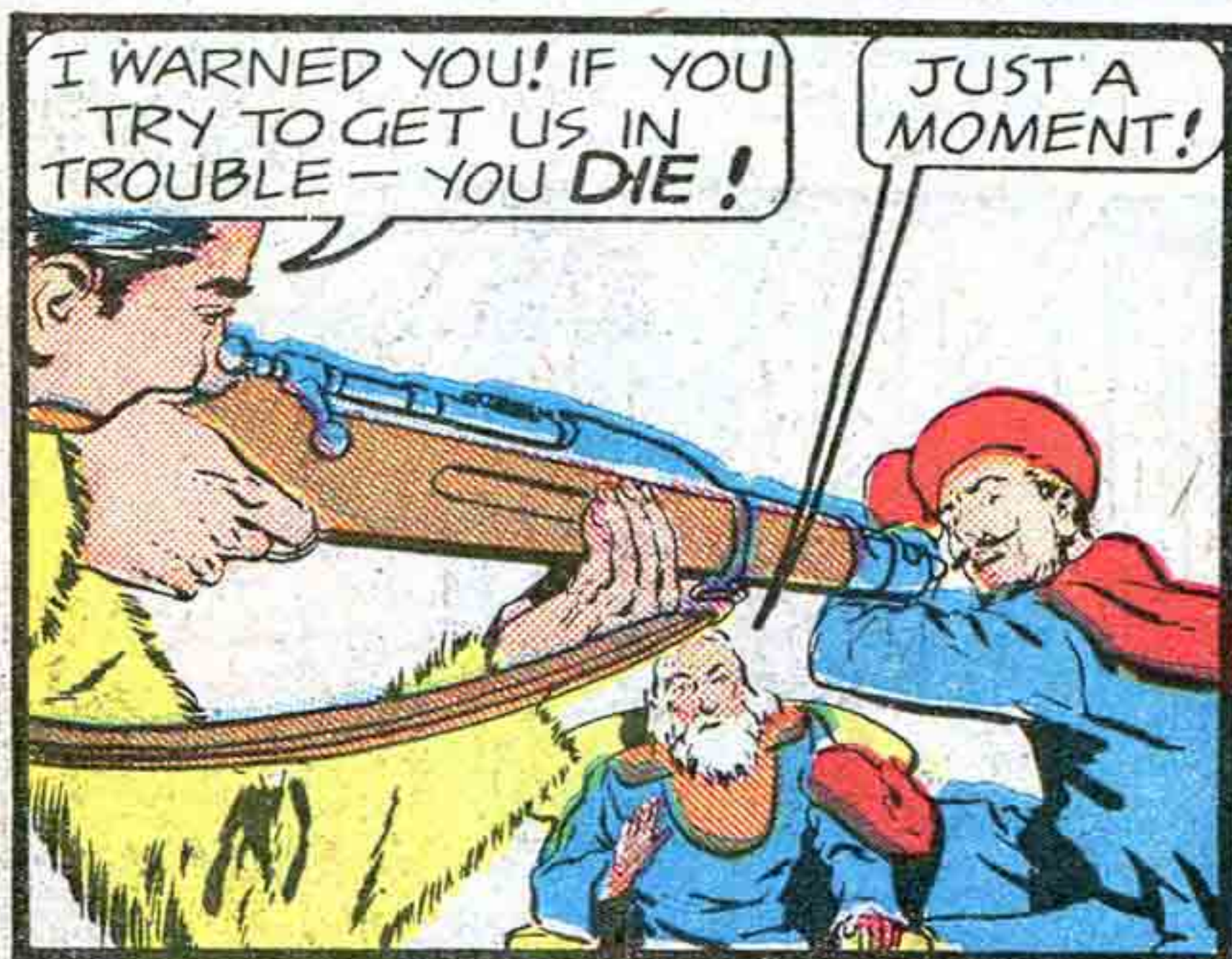
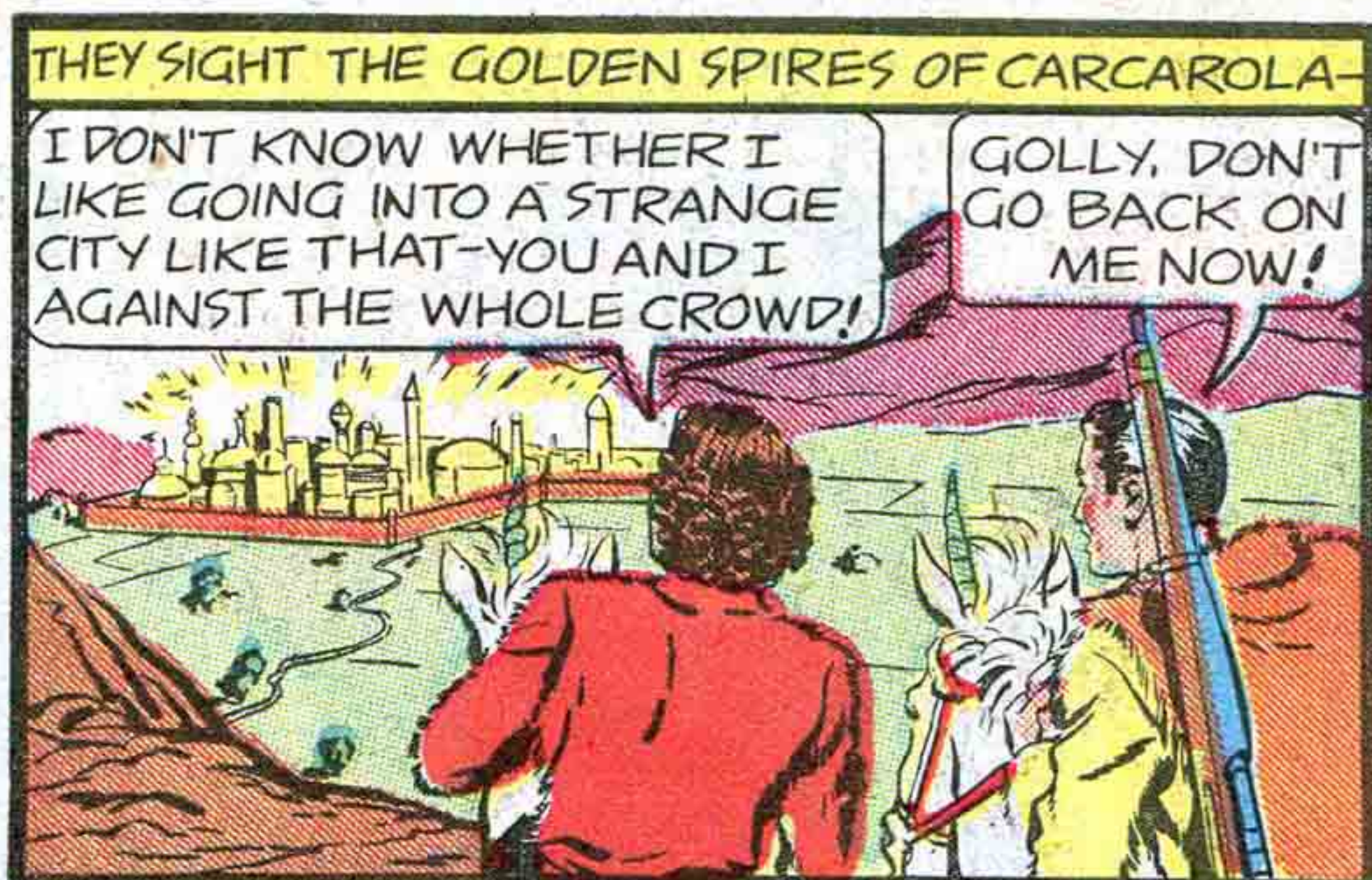
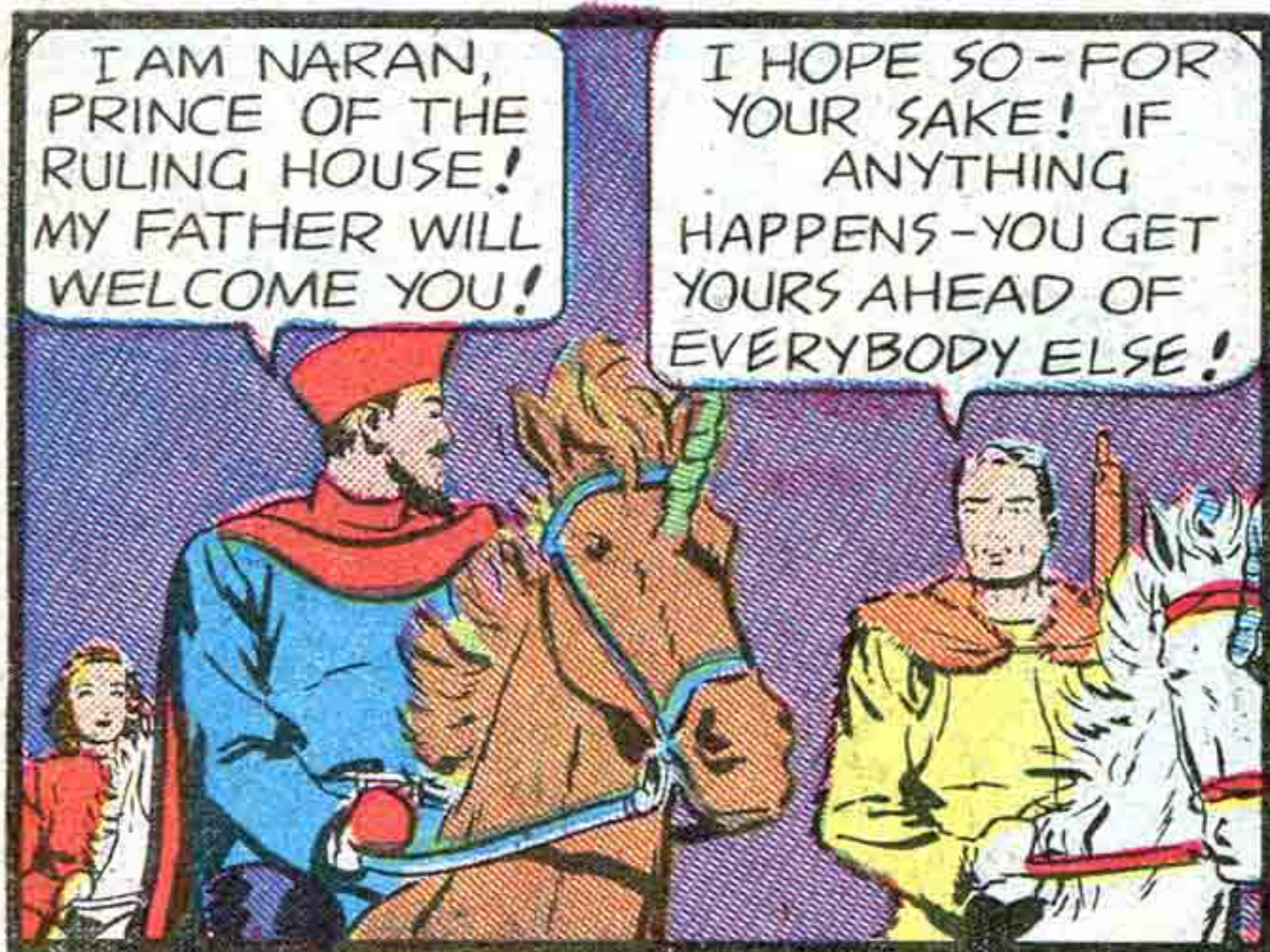
THAT'S ABOUT
ENOUGH OUT
OF YOU!

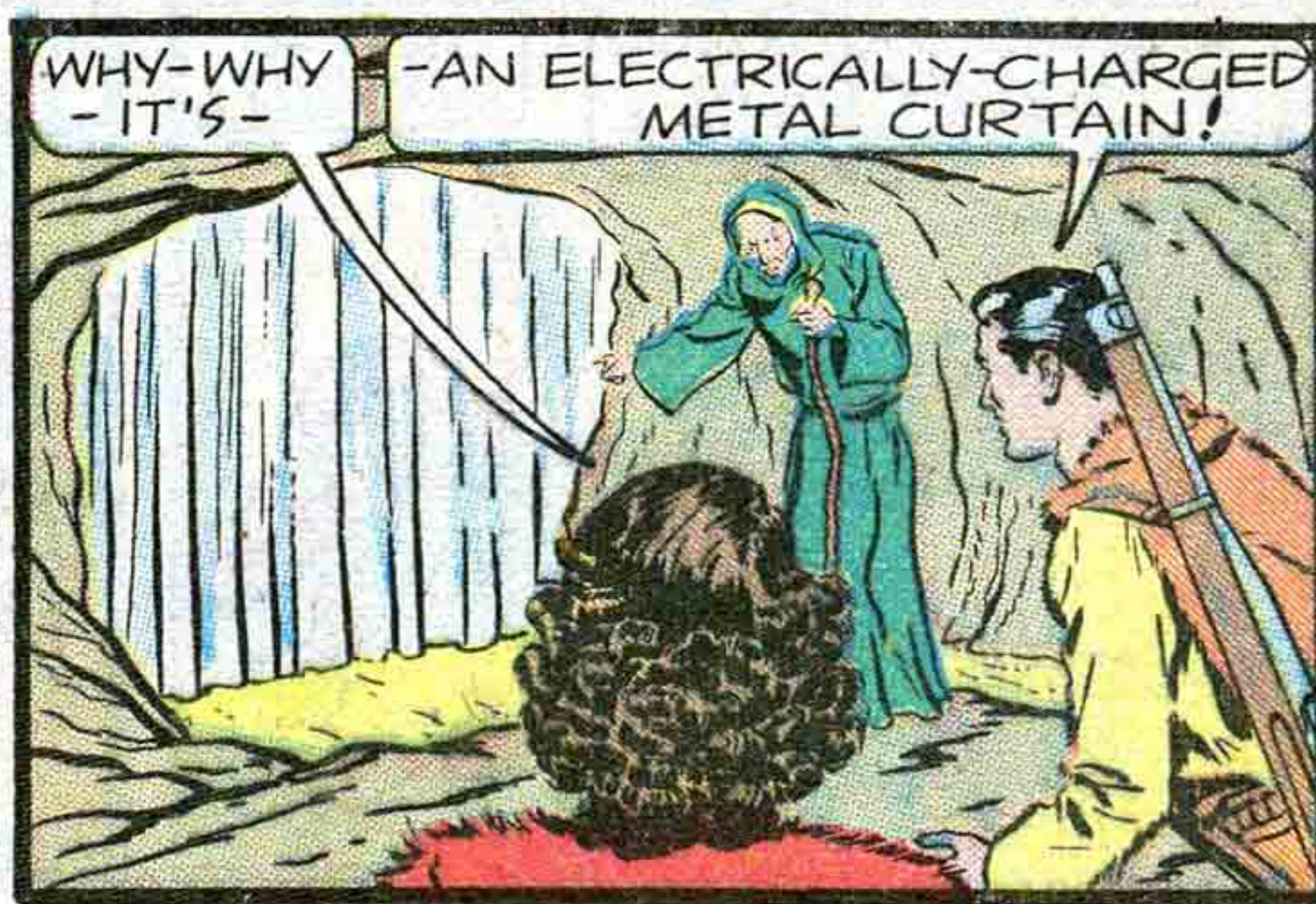
OH, WHAT A
RELIEF TO
SEE YOU!



I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU
ARE, THUNDER MAN-BUT
YOU SURE PACK A WALLOP!

ROCKY-DON'T
TRUST HIM! HE
HE SCARES ME!







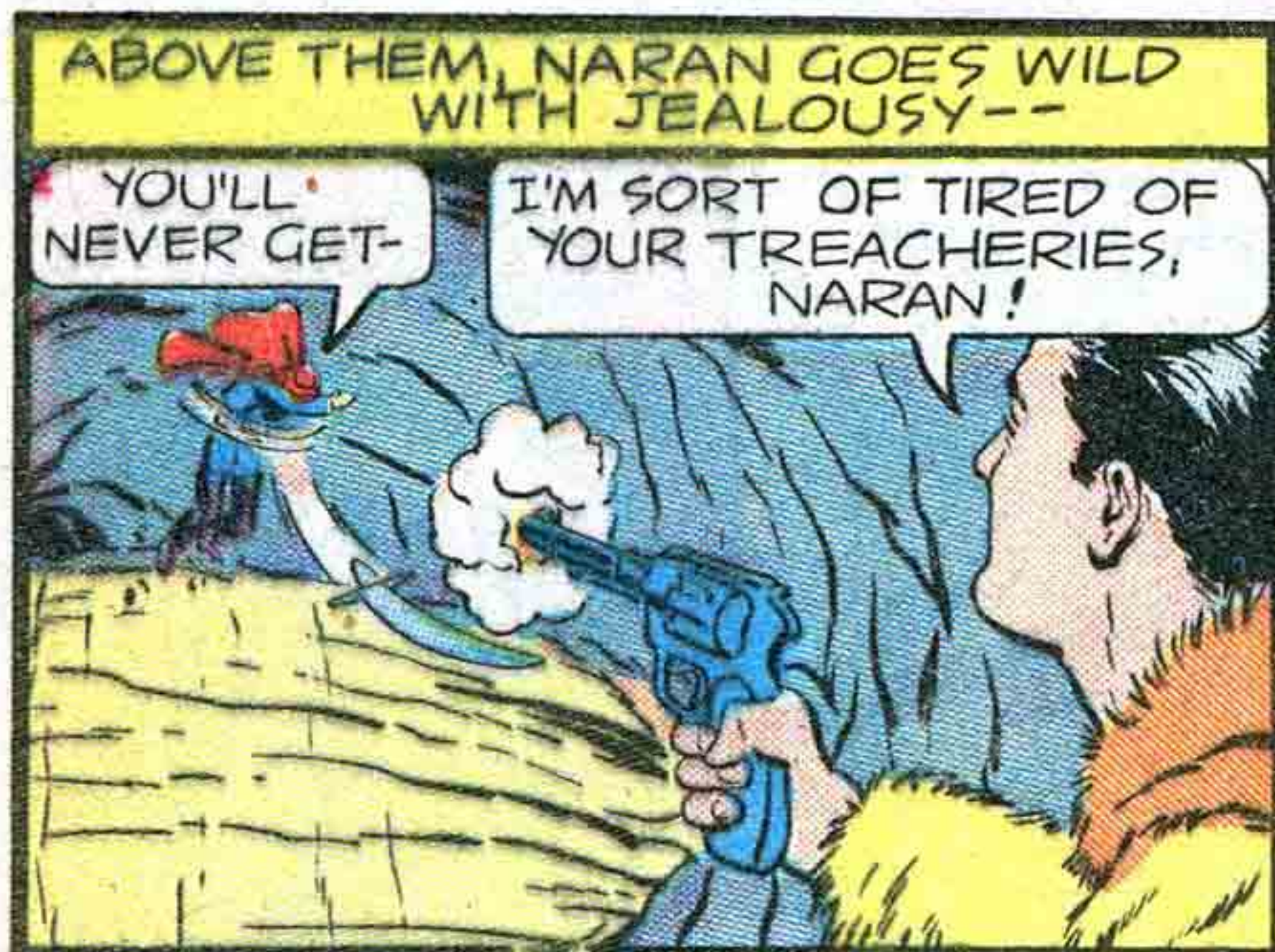
IT'S CLEAVING THROUGH!



REFT APART BY THE KEEN BLADE, THE CURTAIN PARTS—

YOU DID IT!

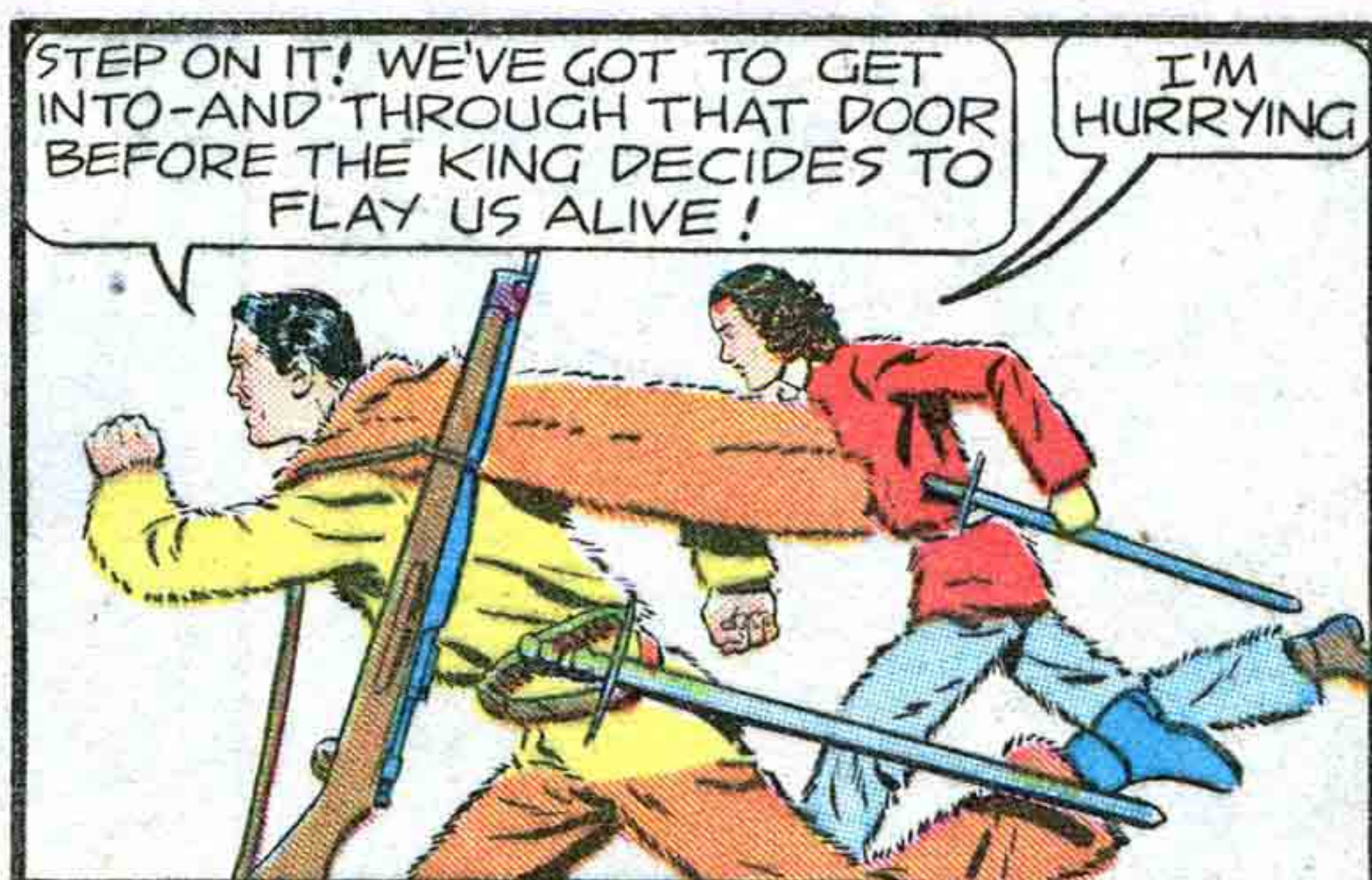
—AND THE ELECTRICITY DIDN'T HURT ME—THANKS TO YOUR SKIRT!



ABOVE THEM, NARAN GOES WILD WITH JEALOUSY--

YOU'LL NEVER GET—

I'M SORT OF TIRED OF YOUR TREACHERIES, NARAN!



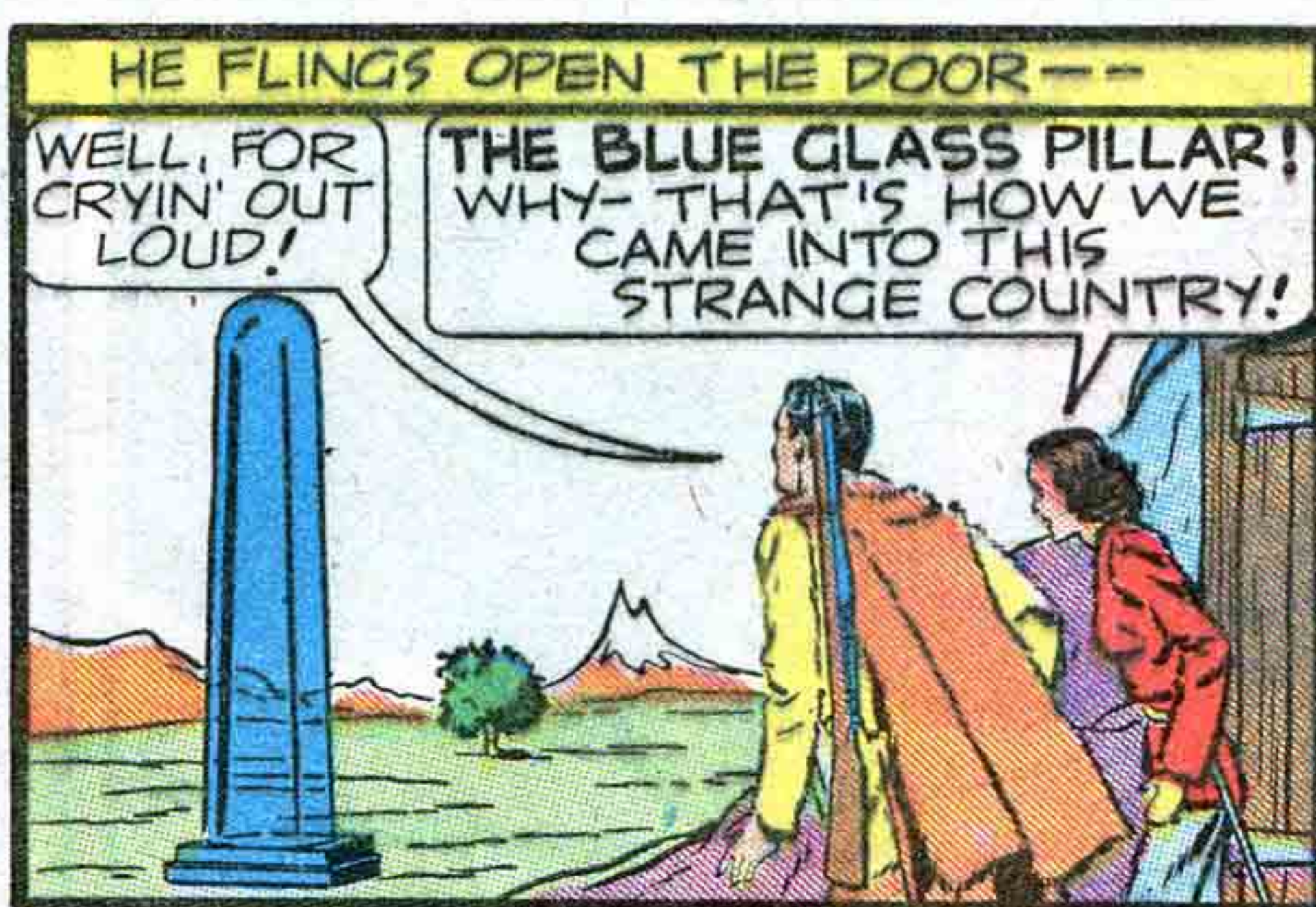
STEP ON IT! WE'VE GOT TO GET INTO—AND THROUGH THAT DOOR BEFORE THE KING DECIDES TO FLAY US ALIVE!

I'M HURRYING



I'LL BREAK THE LOCK—

YOU'D BETTER HURRY! I SEE MOWRA SENDING HIS ARCHERS AFTER US!



HE FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR--

WELL, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD!

THE BLUE GLASS PILLAR! WHY— THAT'S HOW WE CAME INTO THIS STRANGE COUNTRY!



GOLLY, IT'LL SEEM GOOD TO BE BACK IN NORMAL COUNTRY ONCE MORE!

AND HOW!



THEY EMERGE IN THE MUSEUM ROOM THEY SET OUT FROM—

HOW LONG'VE WE BEEN GONE?

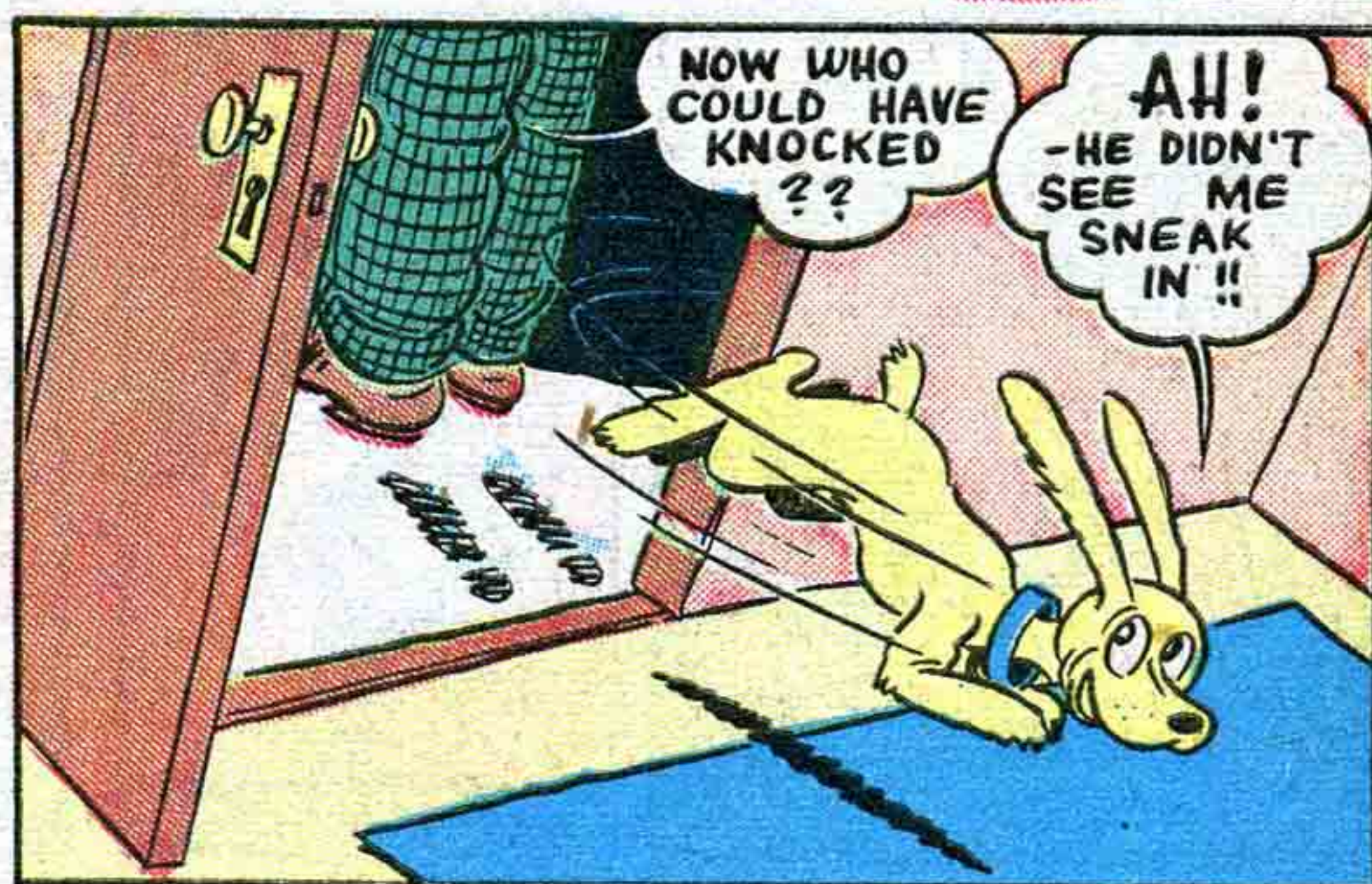
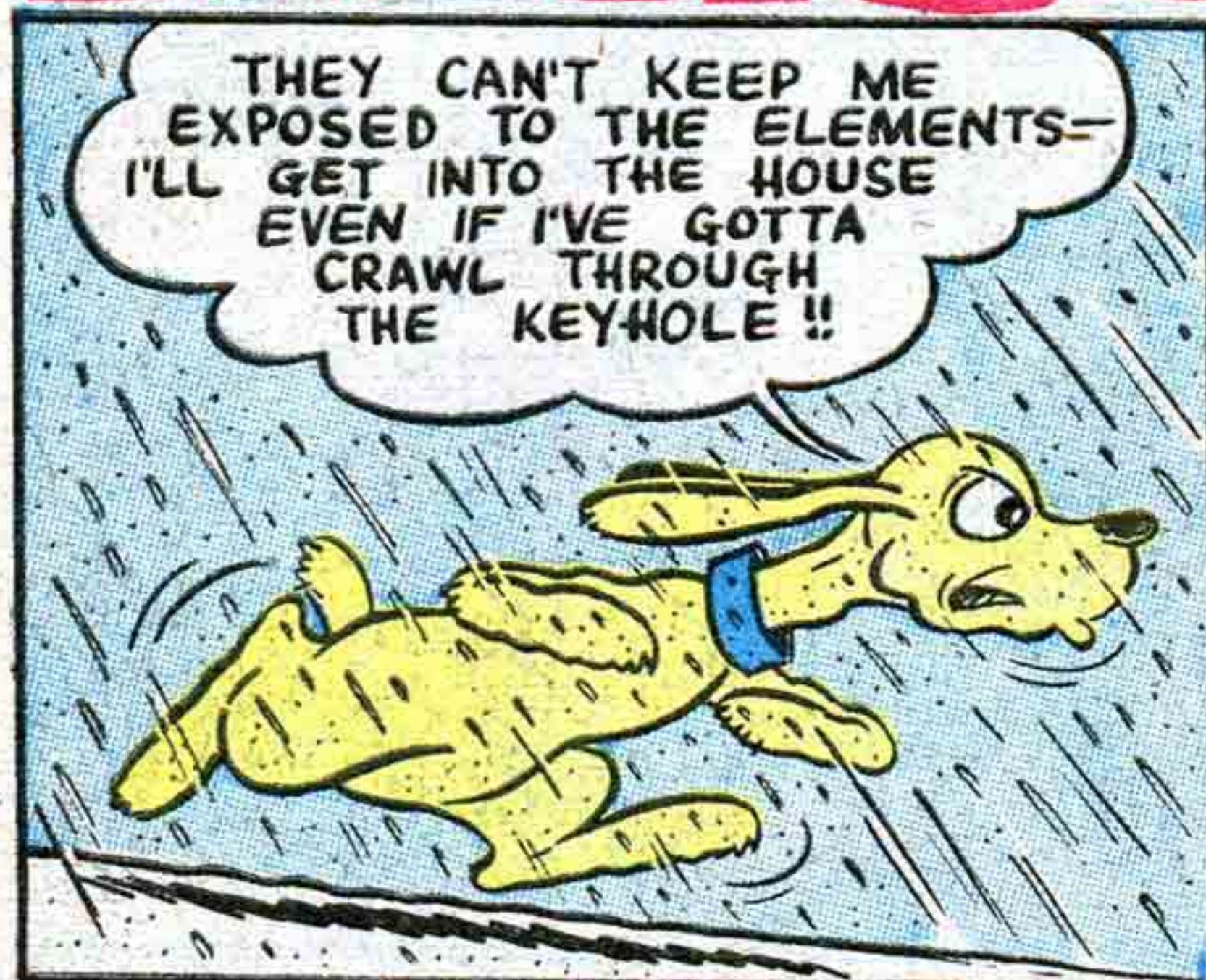
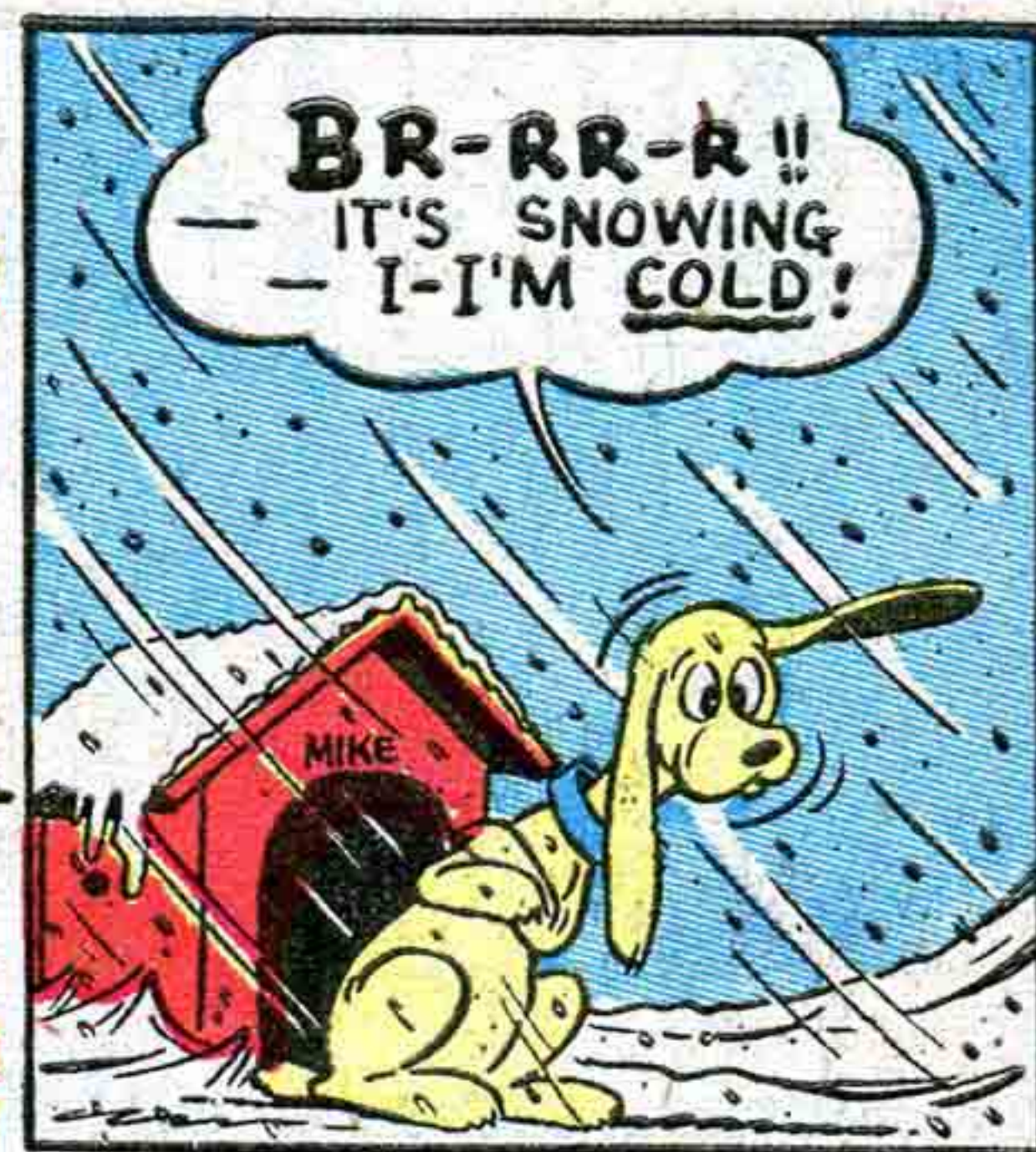
ONLY A MINUTE! BUT YOU LOOK DIFFERENT—CHANGED!

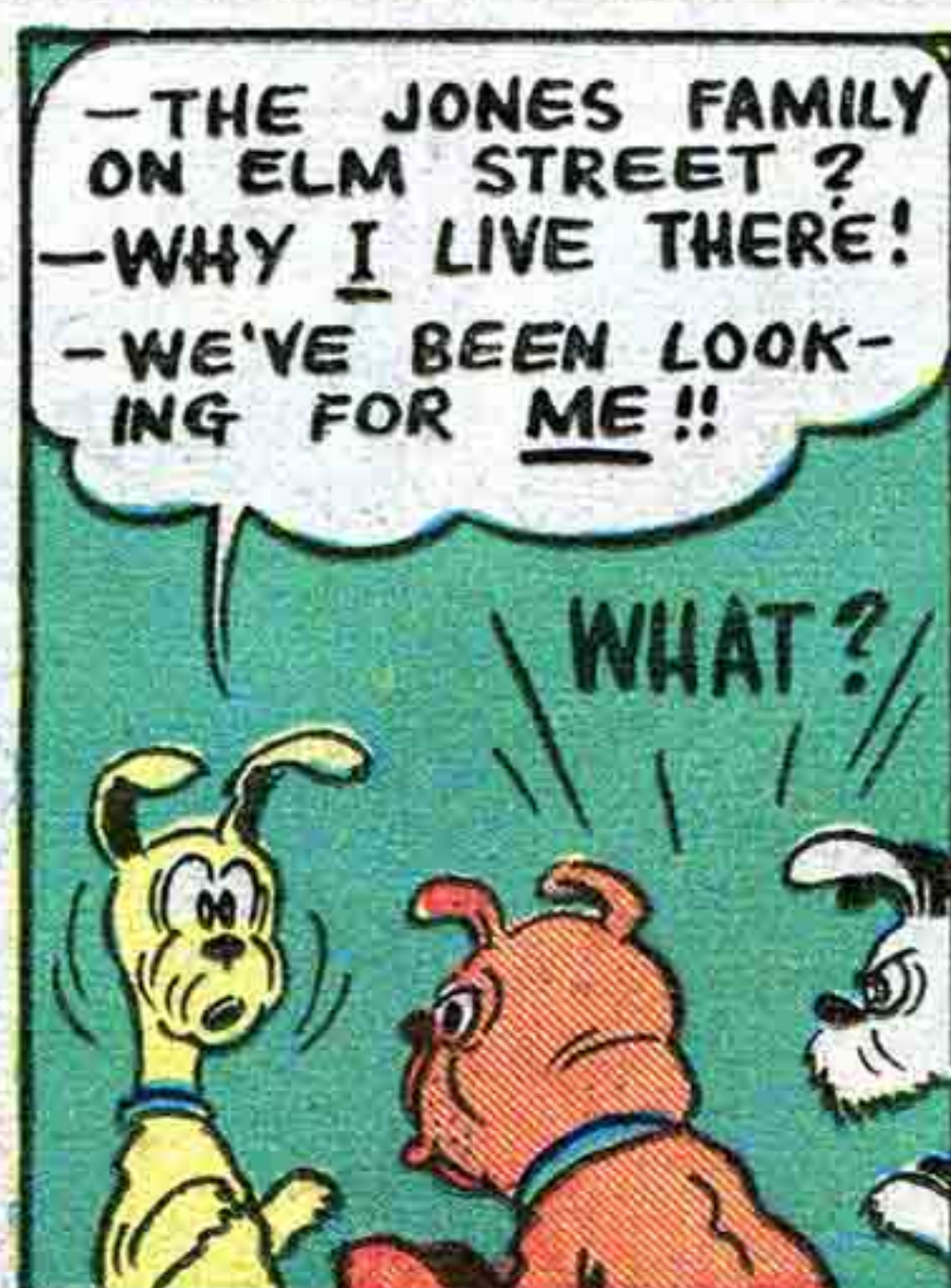
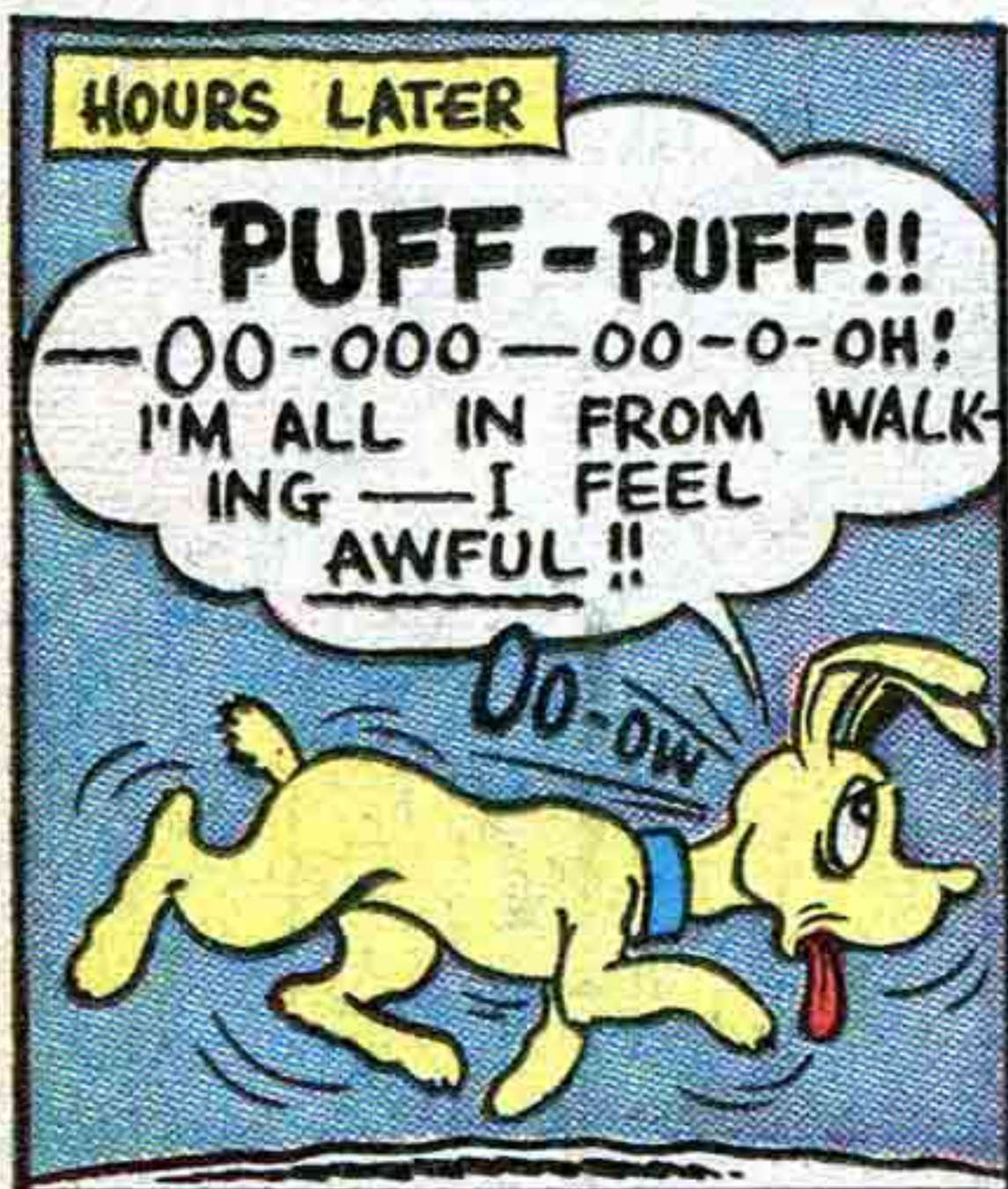
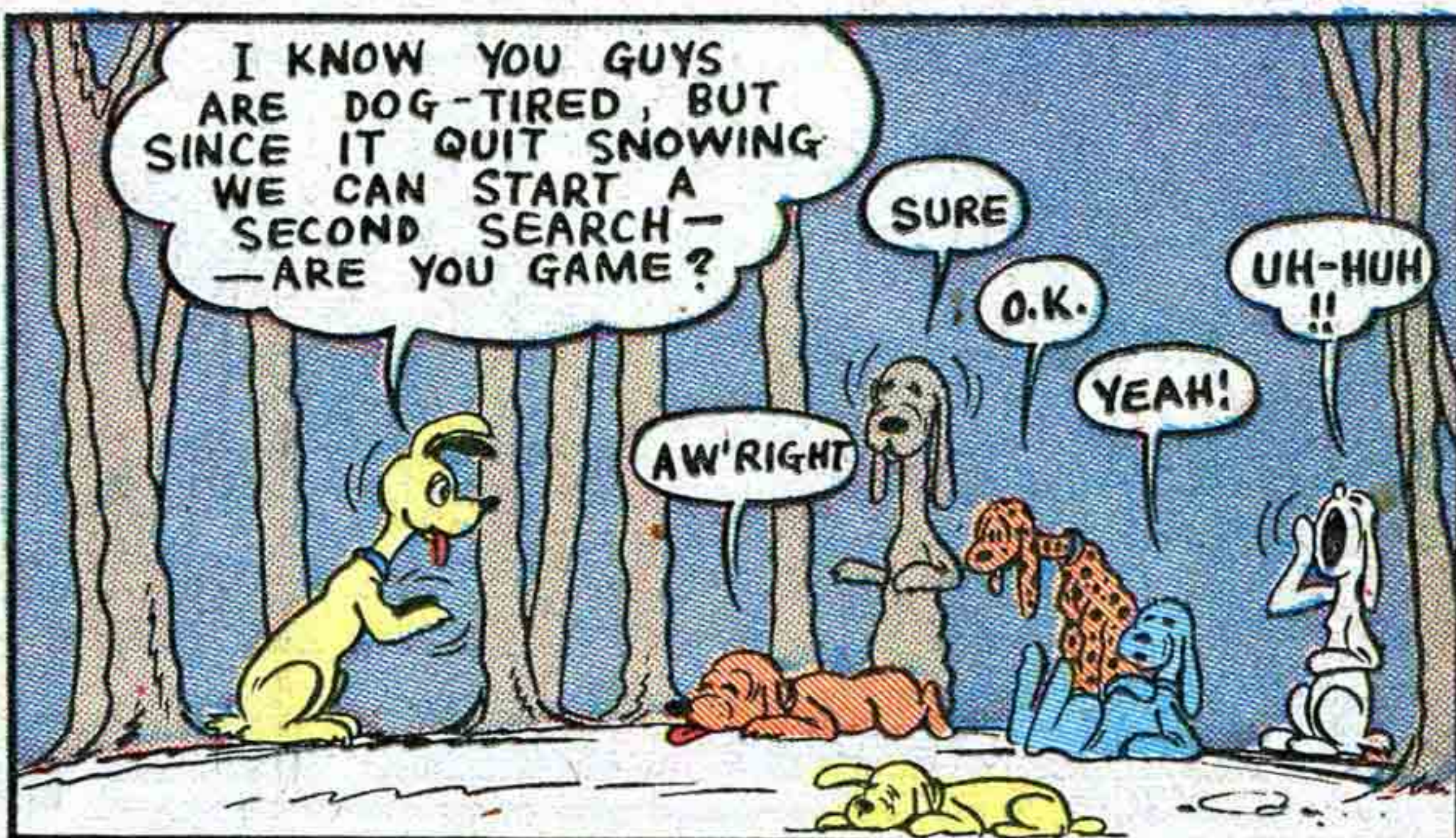
WE MUST HAVE STEPPED INTO A TIME—VAULT—WHAT WE DID TOOK ONLY A FEW SECONDS IN OUR TIME— BUT DAYS IN THE LAND OF THE BLUE GLASS TOWER

ROCKY RYAN'S THRILLING ADVENTURE APPEAR EACH MONTH IN— BIG SHOT COMICS

MIKE

the mascot





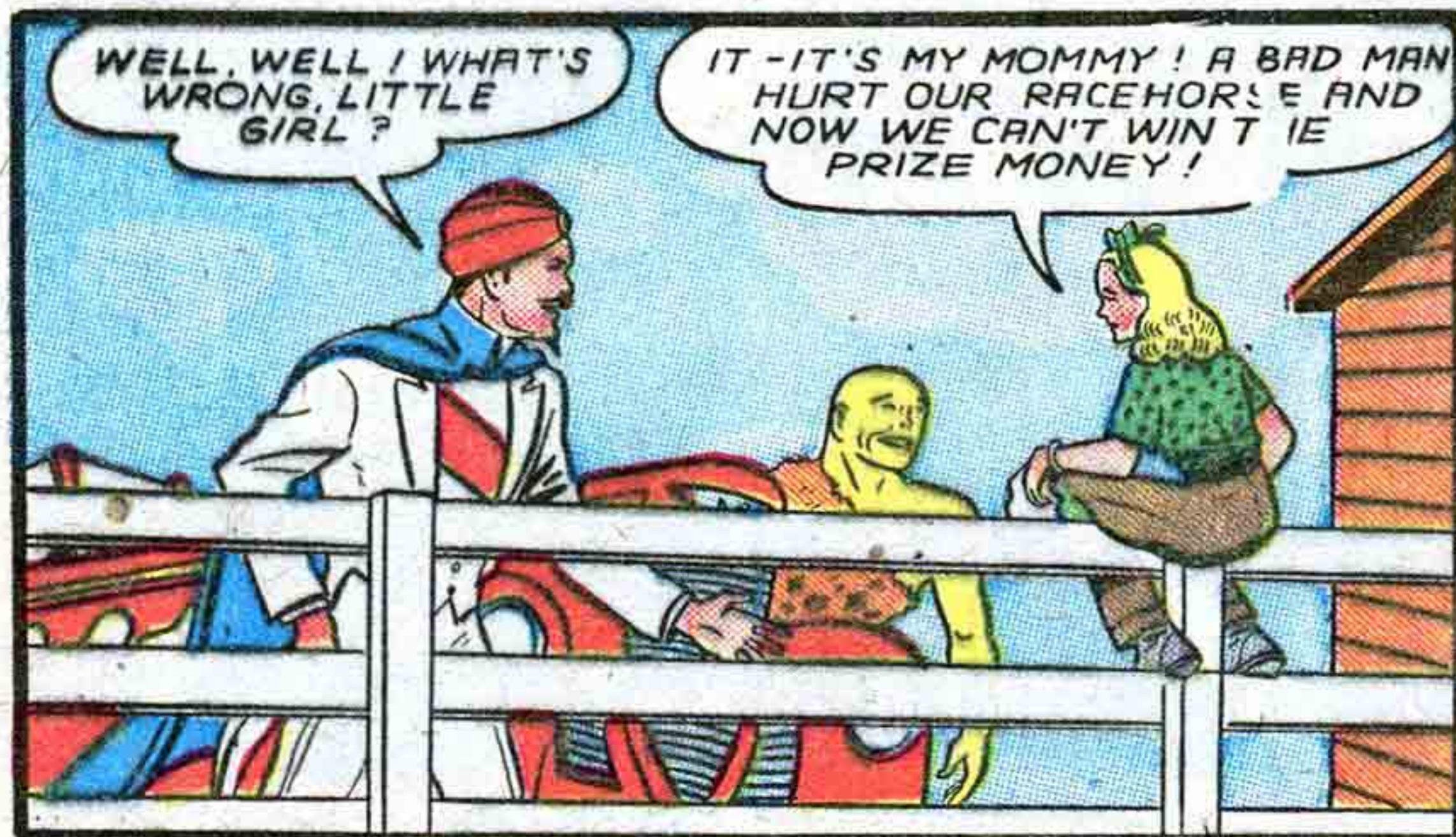
MARVELO

MONARCH OF MAGICIANS

THE GREAT MAGICIAN DRIVES ALONG THE ROAD IN THE COUNTRY...

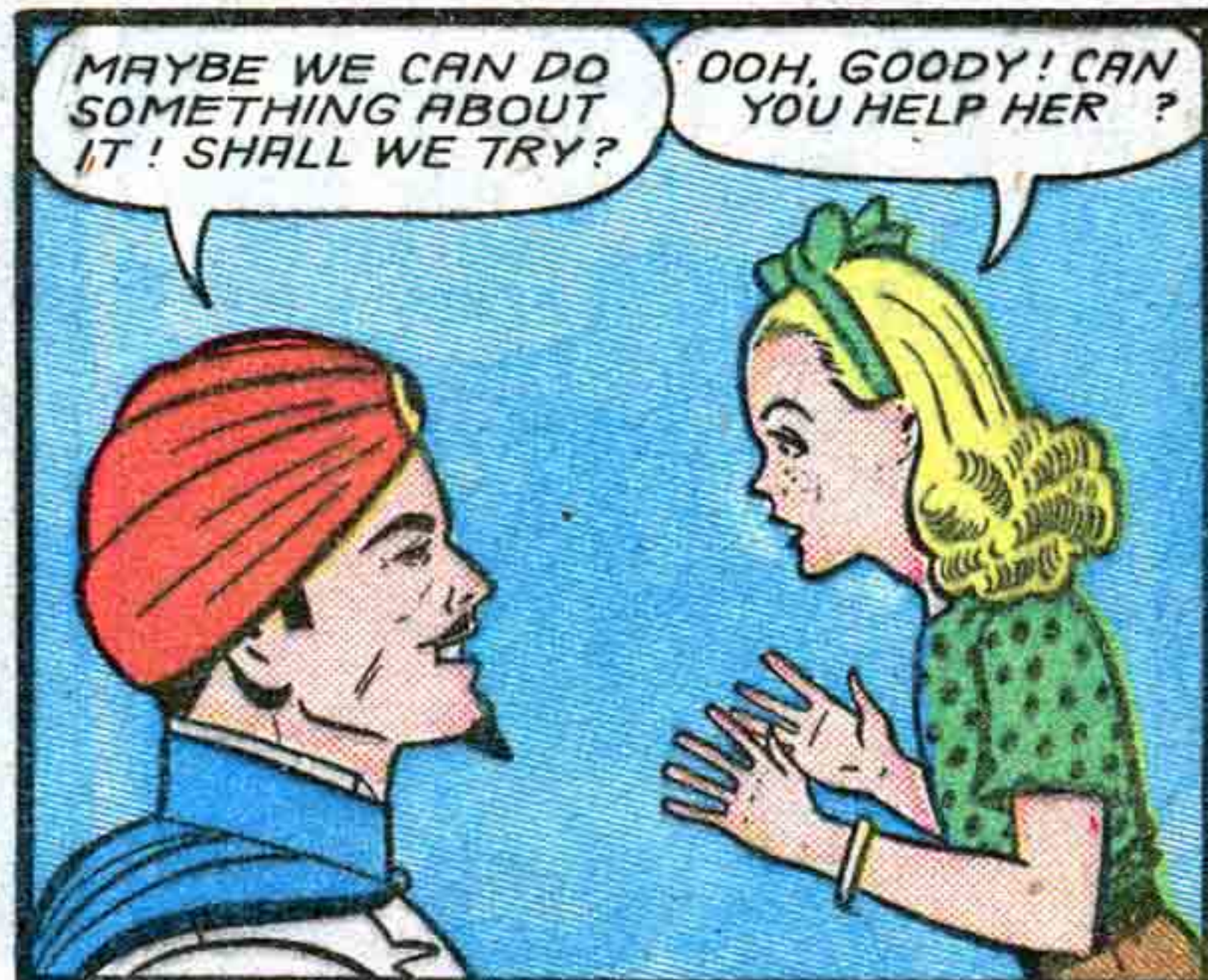


WE'RE COMING TO THE BELMERE RACE TRACK, ZEE! LET'S STOP IN AND LOOK AROUND!



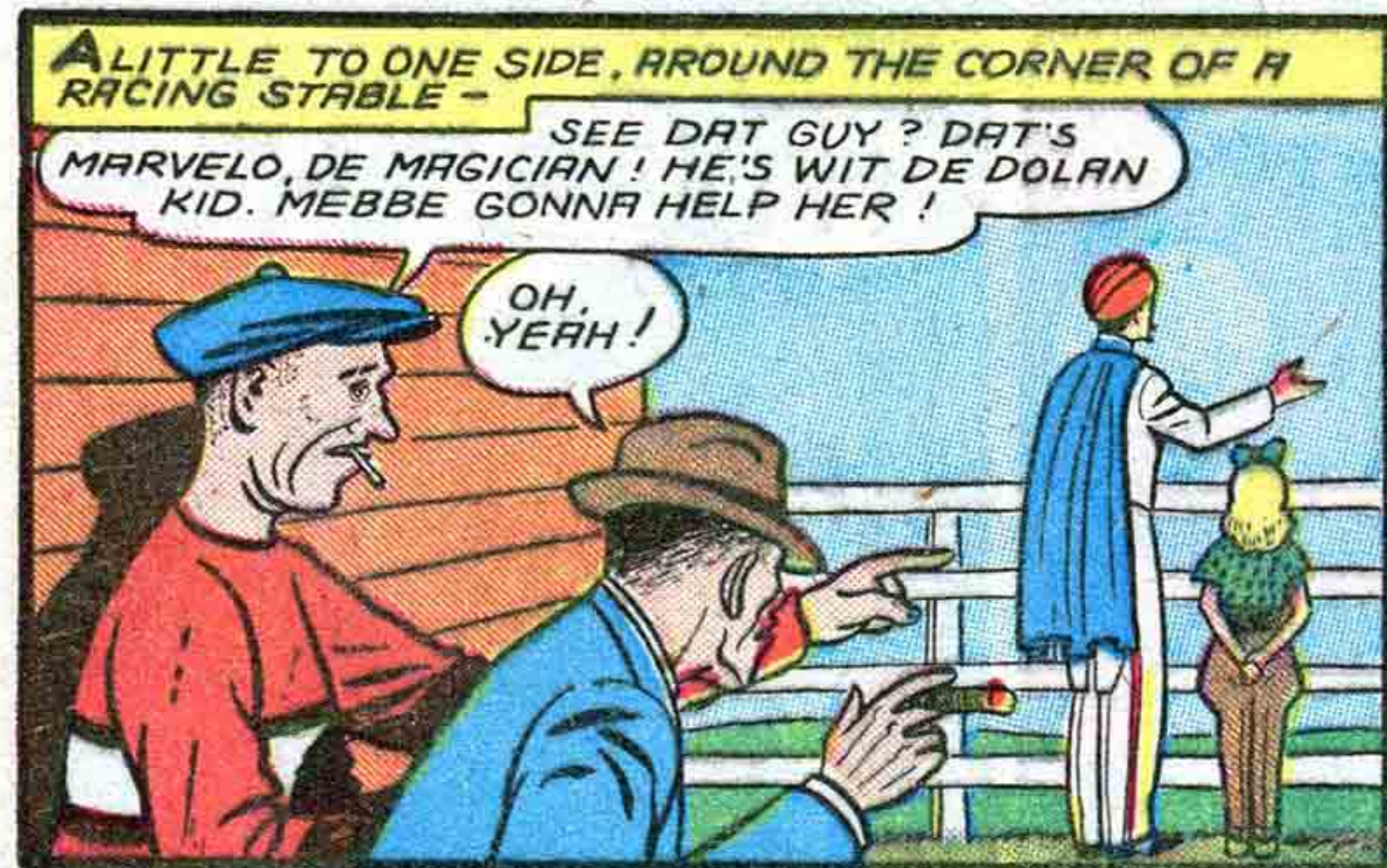
WELL, WELL! WHAT'S WRONG, LITTLE GIRL?

IT - IT'S MY MOMMY! A BAD MAN HURT OUR RACEHORSE AND NOW WE CAN'T WIN THE PRIZE MONEY!



MAYBE WE CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! SHALL WE TRY?

OOH, GOODY! CAN YOU HELP HER?



A LITTLE TO ONE SIDE, AROUND THE CORNER OF A RACING STABLE -

SEE DAT GUY? DAT'S MARVELO, DE MAGICIAN! HE'S WIT DE DOLAN KID. MEBBE GONNA HELP HER!

OH, YEAH!



OUTA OUR WAY, BUD - OR YOUSE'LL GET HOITED!

SO? YOU WANT TROUBLE? WELL, YOU SHALL HAVE IT! **KALORA!**



TWO AFRICAN LIONS COME BOUNDING OUT OF THE NEARBY STABLE!

WHAT THE -

MEBBE THAT'S THE TROUBLE MARVELO MEANT!



HALF AN HOUR LATER -

I'M BEGINNIN' TO THINK MARVELO WAS RIGHT! WE SHOULDA LEFT HIM ALONE!

WAIT'LL I GET RID OF THESE THINGS! I'LL PUMP HIM FULLA LEAD!



MEANWHILE - PARDON ME, BUT MARY TOLD ME YOU WERE OUT OF THE RACE!

I CERTAINLY AM! AL KOGA, THE GANGSTER DOPED MY HORSE. HE WON'T BE ABLE TO RUN TODAY!



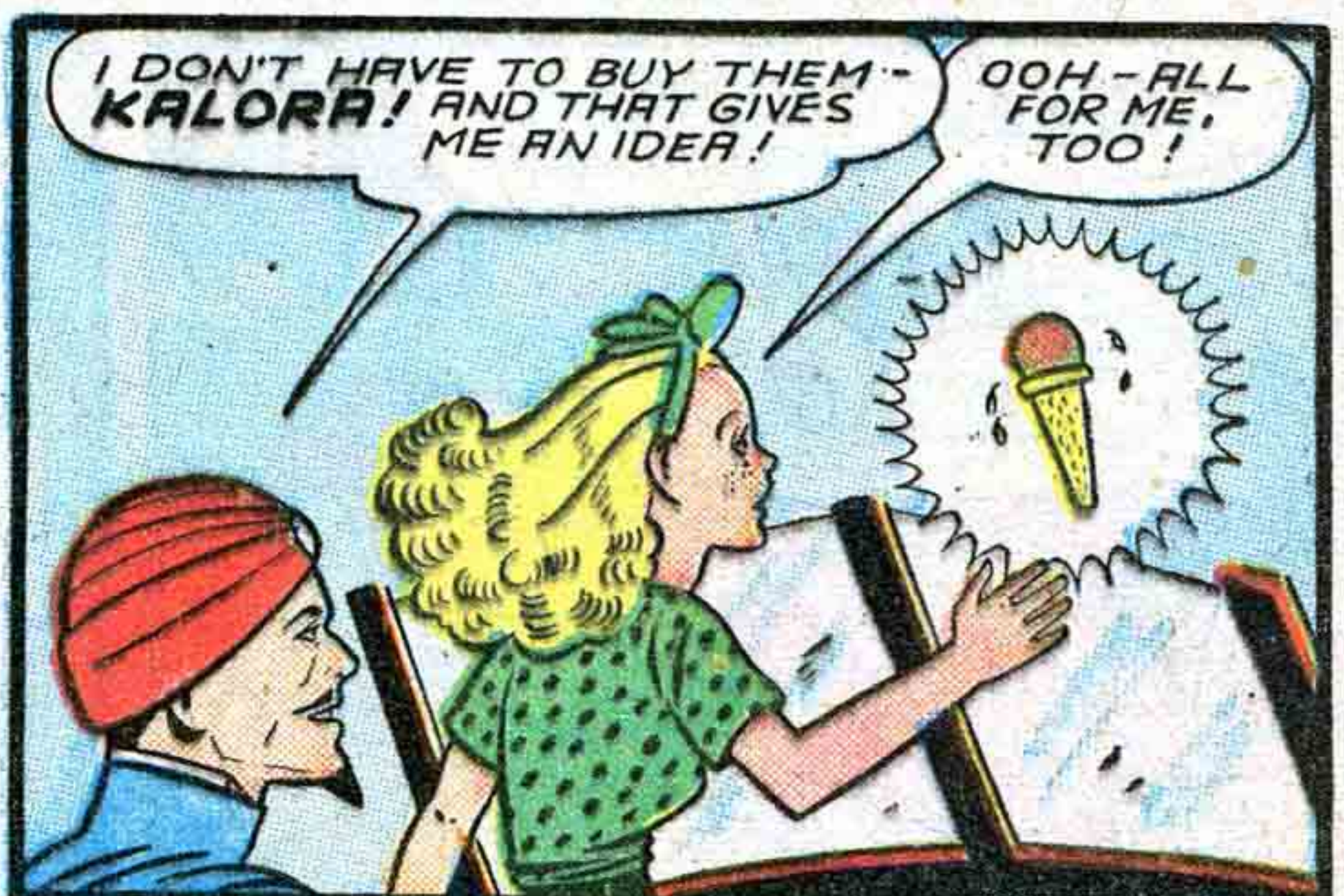
I THINK I'LL BE OF SOME SERVICE TO YOU. WILL YOU GIVE ME A FREE REIN?

GLADLY, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU CAN POSSIBLY DO!



MARY AND I WILL WORRY ABOUT THAT. MEANWHILE - WE'RE GOING OUT AND HAVE SOME FUN!

WILL YOU BUY ME AN ICE CREAM CONE?



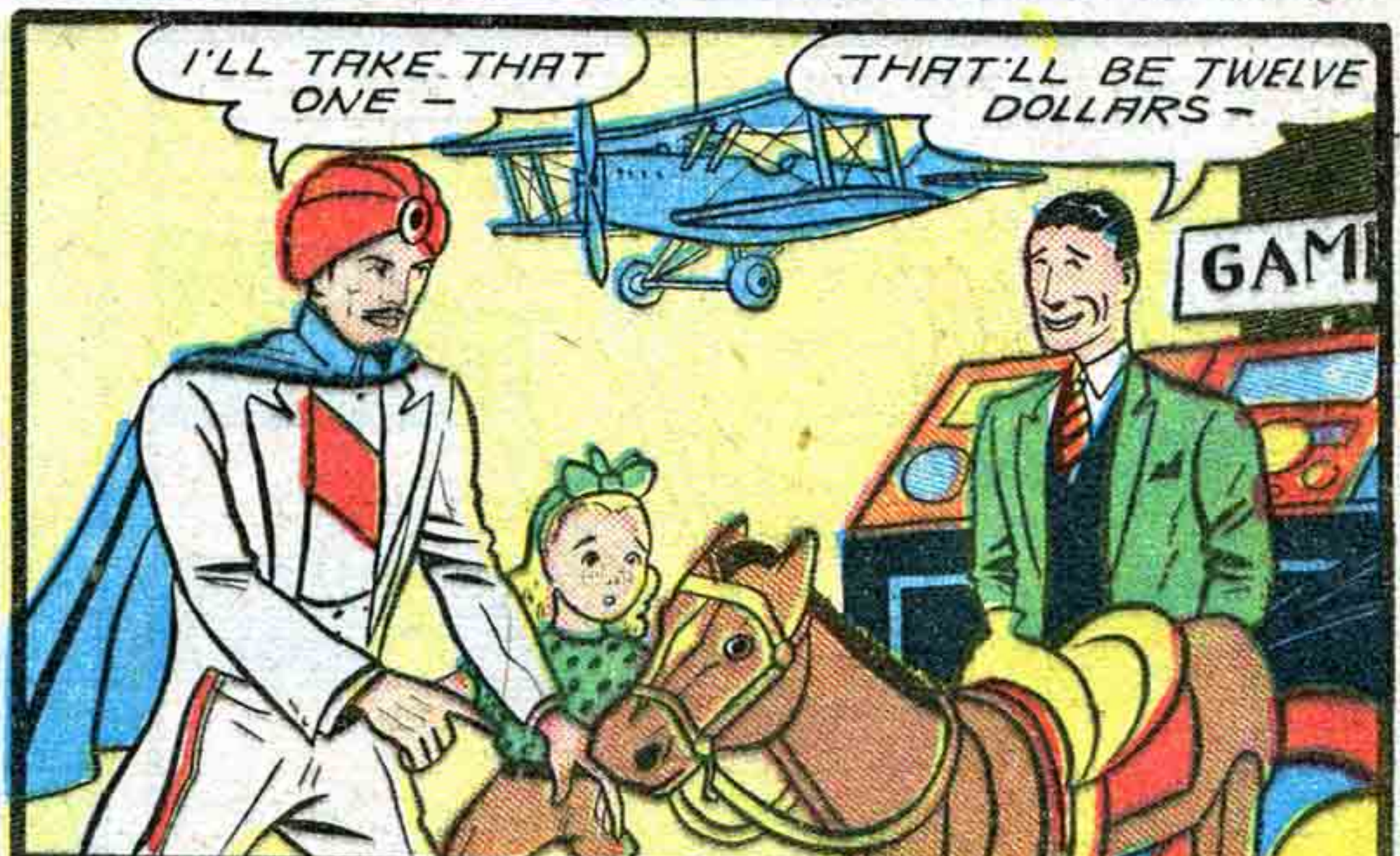
I DON'T HAVE TO BUY THEM - **KALORA!** AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

OOH - ALL FOR ME, TOO!



I USUALLY ASSOCIATE ICE CREAM CONES WITH TOYS, MARY! WHAT DO YOU SAY WE BUY YOU A - HOBBY HORSE?

THAT'LL BE WONDERFUL!



I'LL TAKE THAT ONE -

THAT'LL BE TWELVE DOLLARS -



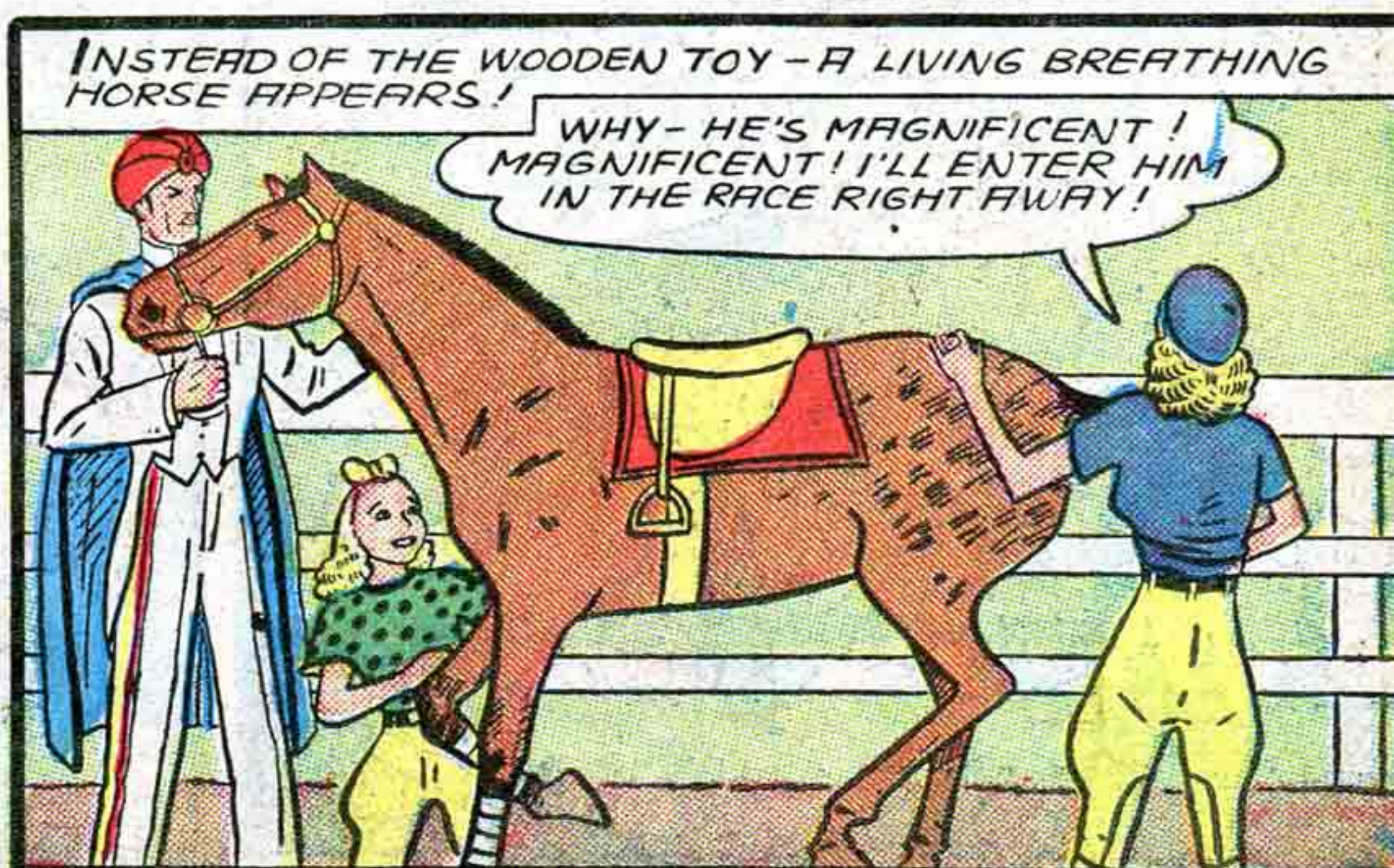
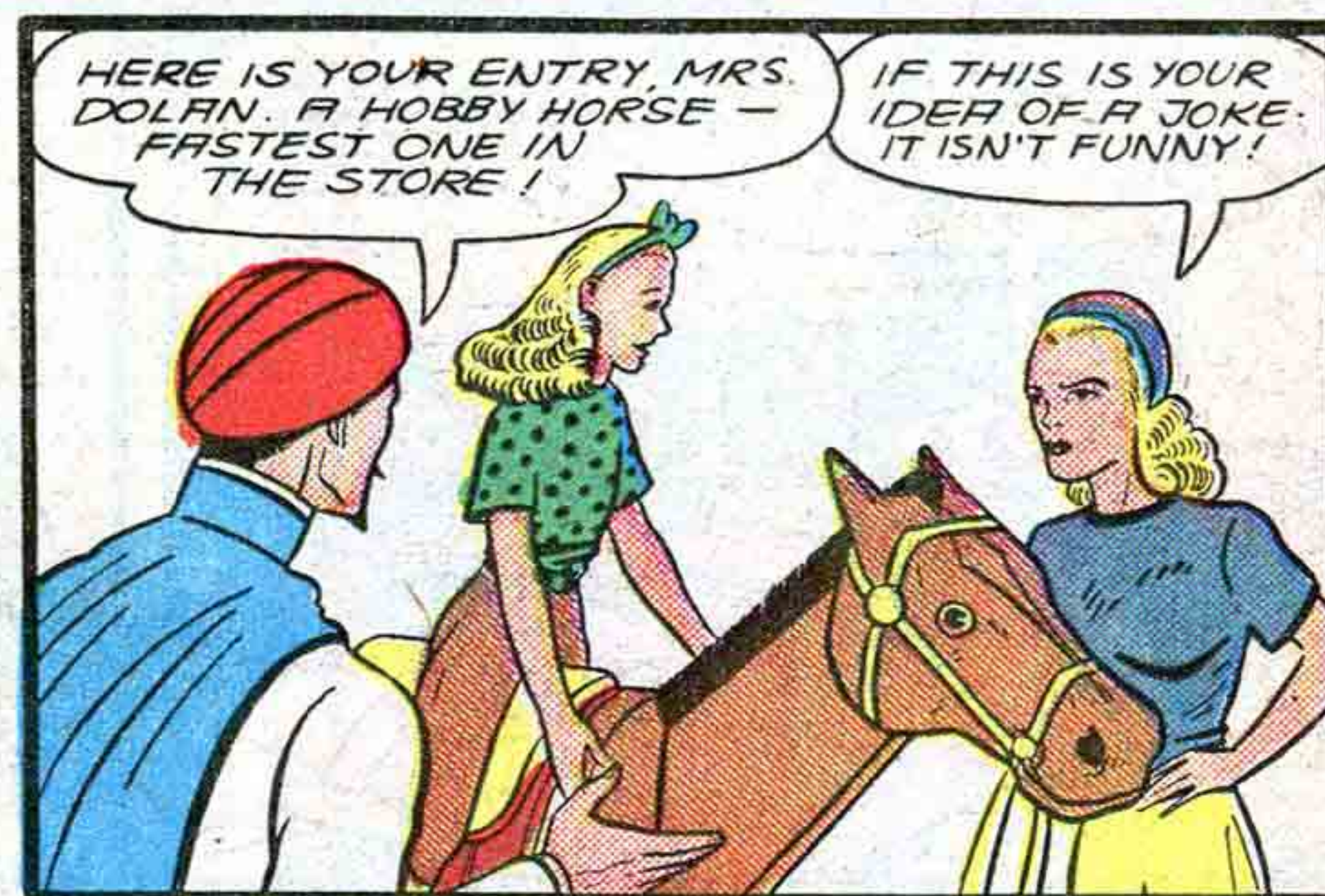
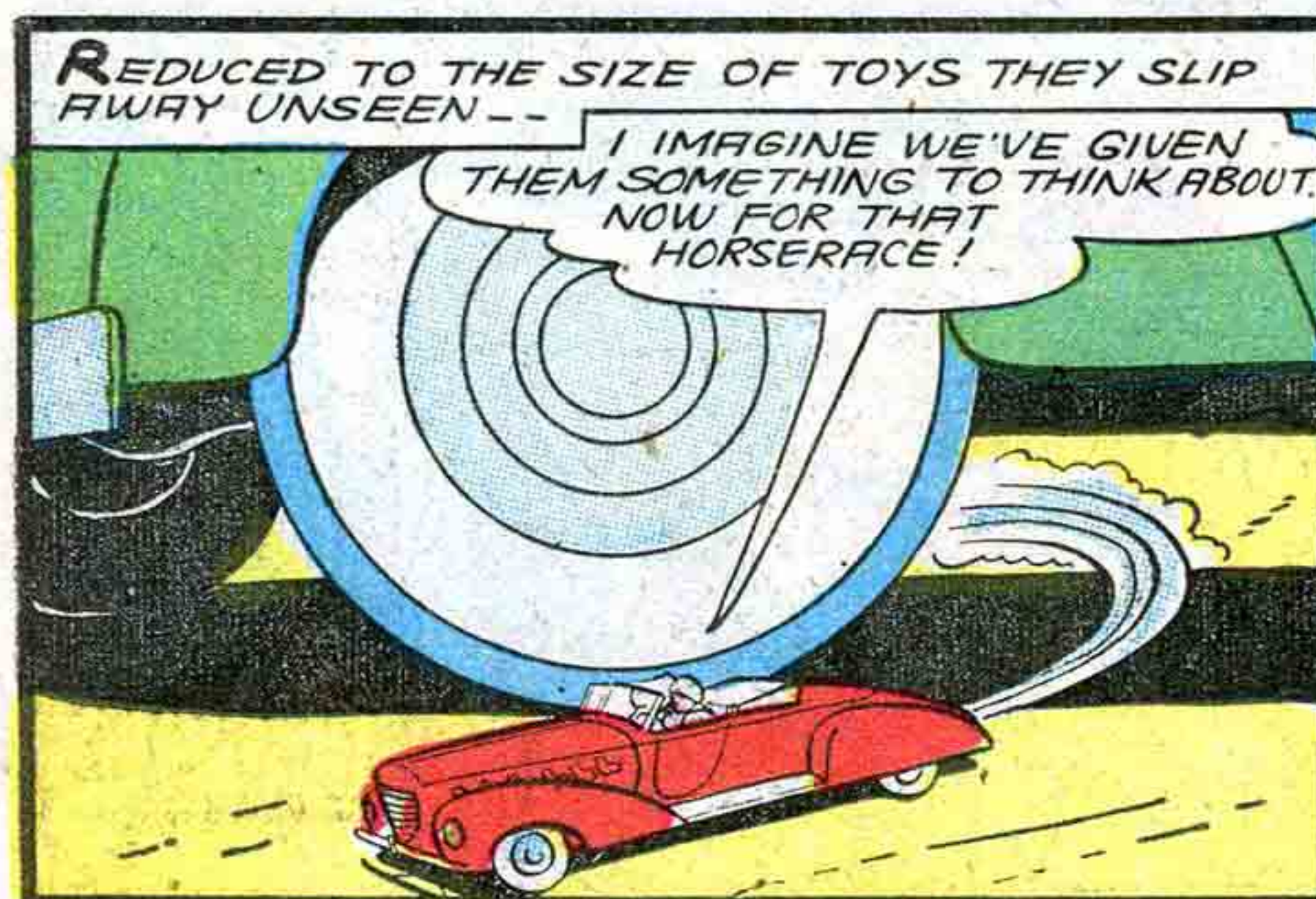
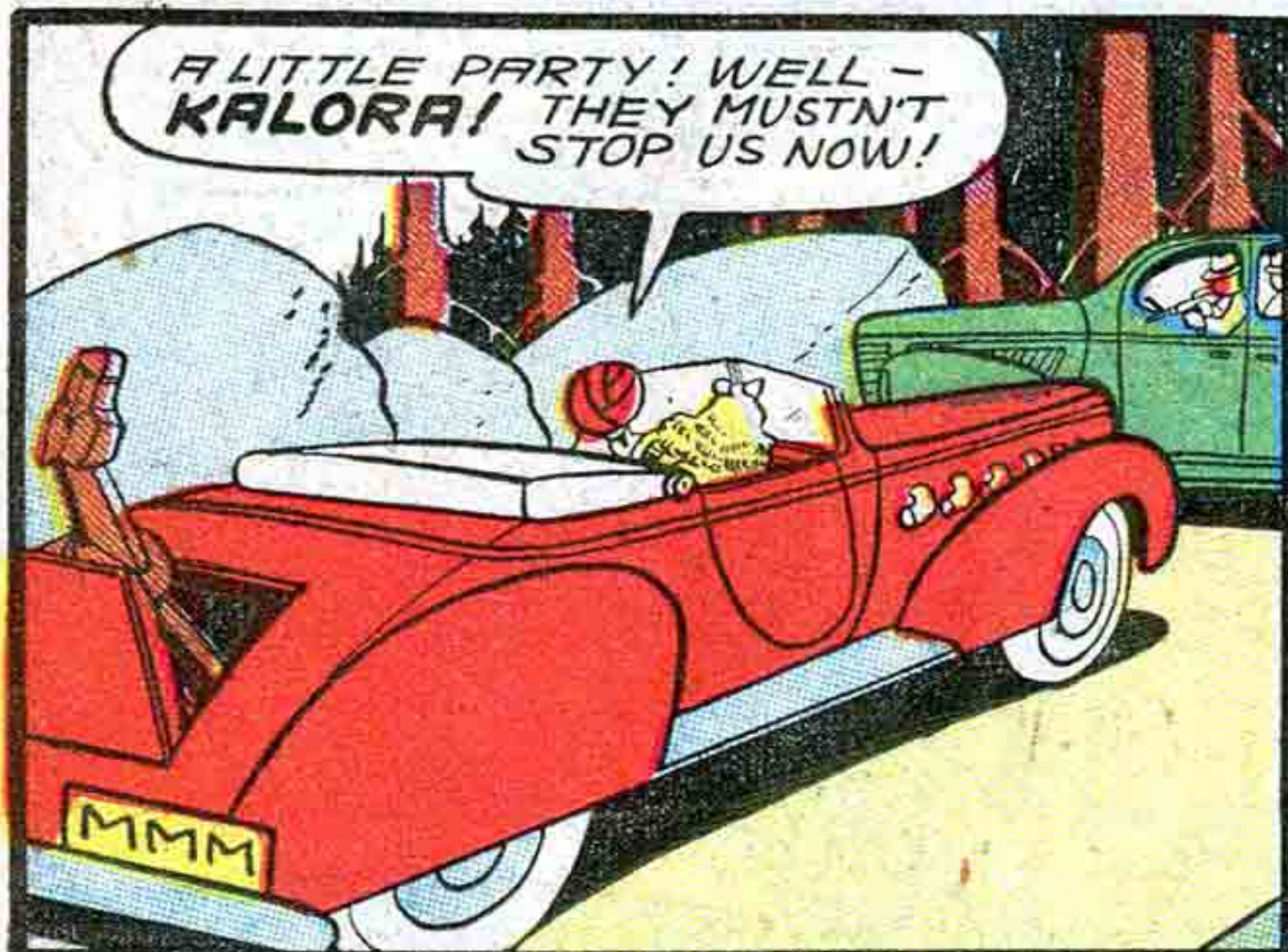
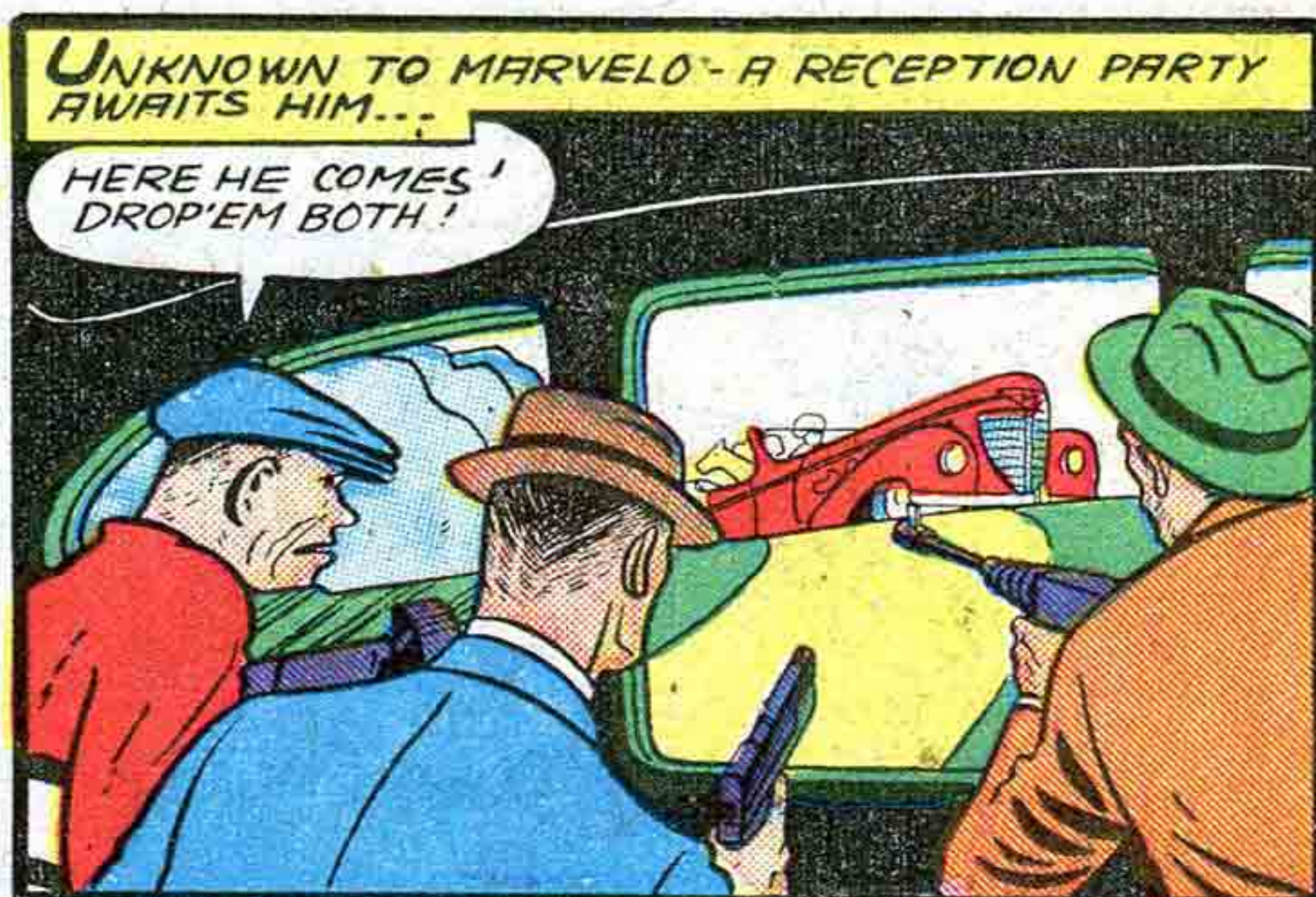
MILES FROM THE TRACK - I CAN'T RUN NO FURTHER!

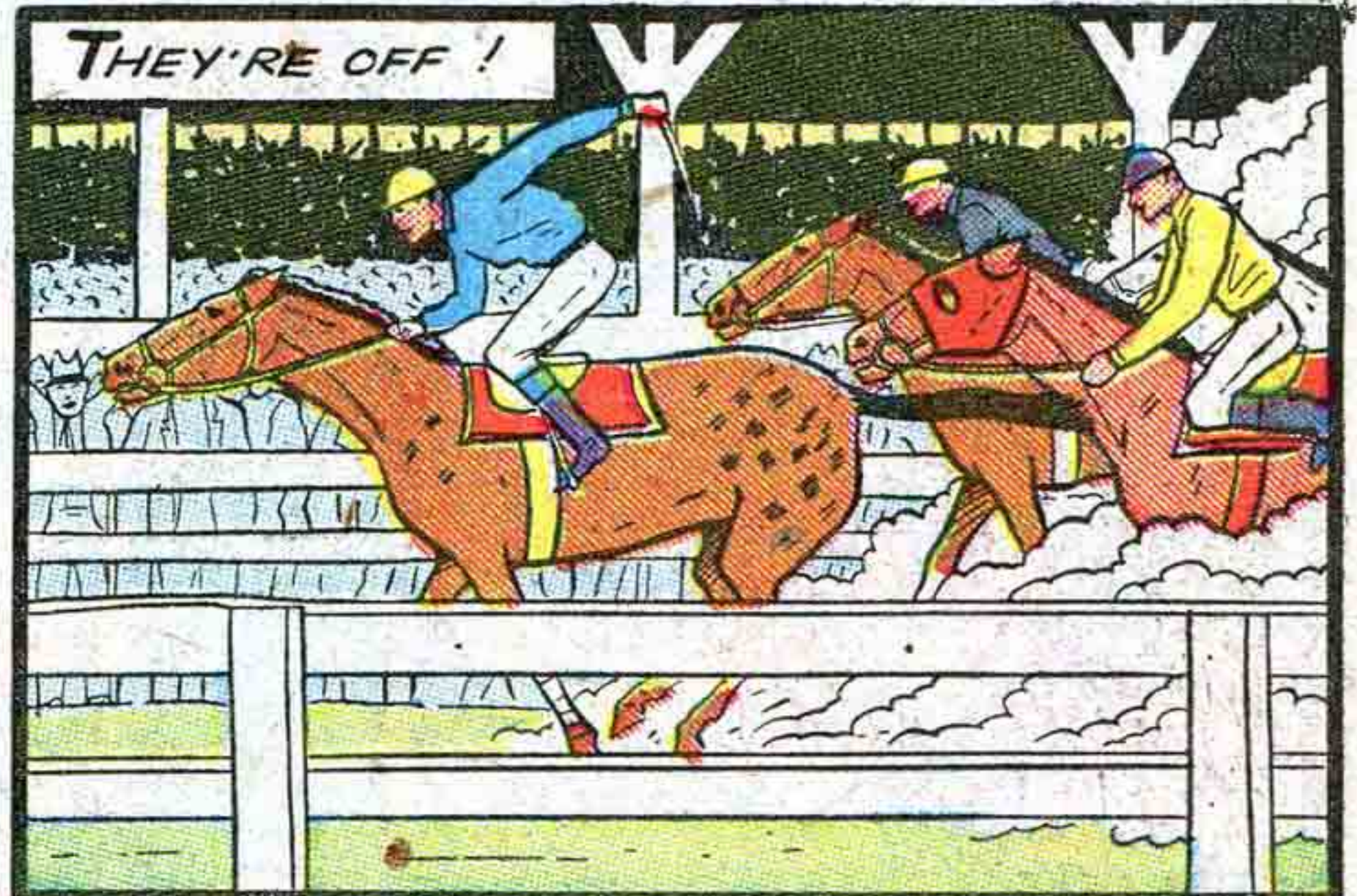
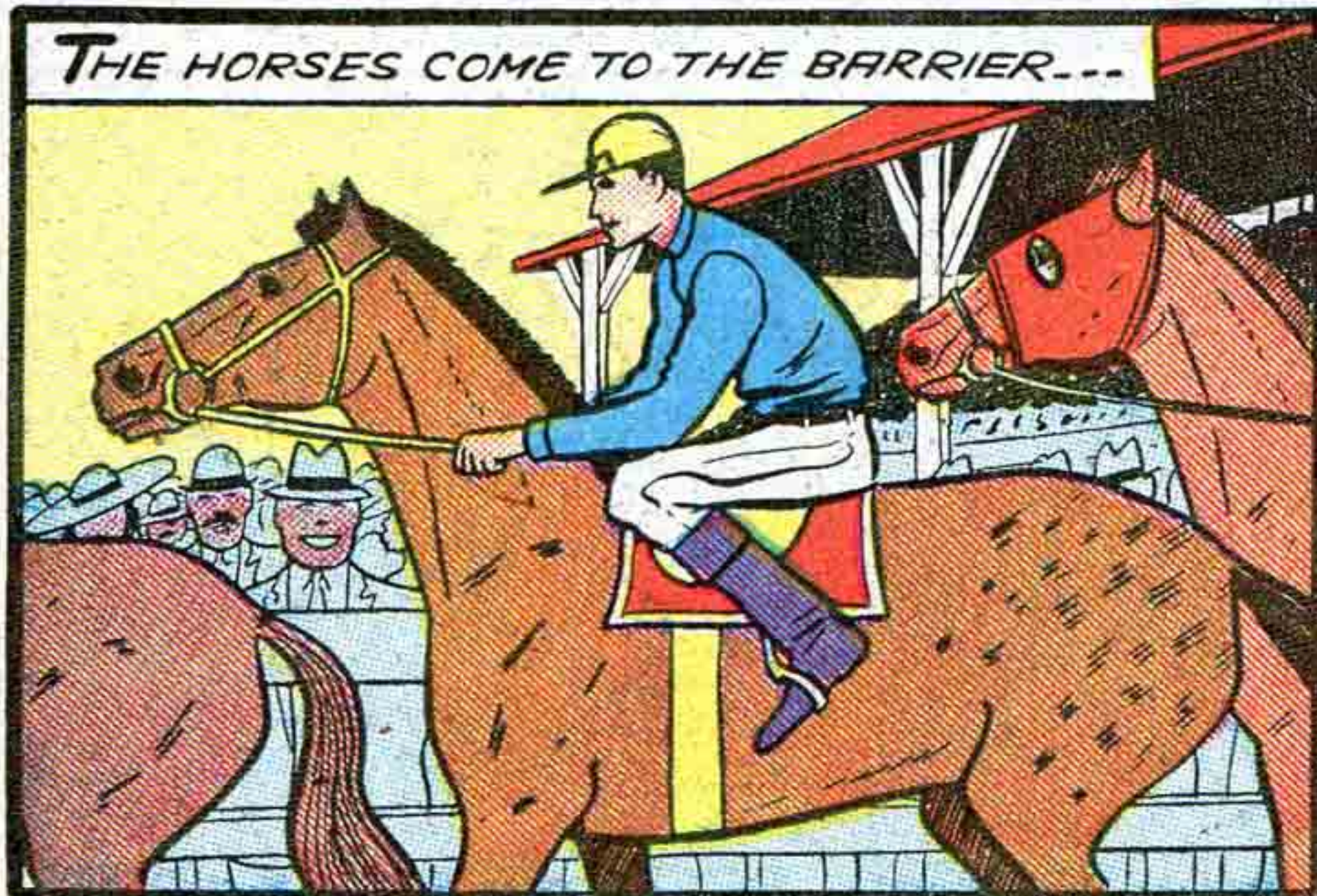
ME NEITHER! LET'S LET DE LIONS EAT US UP!

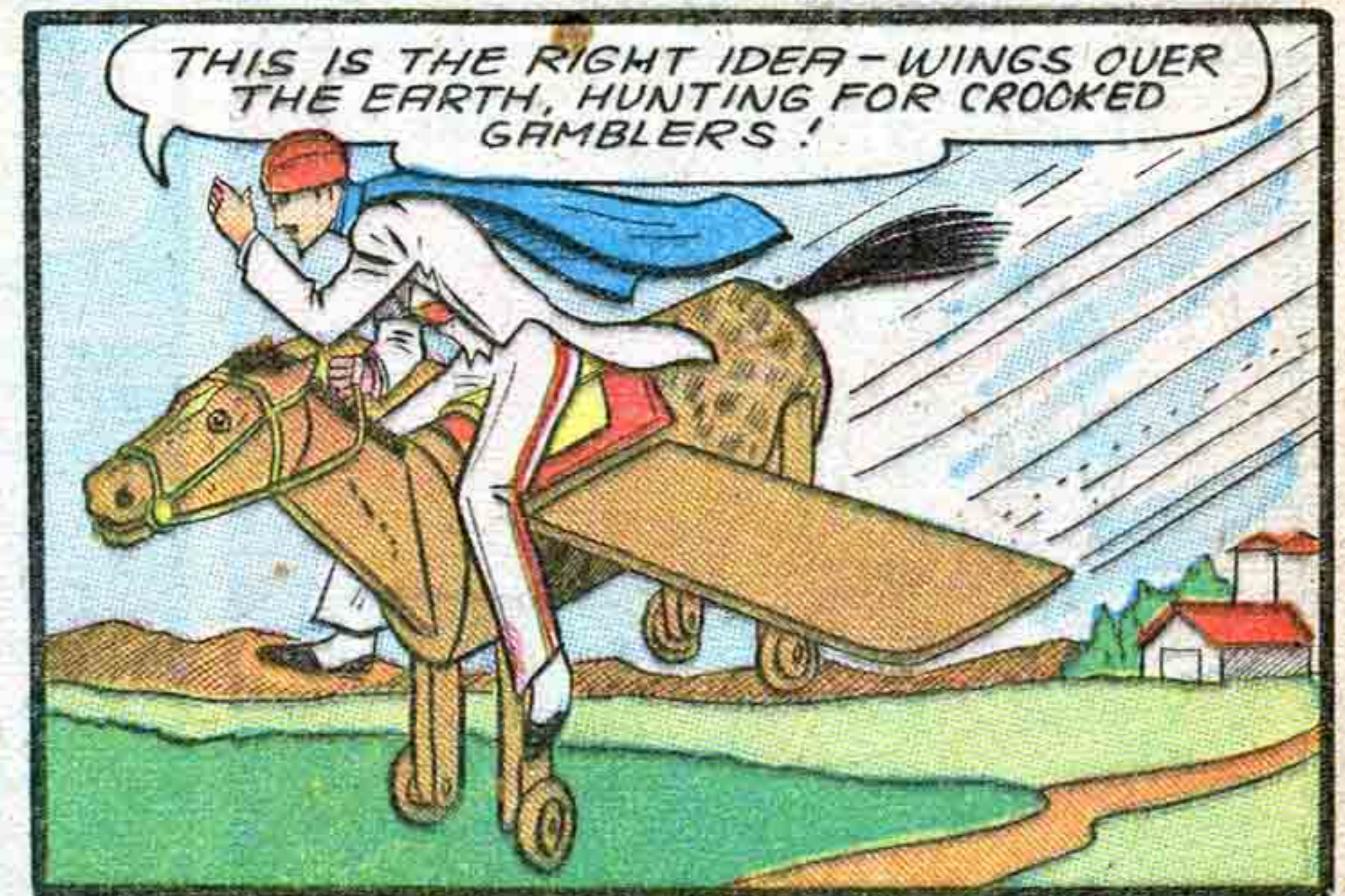
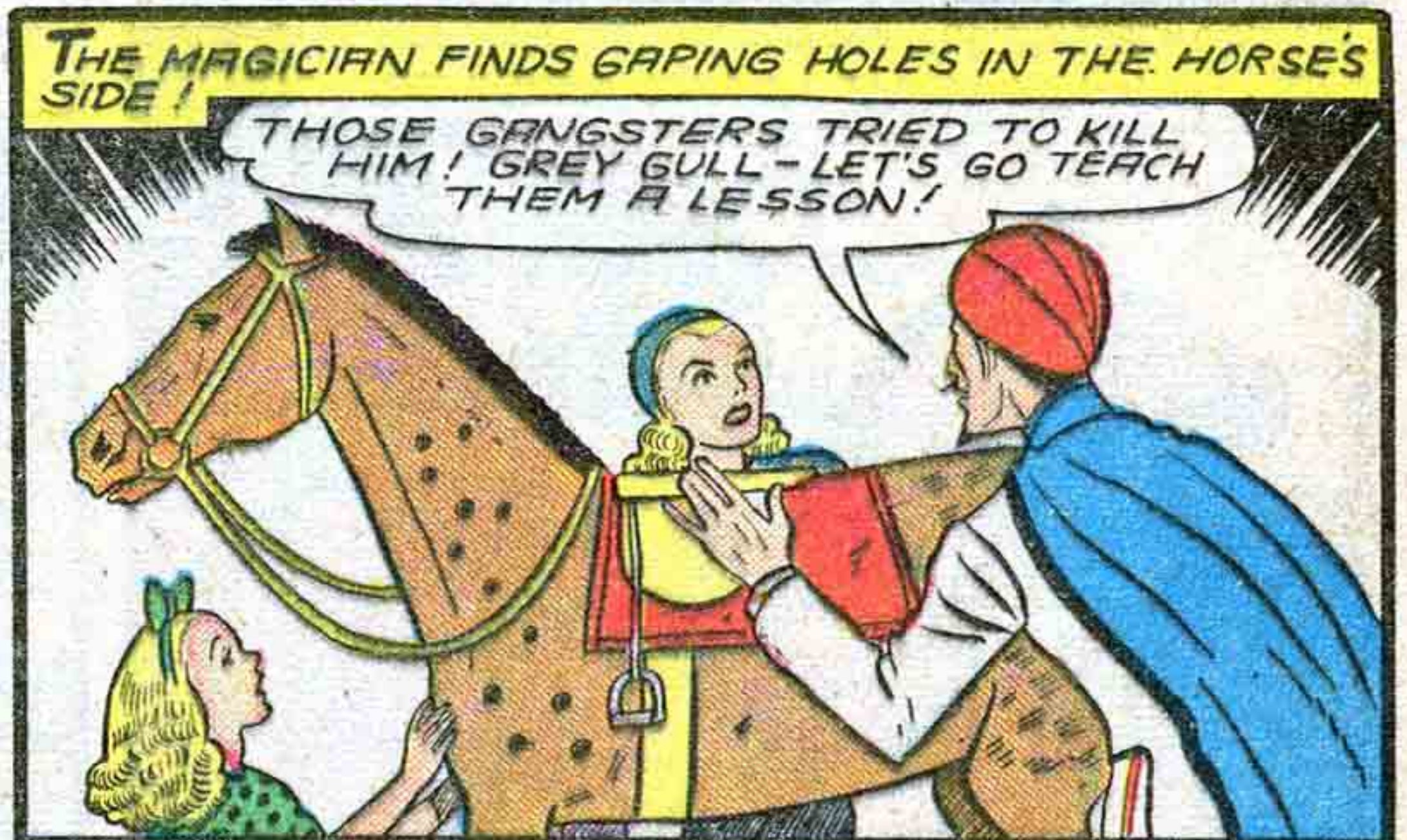
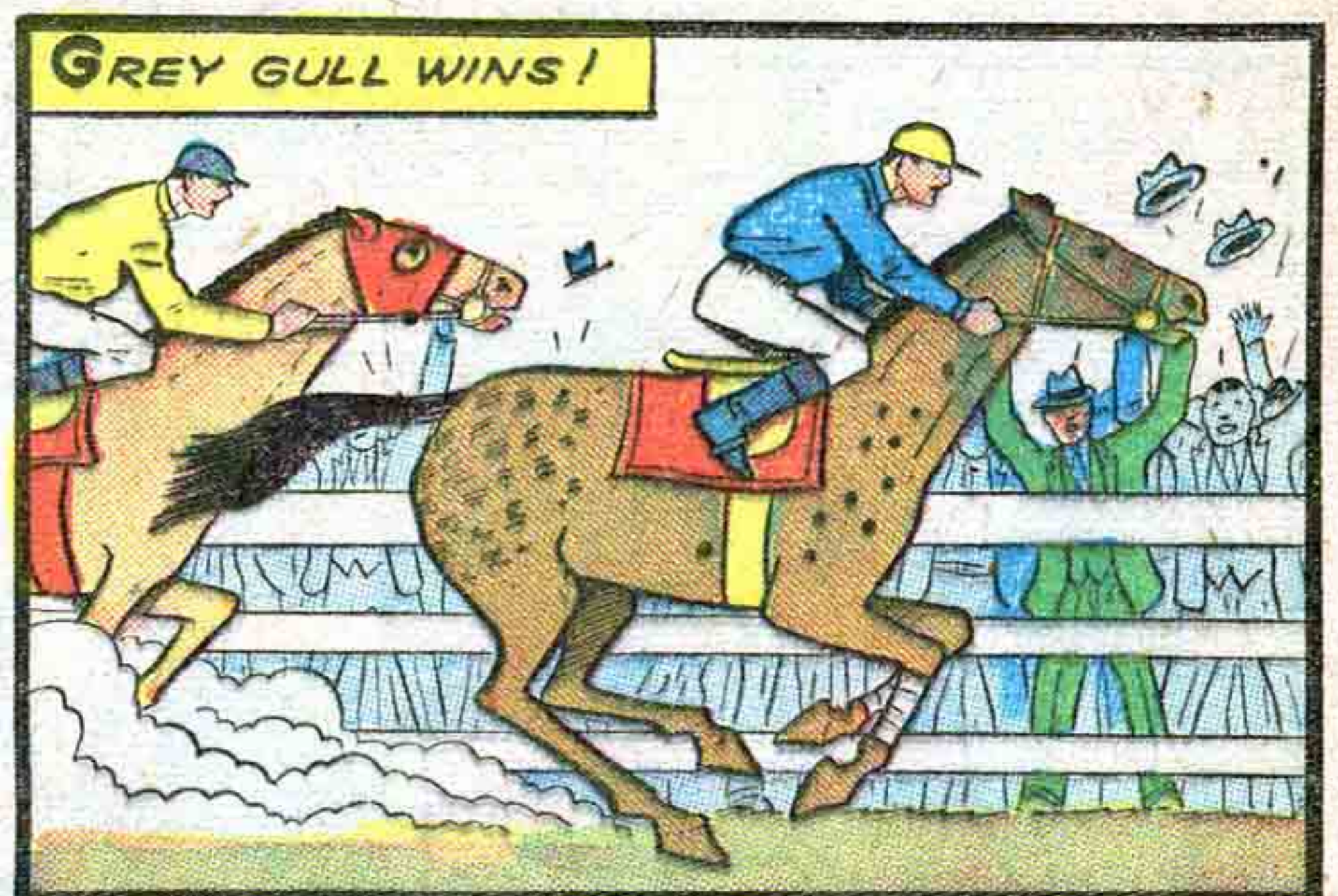


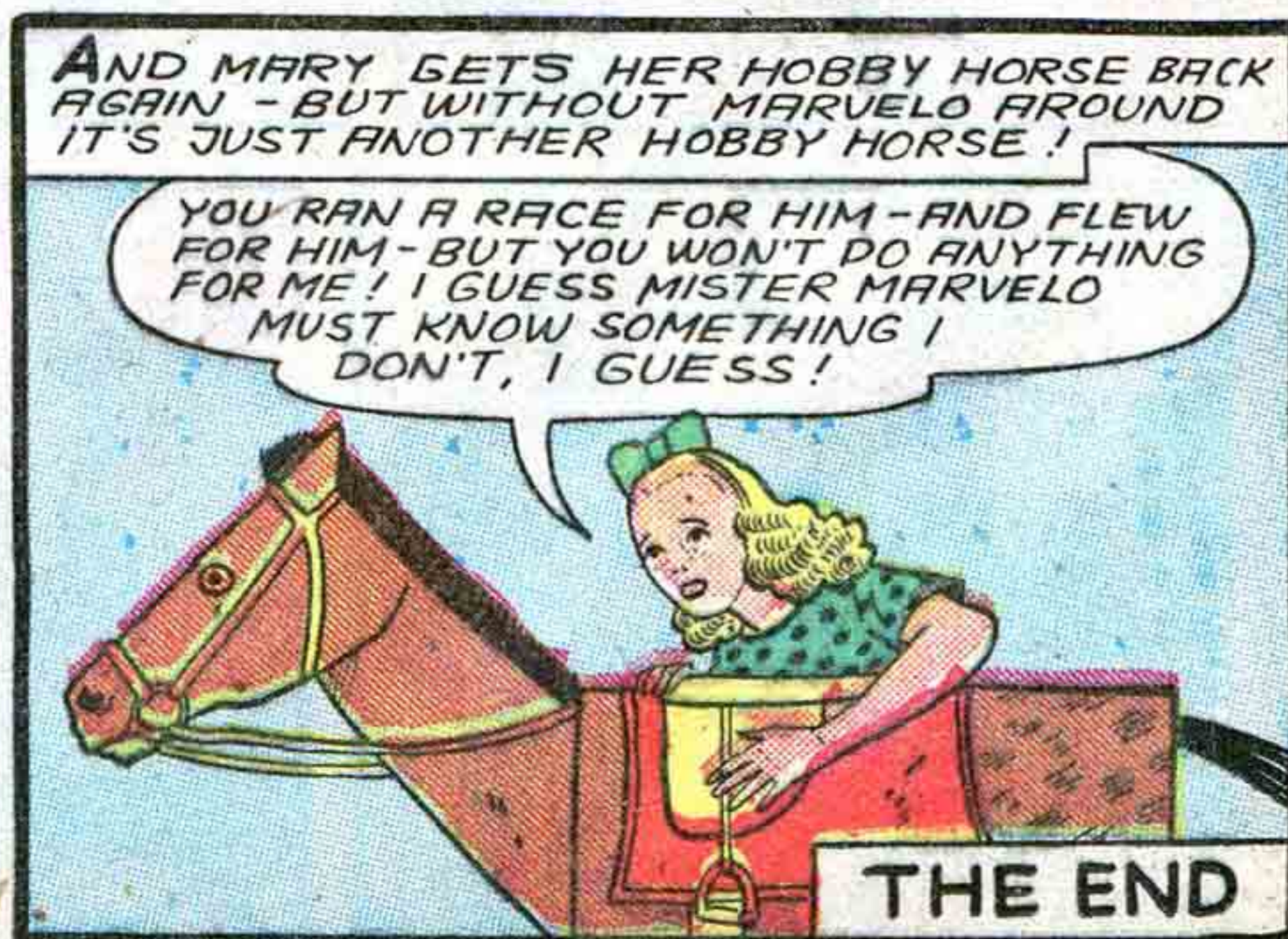
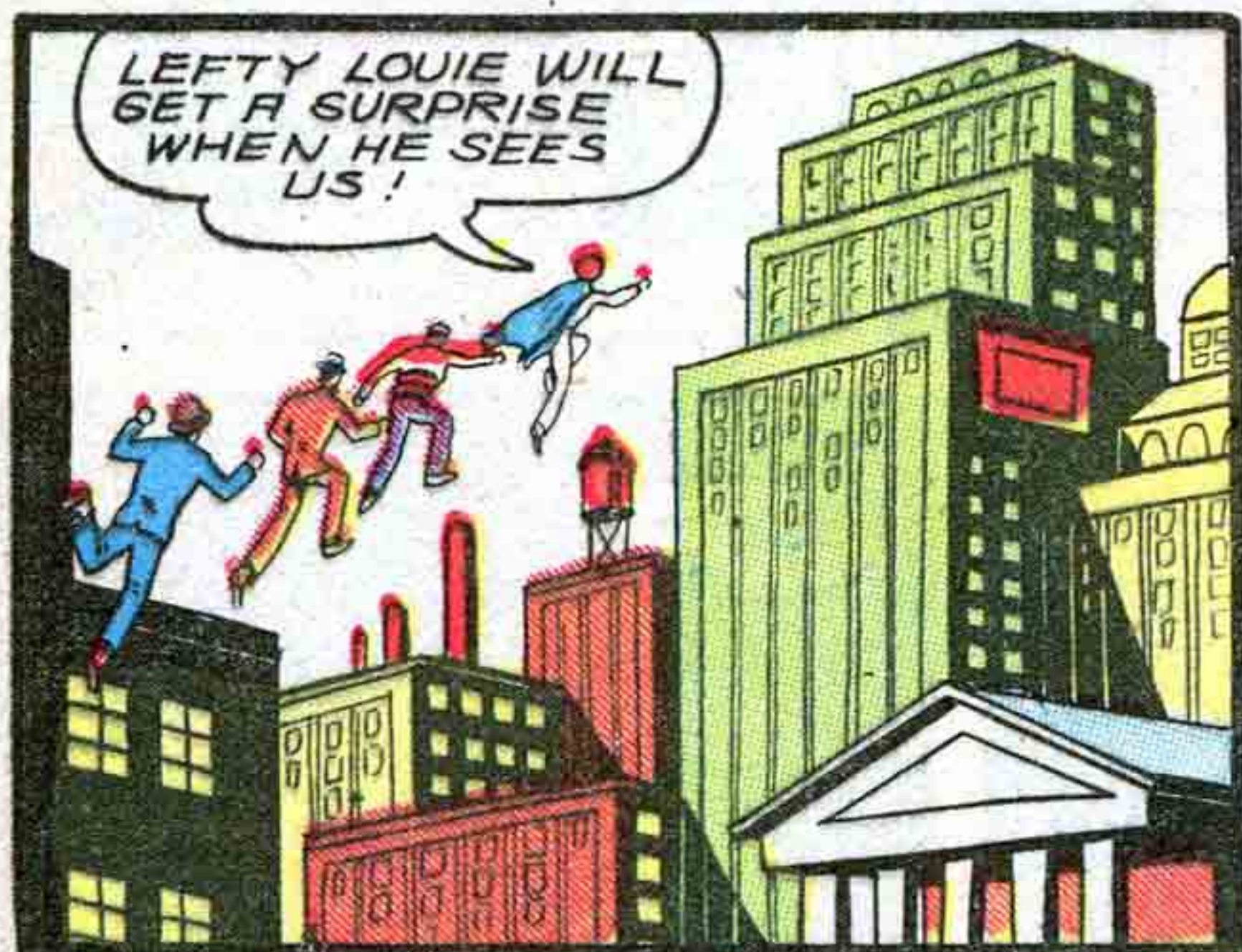
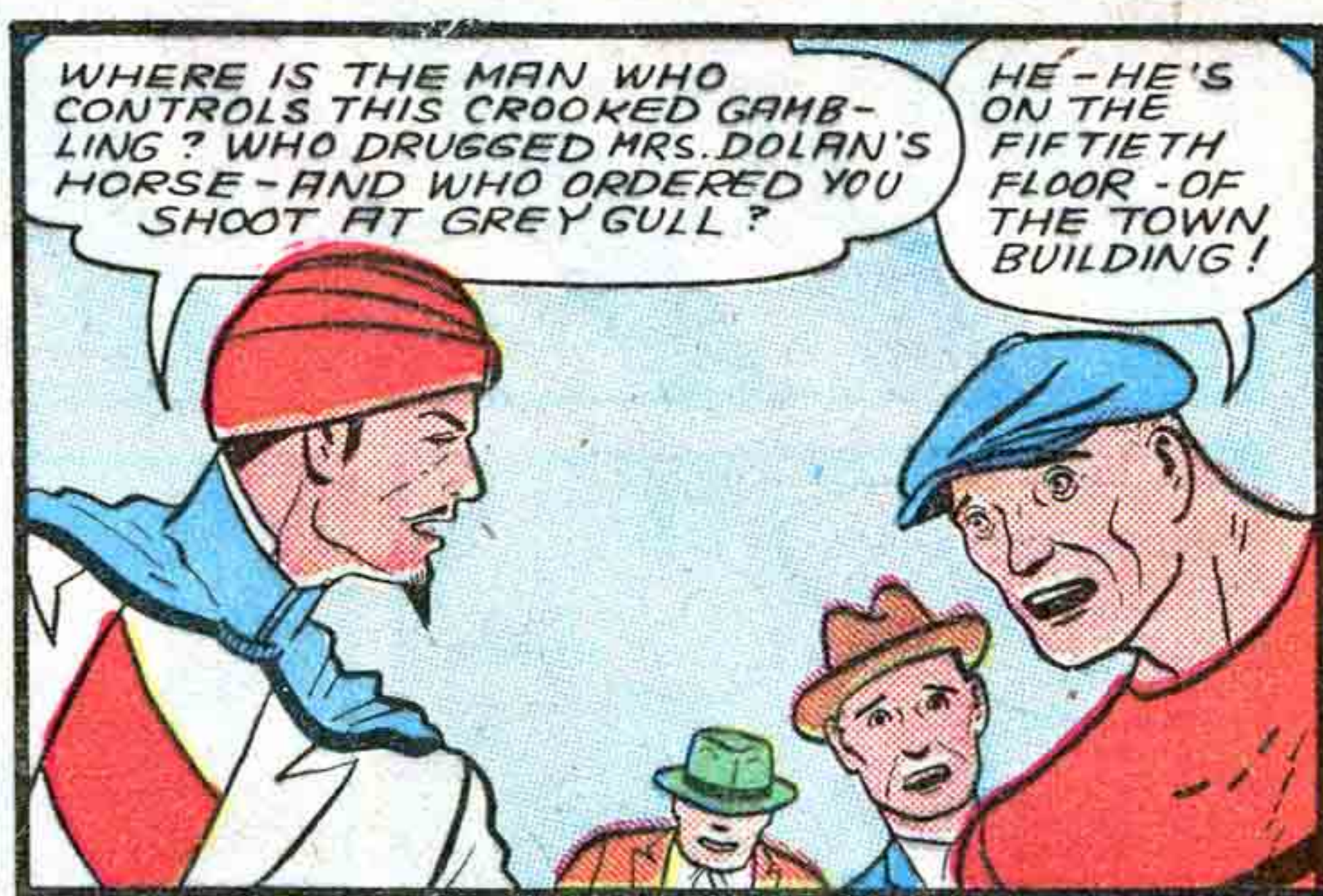
YEEOW! KITTENS - AN' I T'UGHT DEY WERE LIONS!

DAT MAGICIAN SURE MADE SAPS OUTTA US. LET'S TELL DE BOSS!



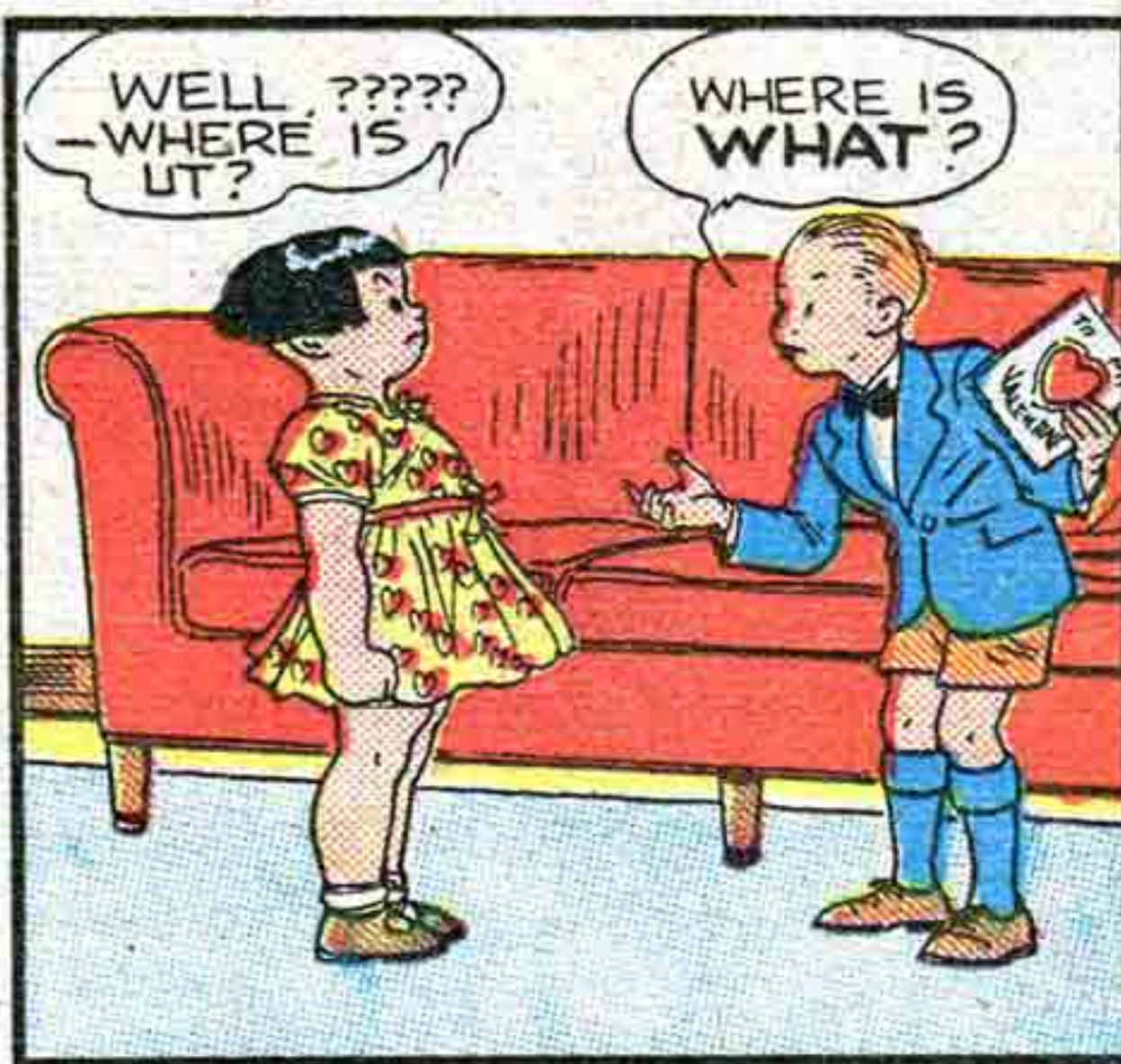
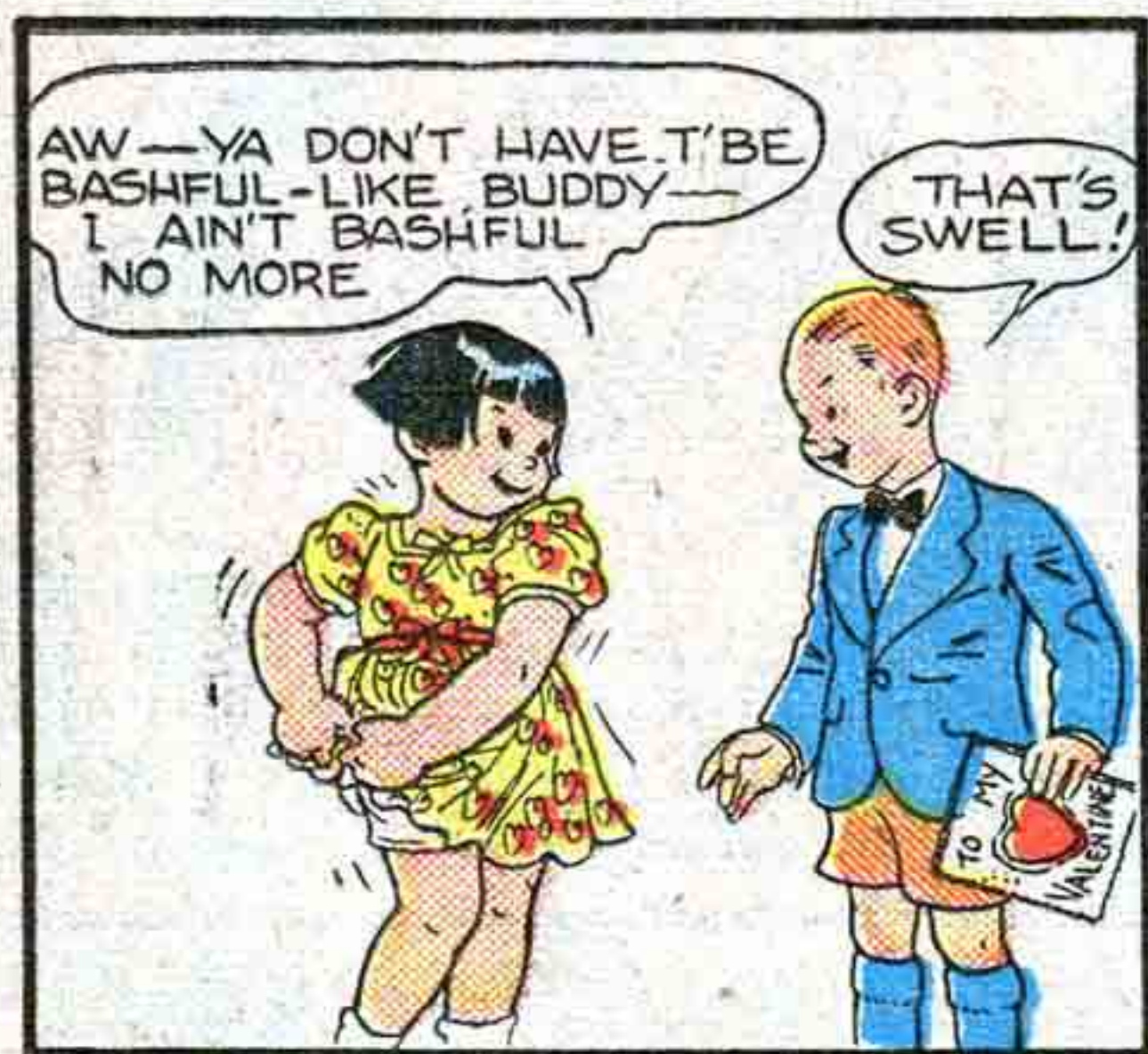
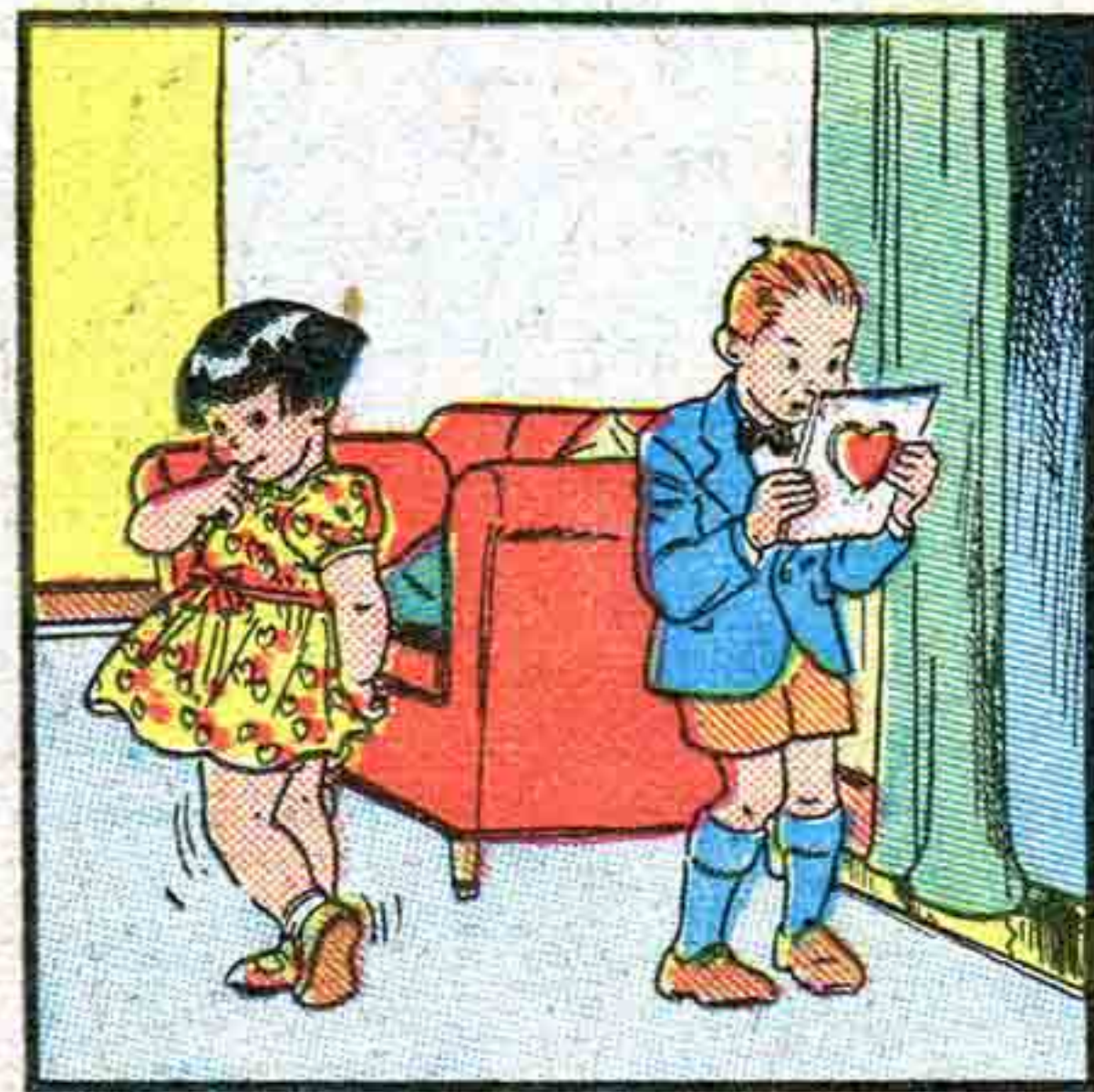
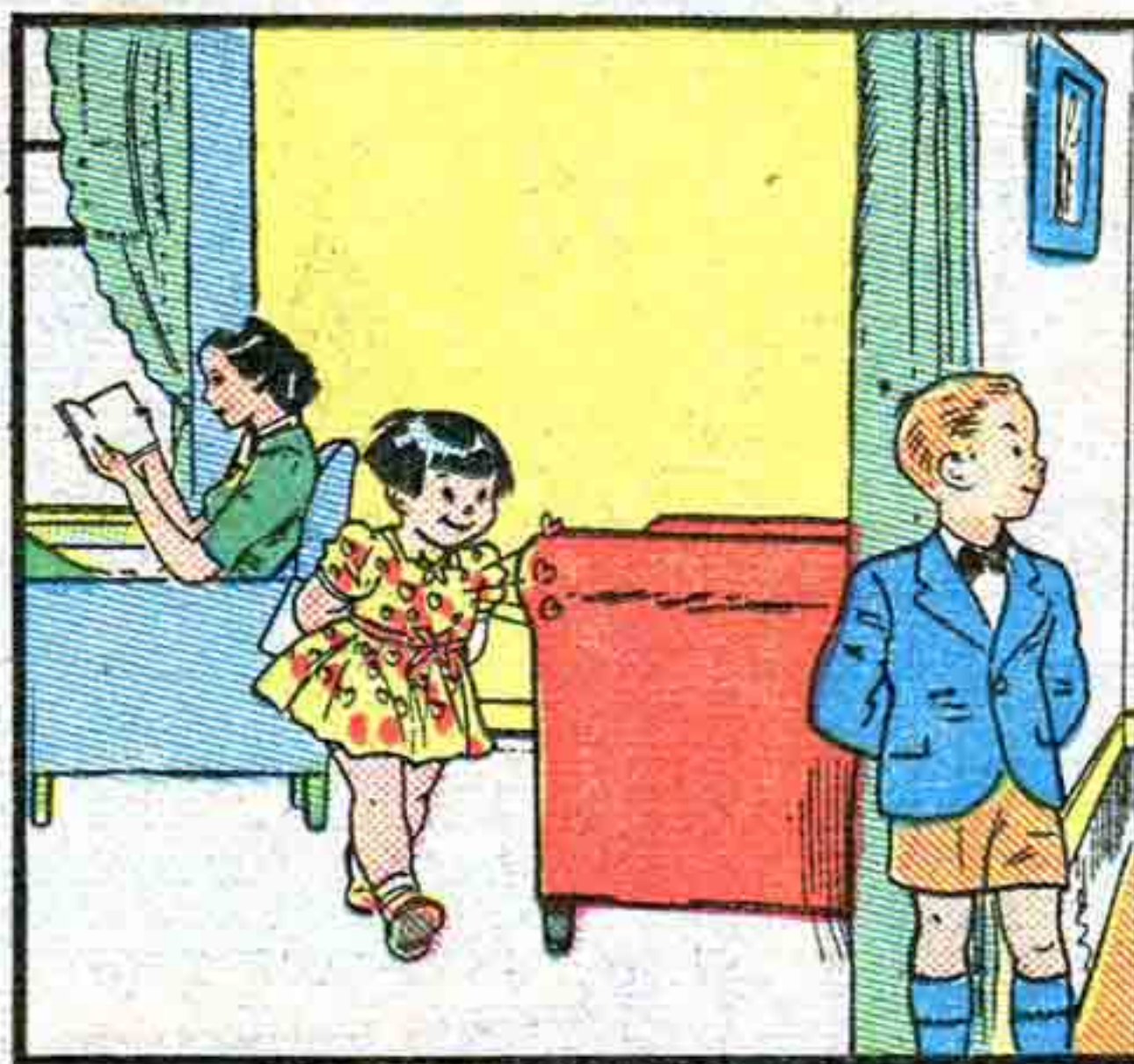






DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



FACTS FROM HERE'N THERE

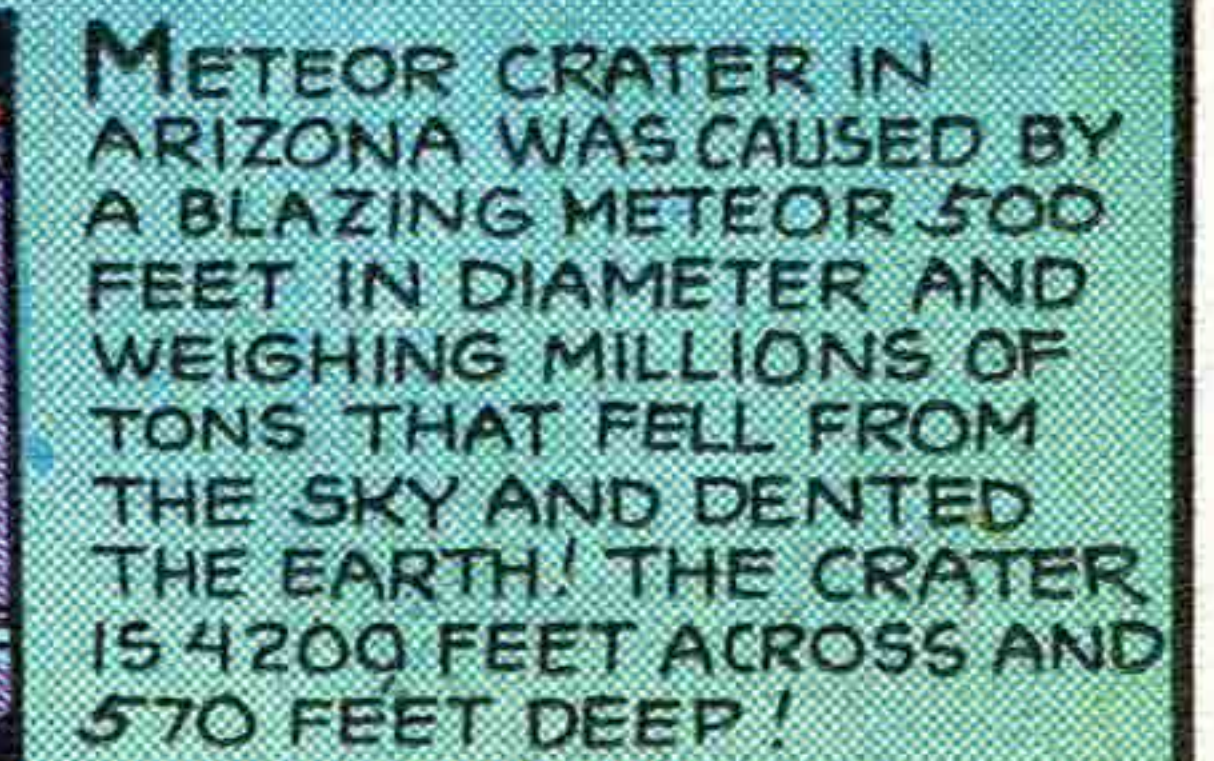
THE AVERAGE COLLEGE FOOTBALL GAME CONTAINS LESS ACTION THAN THE MAJORITY OF OTHER SPORTS AS THE BALL IS IN MOTION ONLY TWENTY PERCENT OF THE TIME — THE REST OF THE TIME IS TAKEN BY HUDDLES AND FORMATIONS!

THE OWL IS THE ONLY BIRD THAT CAN LOOK WITH BOTH EYES AT ONE OBJECT — ALL OTHERS HAVE TO USE ONE EYE TO SEE A SINGLE THING —

METEOR CRATER IN ARIZONA WAS CAUSED BY A BLAZING METEOR 500 FEET IN DIAMETER AND WEIGHING MILLIONS OF TONS THAT FELL FROM THE SKY AND DENTED THE EARTH! THE CRATER IS 4200 FEET ACROSS AND 570 FEET DEEP!

A SOLDIER WHO HAS NEVER BEEN NEAR A BURSTING SHELL MAY SUFFER FROM "SHELL SHOCK" AS THE TERM NOT ONLY MEANS ACTUAL CONCUSSION BUT APPLIES TO VARIOUS NERVOUS CONDITIONS SUFFERED BY MEN ENGAGED IN MODERN WAR.

IN 1980 A FREIGHT TRAIN OF THIRTY CARS BELONGING TO THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAIL — ROAD STARTED ON ITS RUN AND DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY — NO TRACE OF IT OR ITS CREW HAVE EVER BEEN FOUND!



The FACE

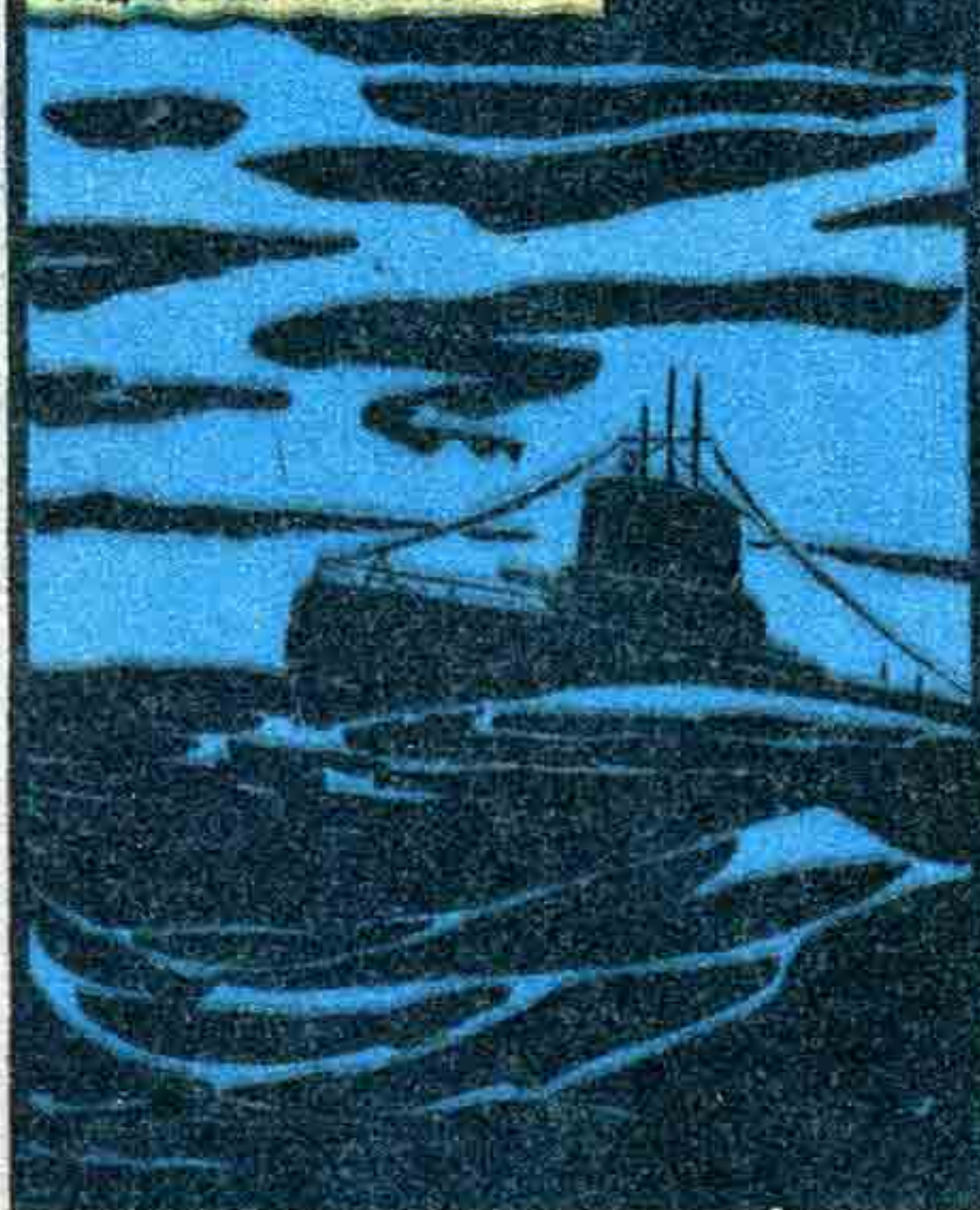
by MICHAEL BLAKE



THE MAN OF THE FACE MACABRE — THE GRIM HORROR OF WHICH HAS SENT SHIVERS OF FRIGHT DOWN THE BACKBONES OF THE TOUGHEST 'FINGER MEN' IN GANGLAND — IS, IN REALITY, TONY TRENT, NATIONALLY KNOWN RADIO COMMENTATOR...



ONE NIGHT IN HARBOR HAVEN, A SUBMARINE NOSES ITS WAY THROUGH THE DARK WATERS...



THERE IS A RENDING CRASH — MEN ARE FLUNG SIDWAYS INSIDE THE Z-20...



SILENTLY THE BOAT SLIPS TO THE BOTTOM — HELPLESS, RADIO BROKEN...



AT THE MIKE OF STATION WBSC... TONY TRENT BROADCASTS...

— TRAGIC END OF THE SUBMARINE Z-20 REPORTED BY THE CAPTAIN OF THE TUG IT HIT IN THE HARBOR TO-NIGHT! ALL HANDS ARE THOUGHT TO BE DEAD —



IN A NEARBY DINER —

D'JA HEAR THAT ABOUT THAT SUB?

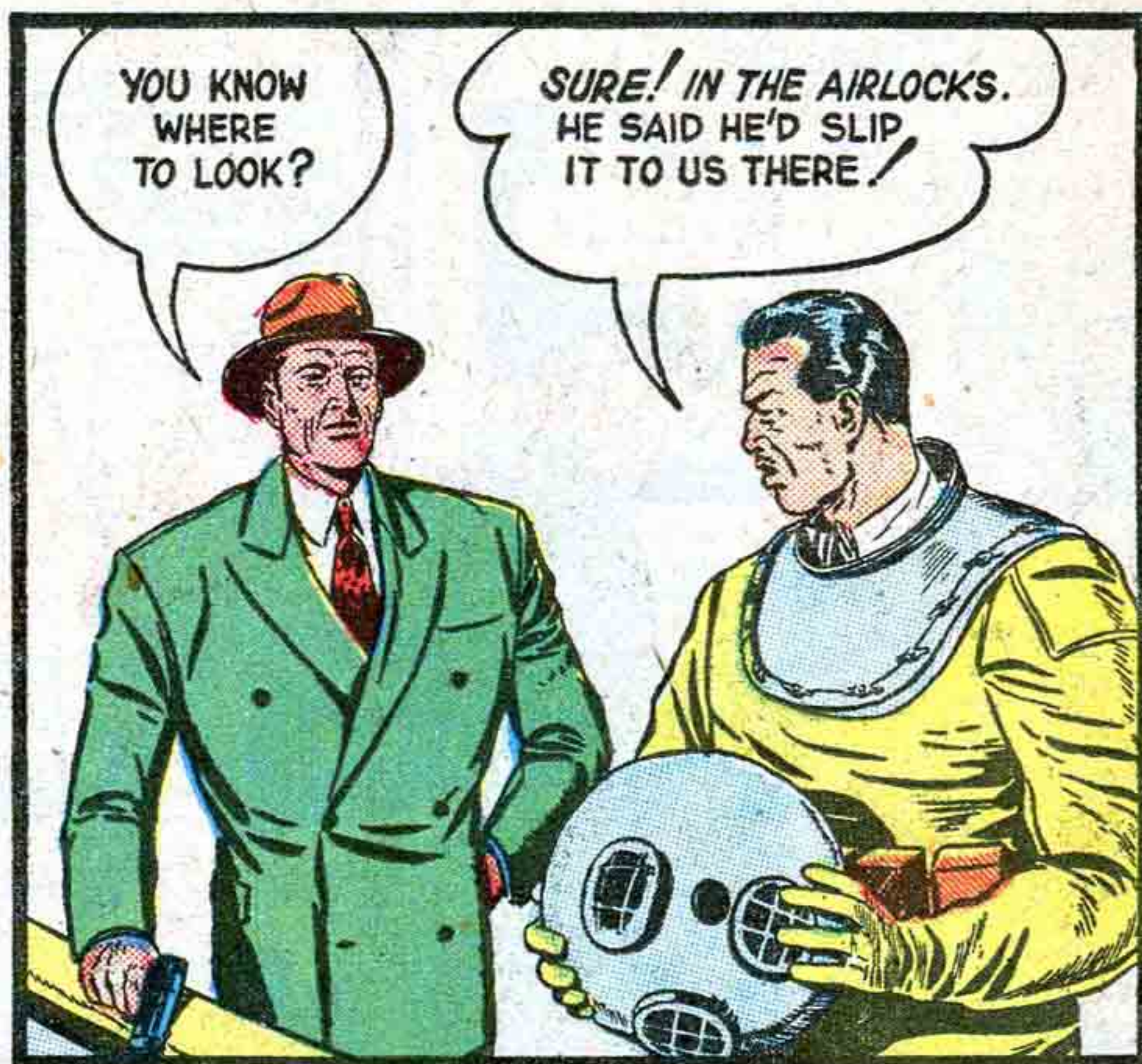
SURE DID! IT'S TIME FOR US TO BE MOVING —

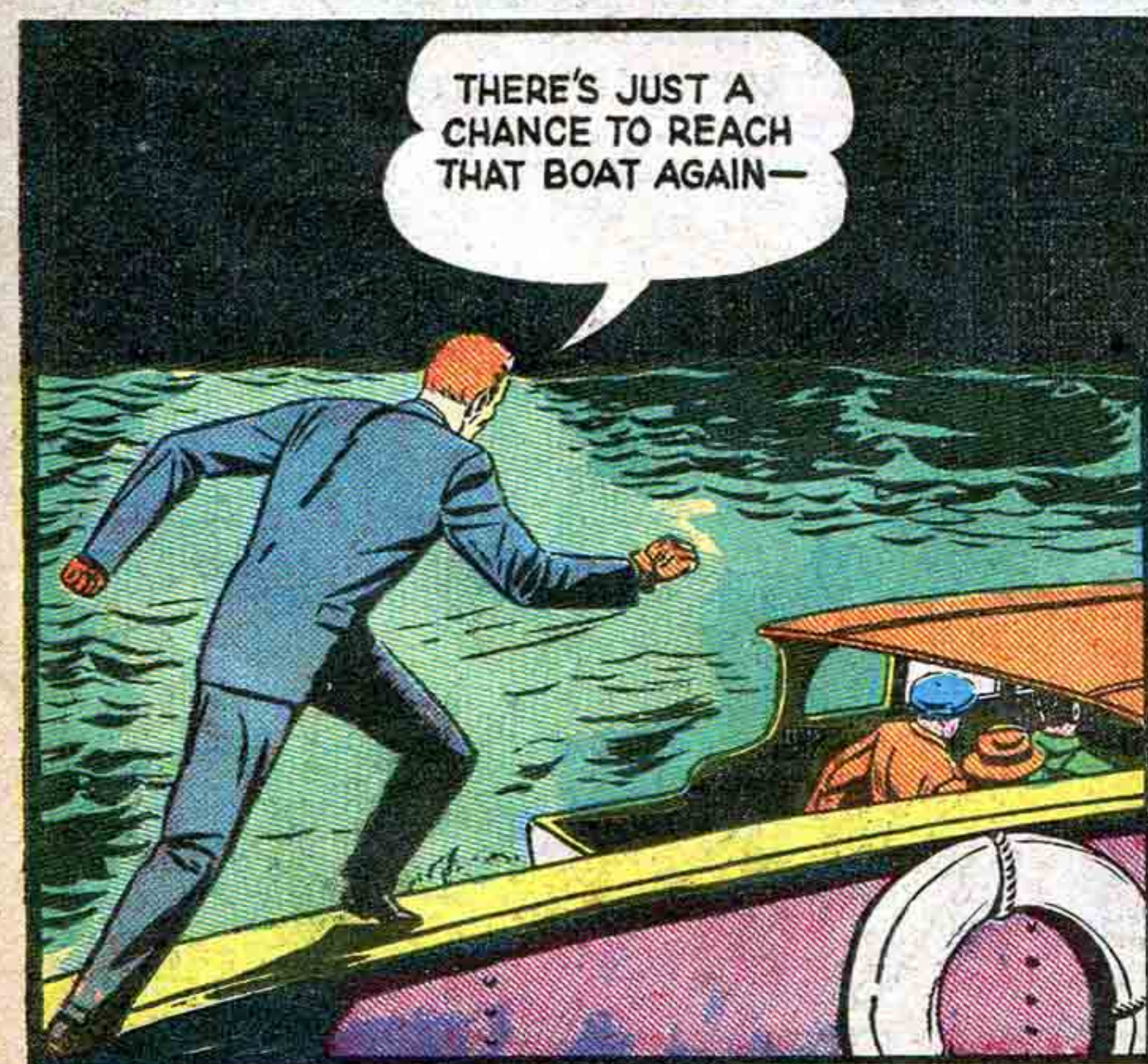
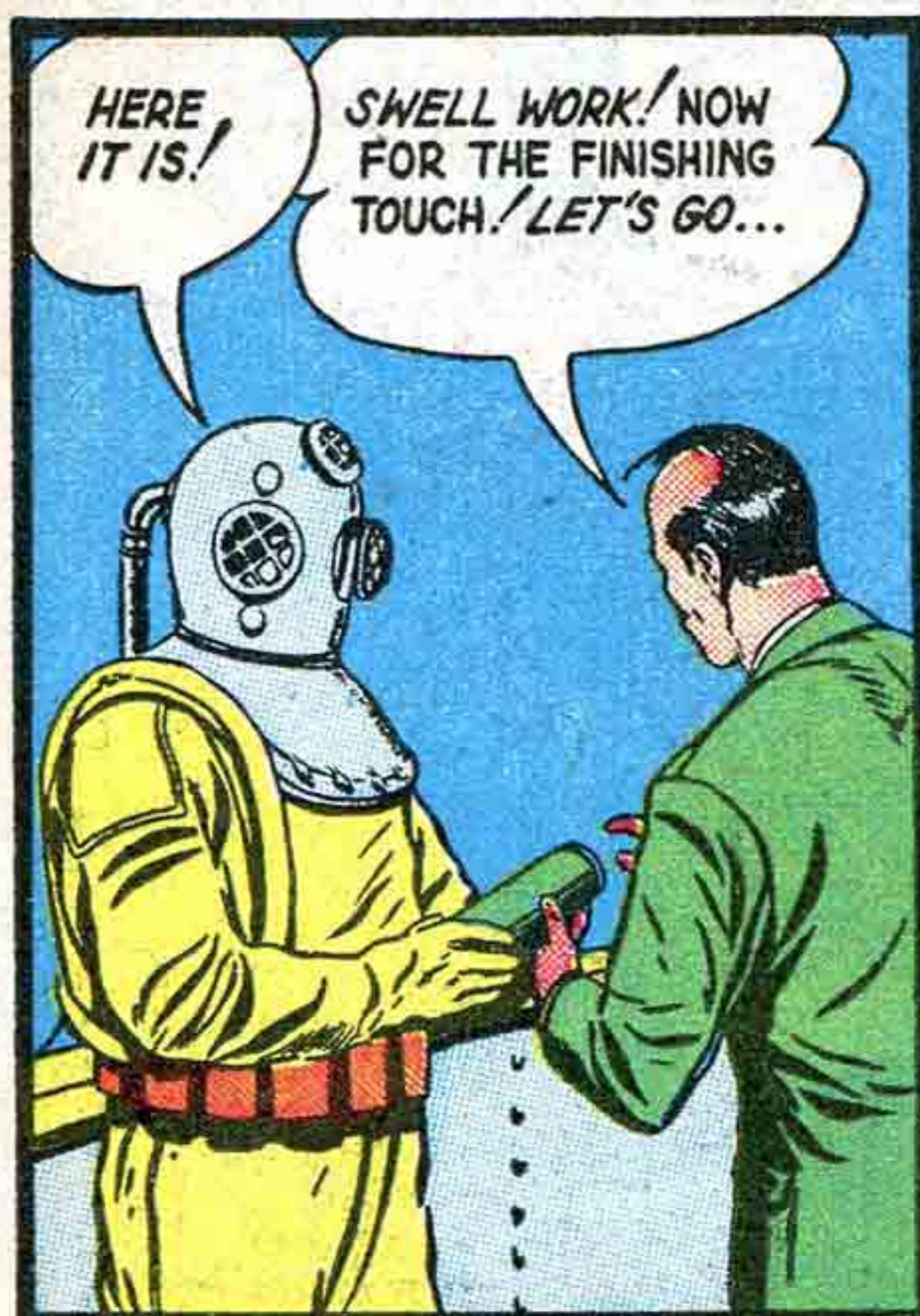


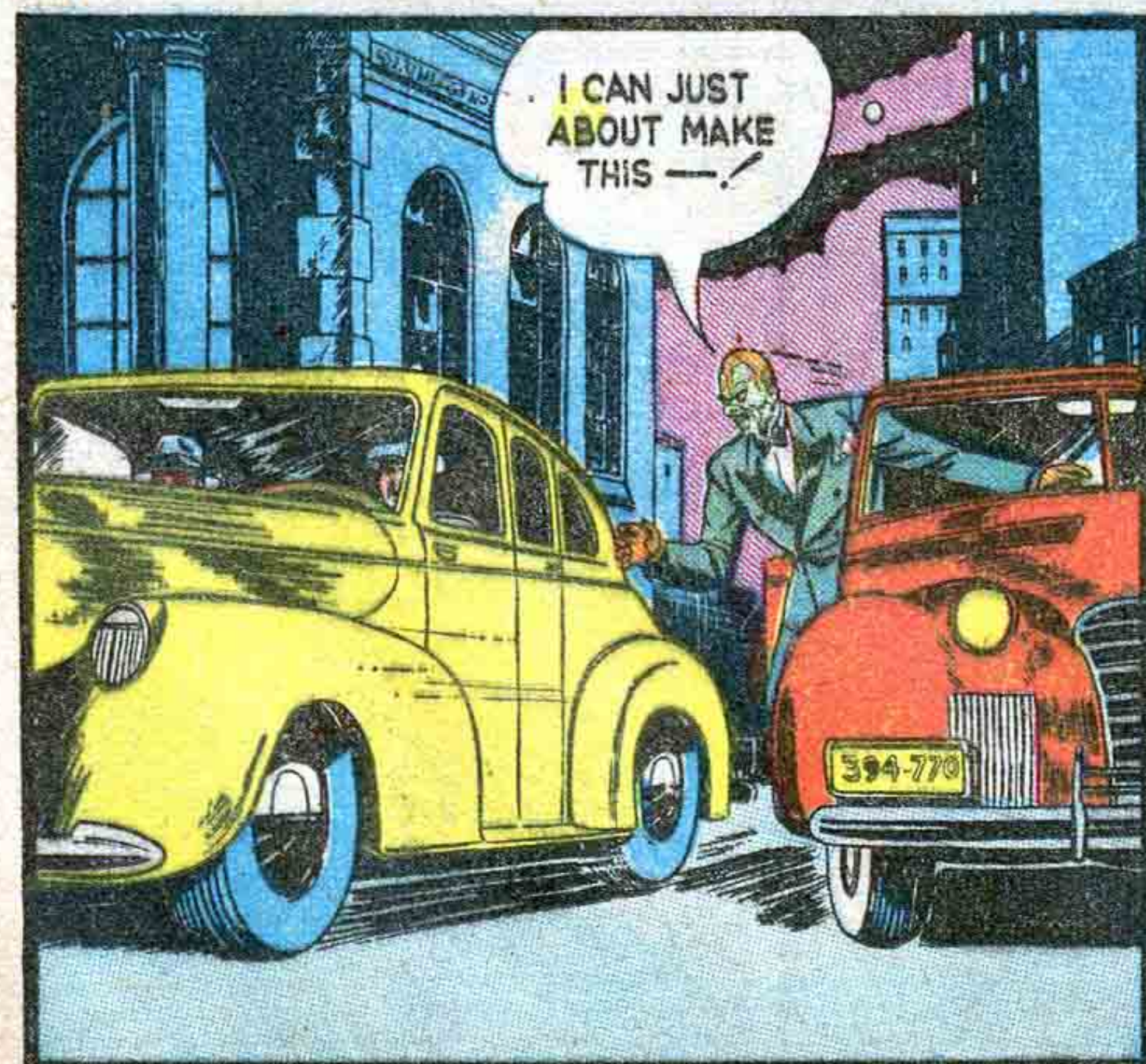
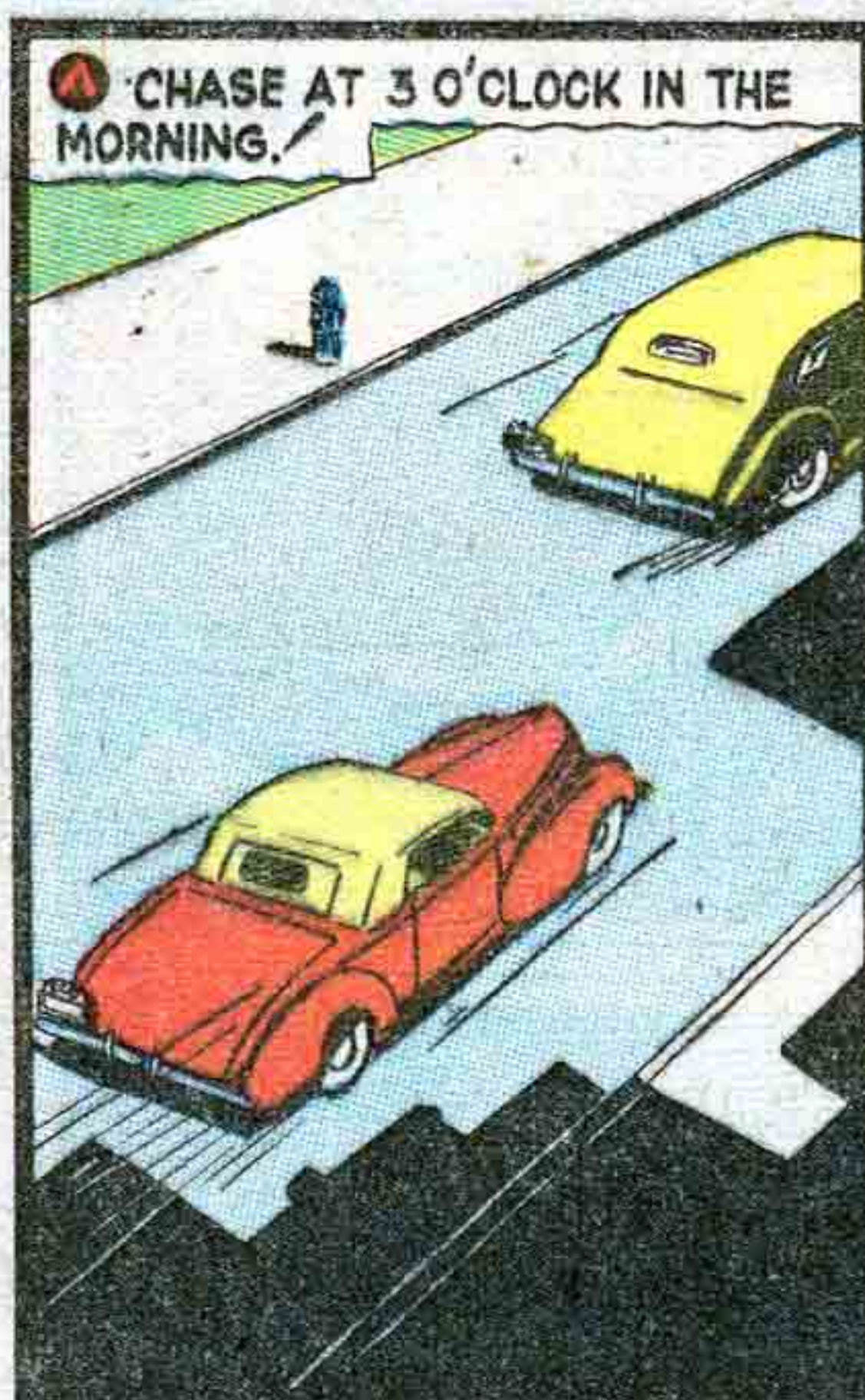
WE PLANNED PRETTY GOOD. NOBODY'LL EVER SUSPECT WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO!

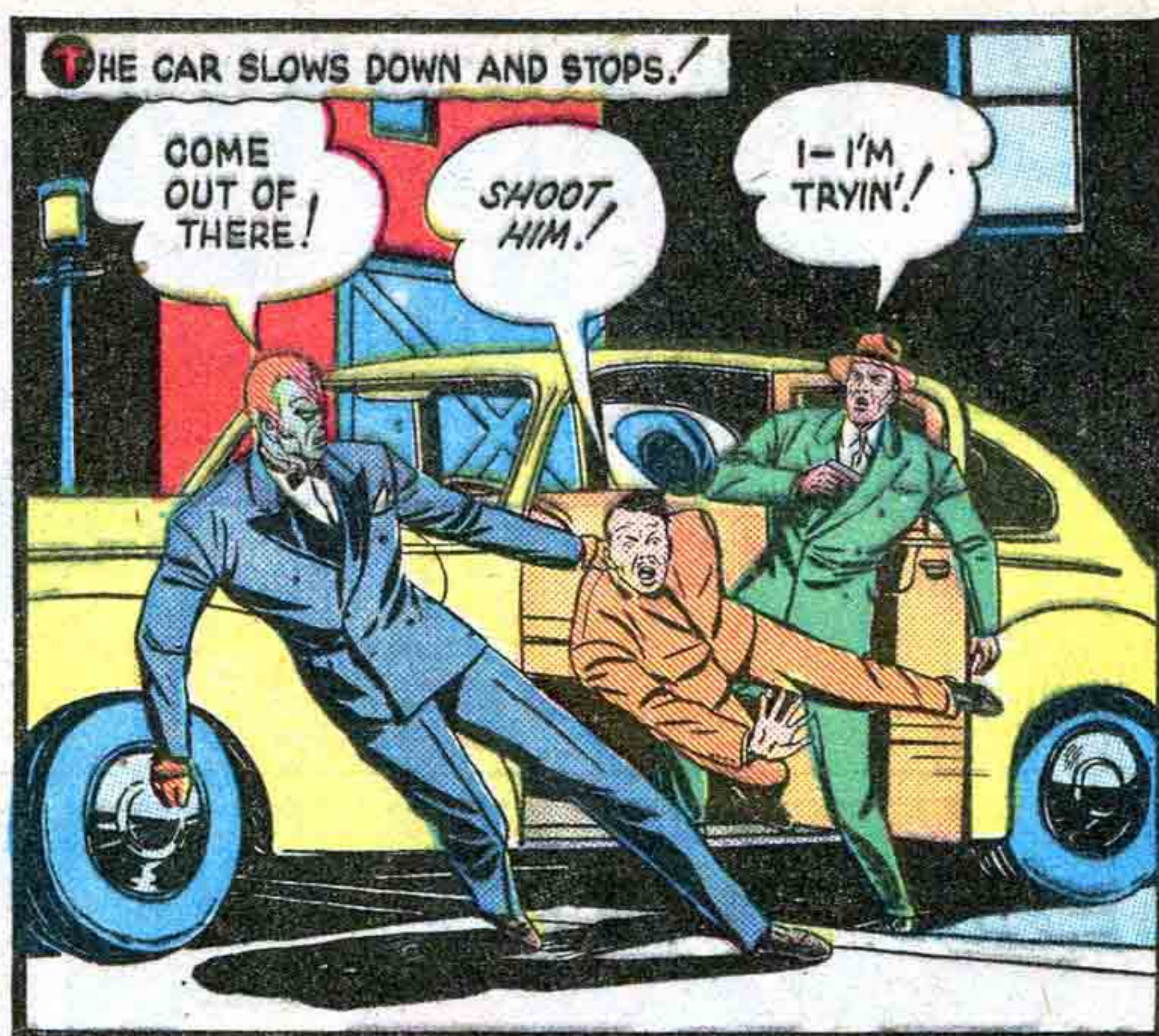
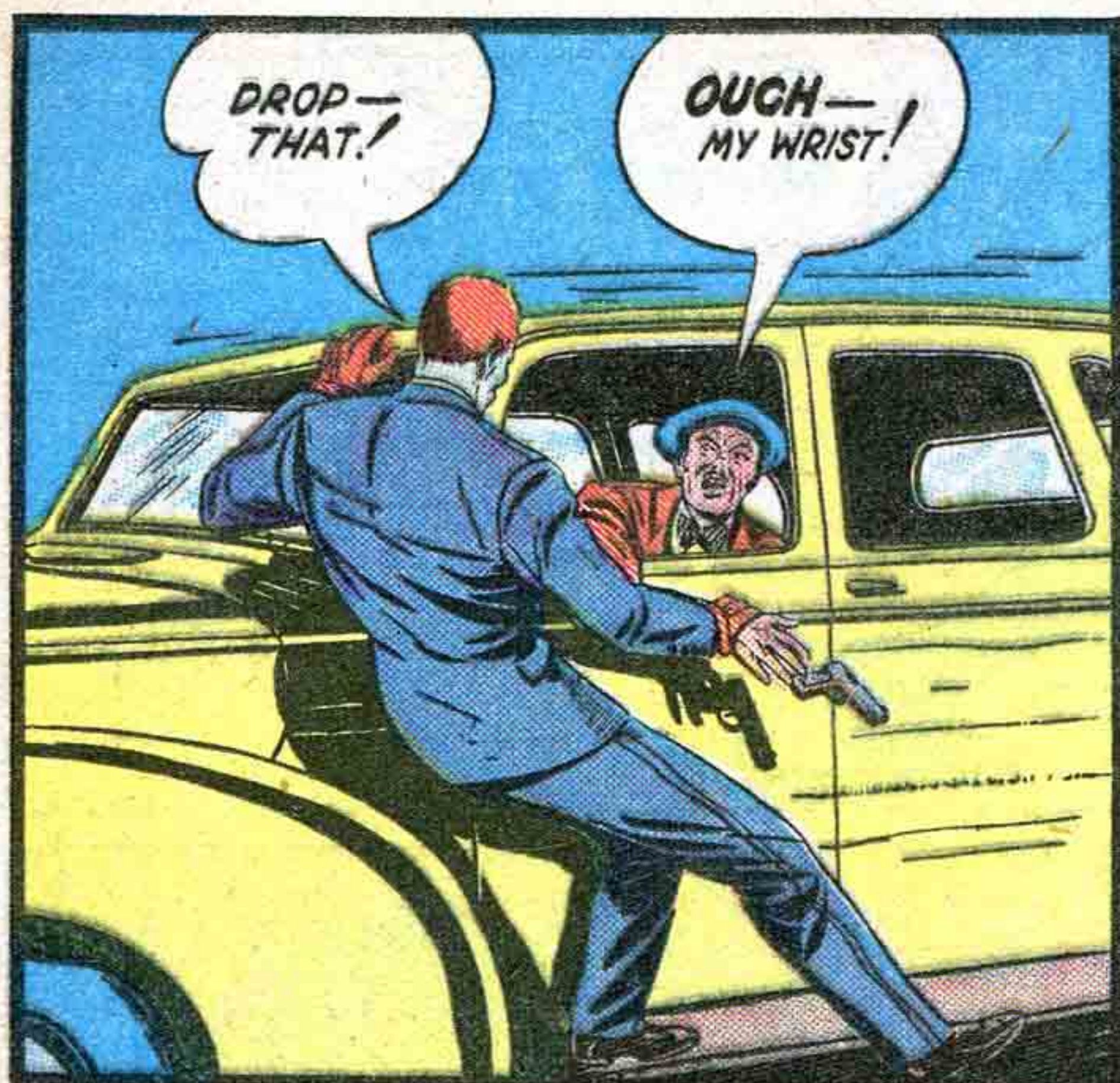






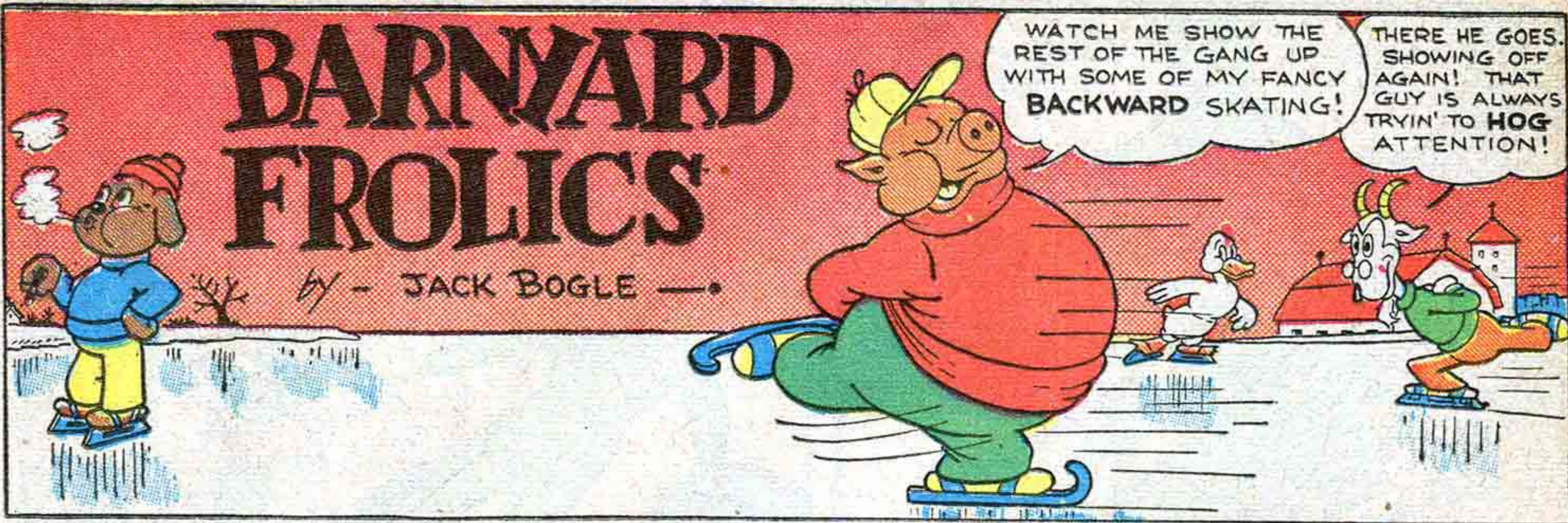






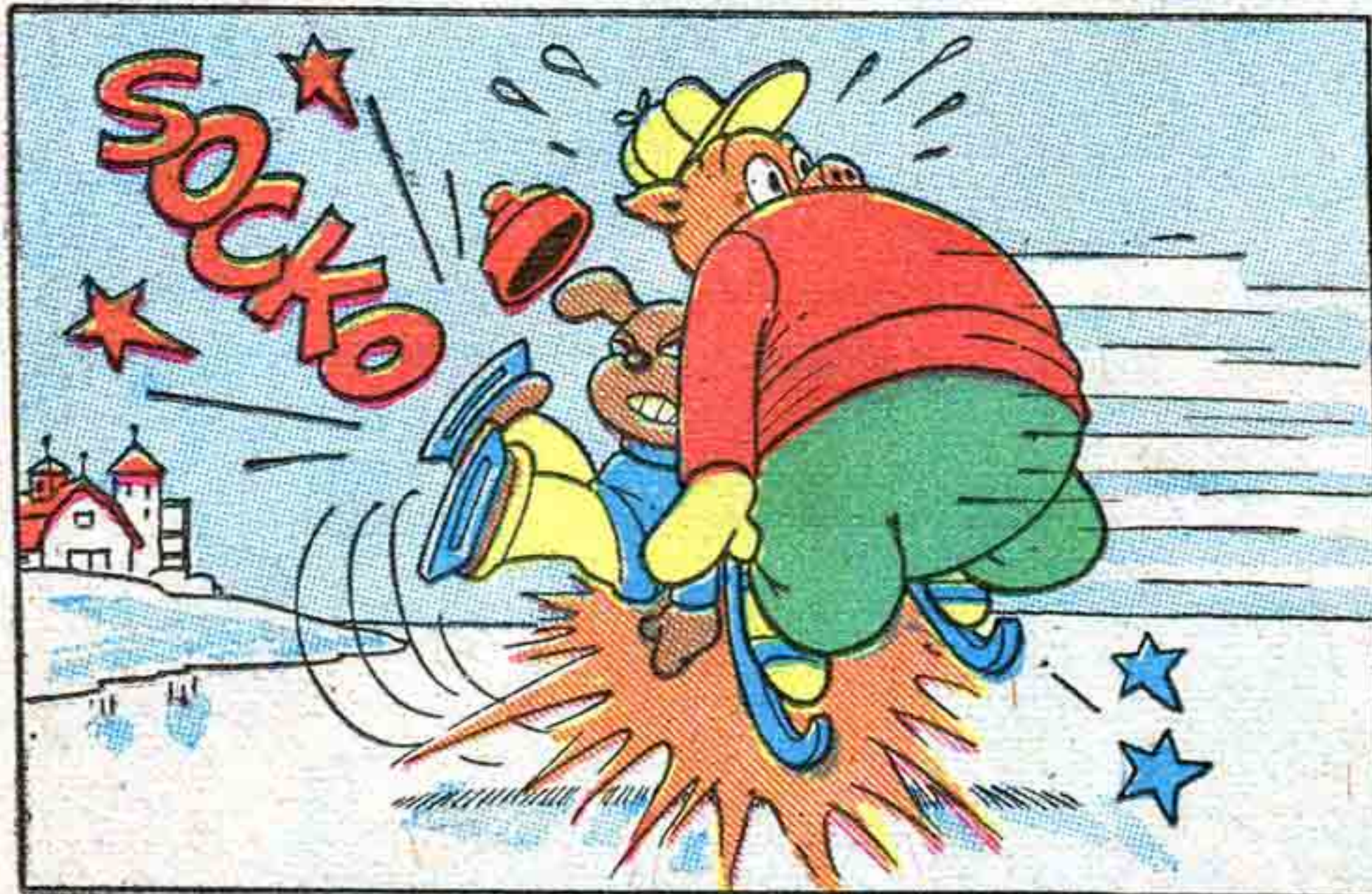
BARNYARD FROLICS

by — JACK BOGLE —

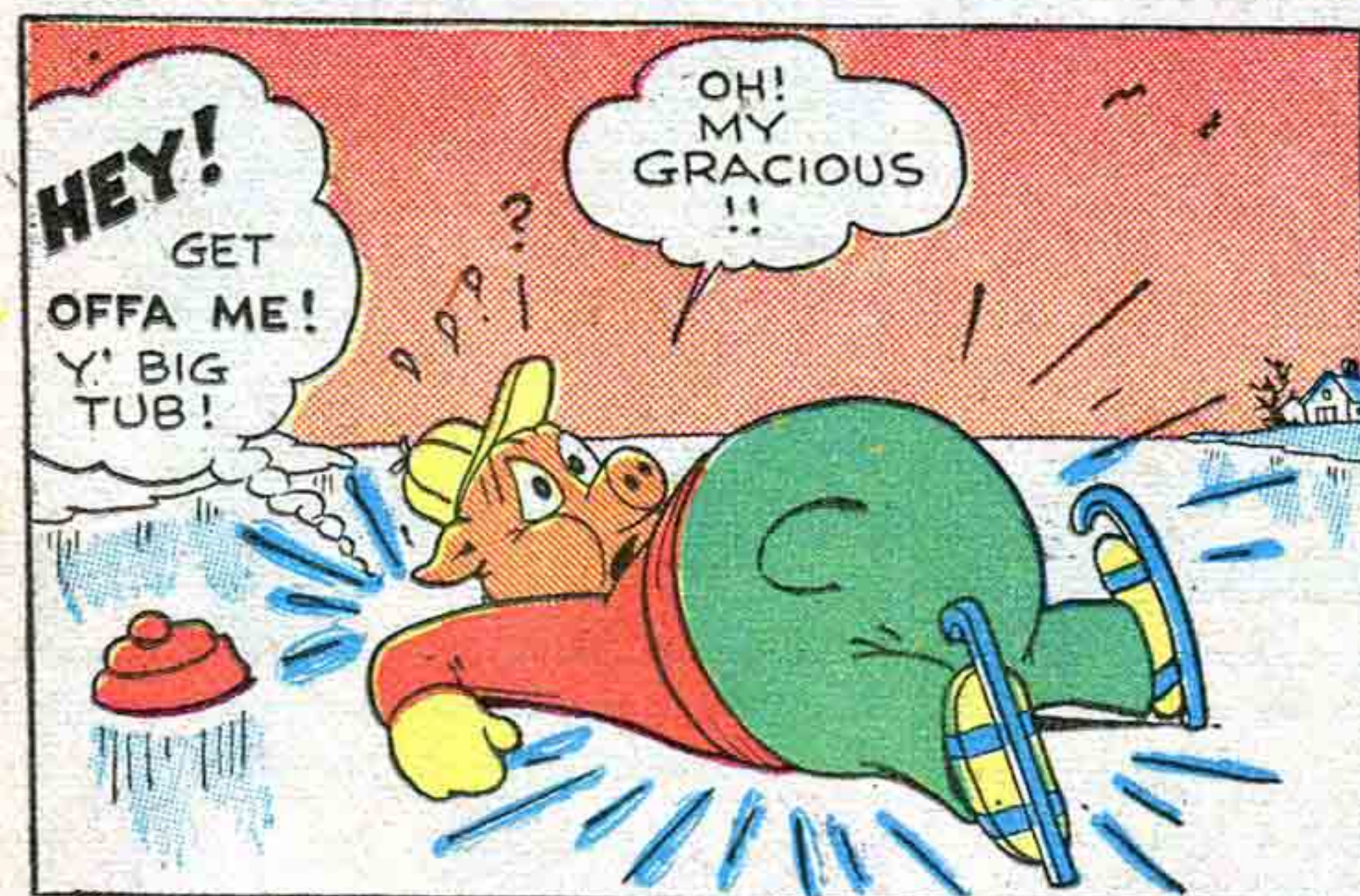
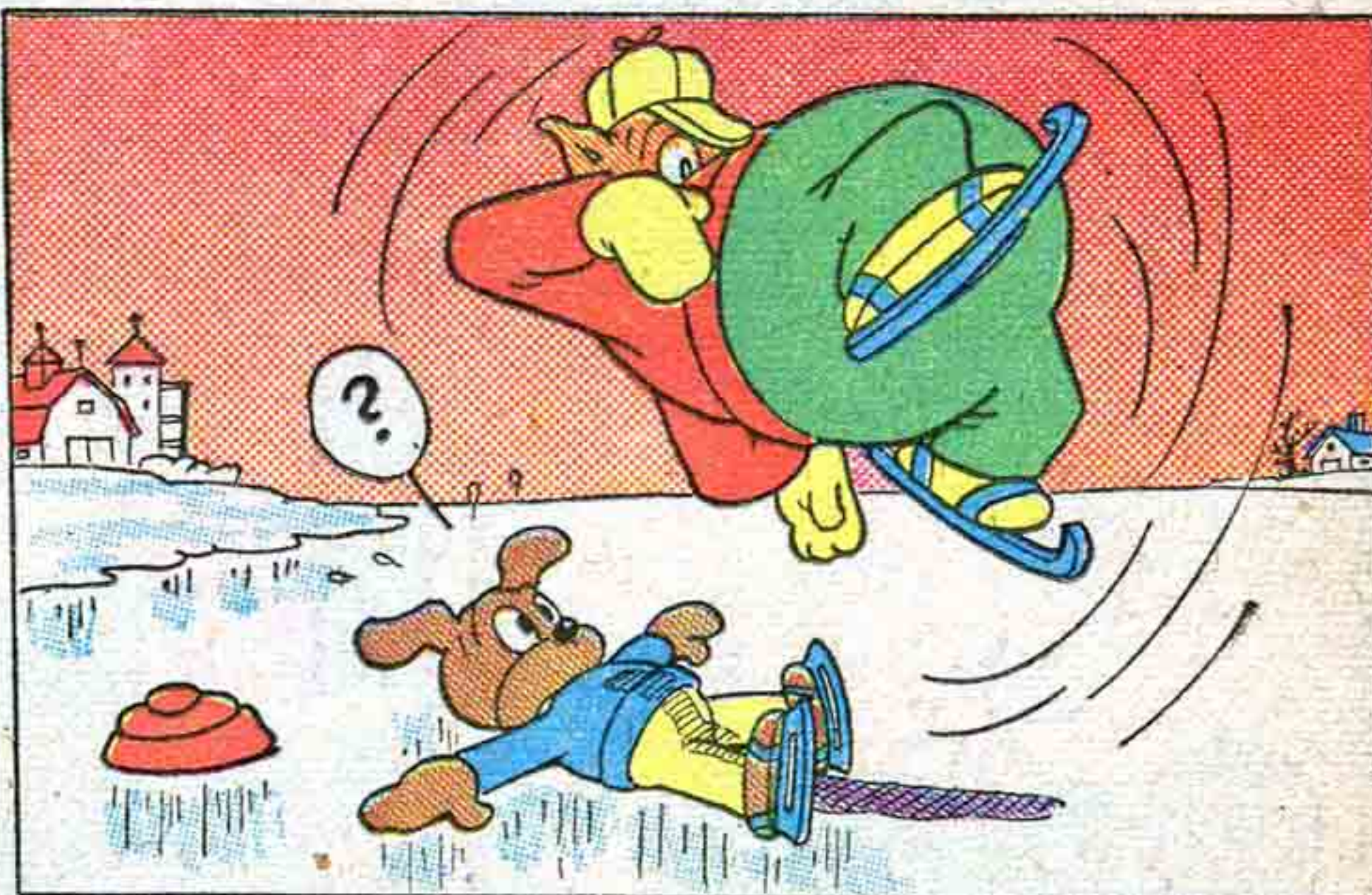


WATCH ME SHOW THE REST OF THE GANG UP WITH SOME OF MY FANCY BACKWARD SKATING!

THERE HE GOES. SHOWING OFF AGAIN! THAT GUY IS ALWAYS TRYIN' TO HOG ATTENTION!



SOCKO



HEY! GET OFFA ME! Y' BIG TUB!

OH! MY GRACIOUS !!



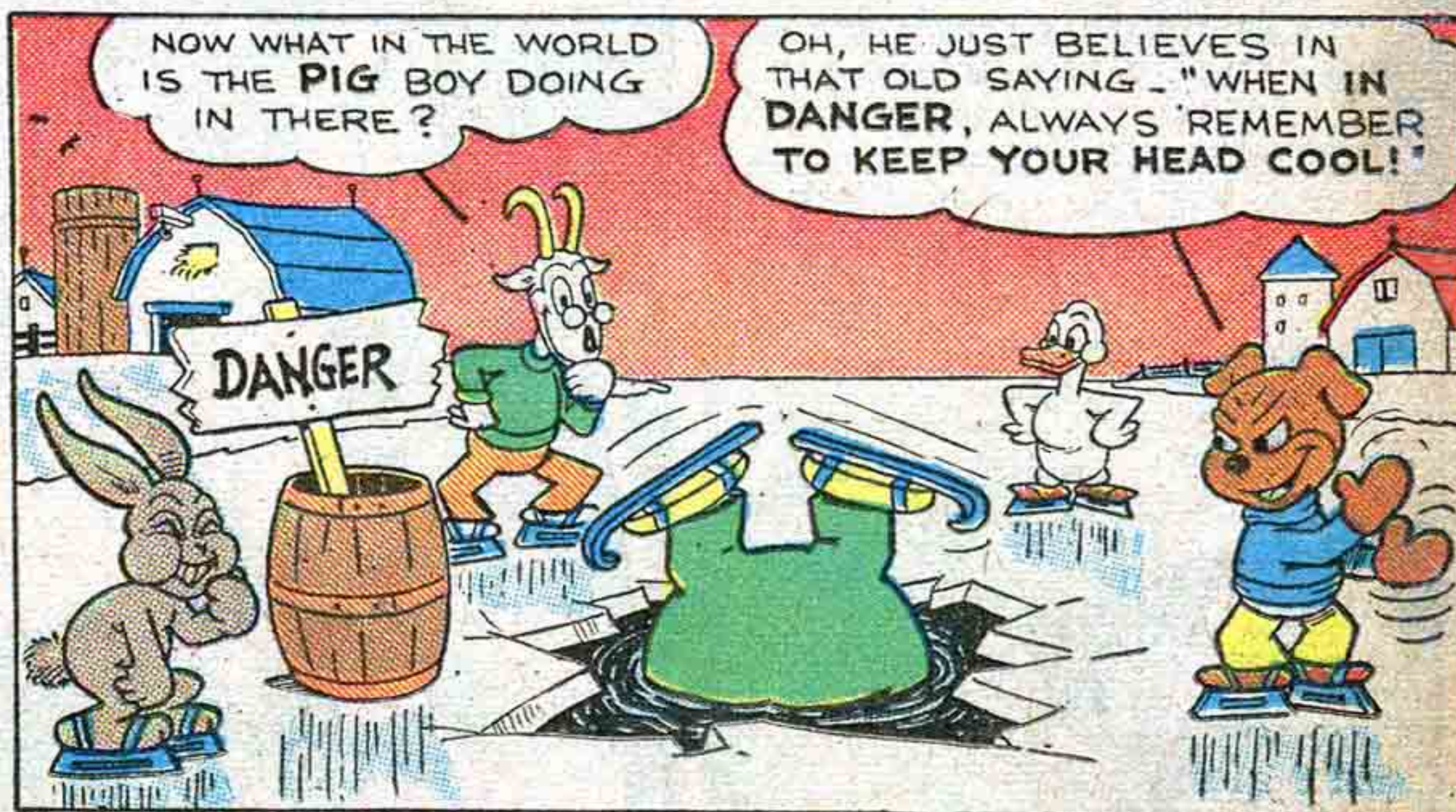
A THOUSAND PARDONS, MY FRIEND — I WAS ONLY TRYING TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION!

WELL - YOU DID!



BUT YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO MAKE IT ON ME!

GANGWAY!



NOW WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THE PIG BOY DOING IN THERE?

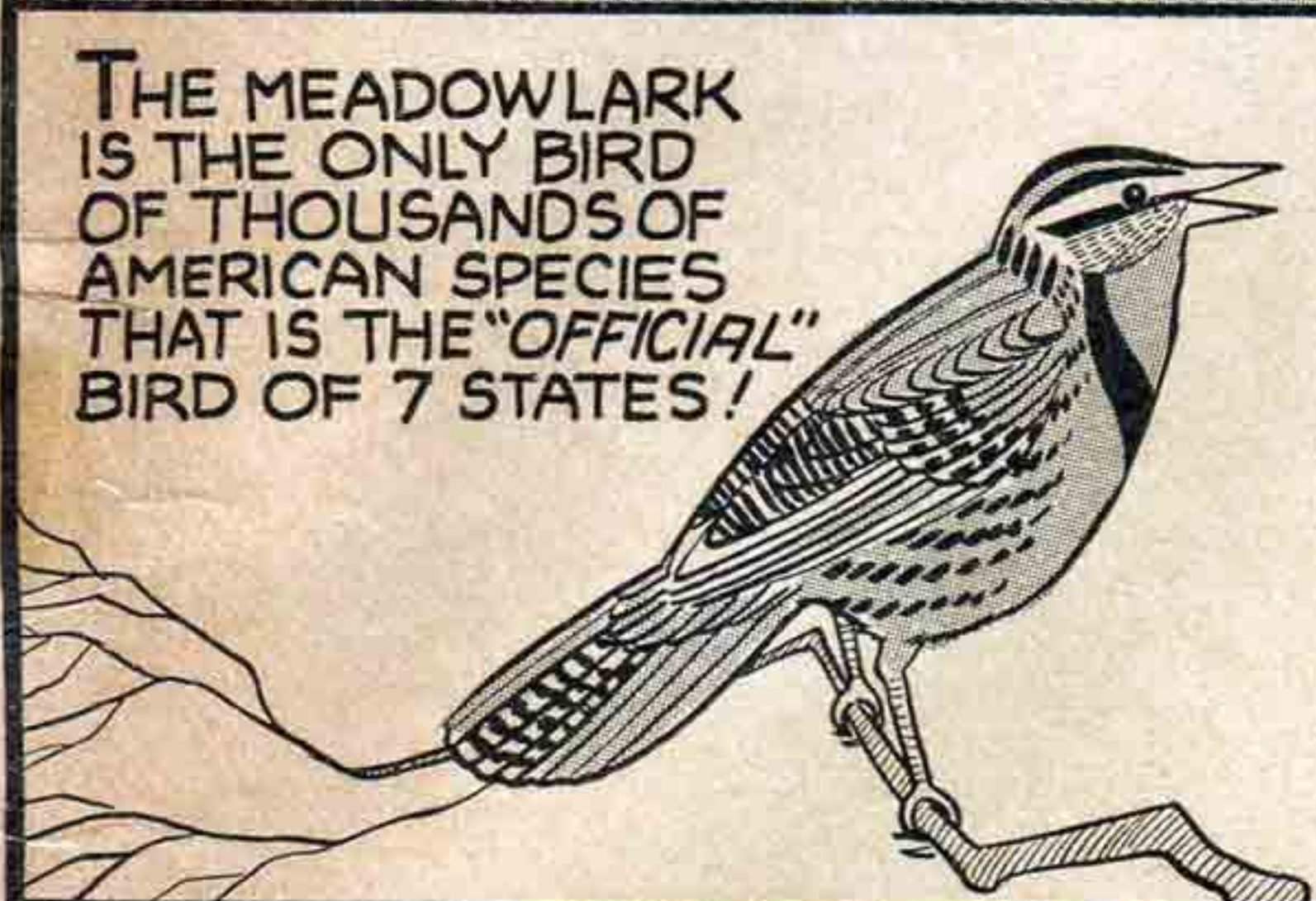
OH, HE JUST BELIEVES IN THAT OLD SAYING — "WHEN IN DANGER, ALWAYS REMEMBER TO KEEP YOUR HEAD COOL!"

ODDITIES FROM HERE'N THERE

THE OCEAN LINER "LIBERTY GLO" STRUCK A MINE IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL IN 1919 AND BROKE IN TWO. THE TWO HALVES DID NOT SINK BUT FLOATED TO SHORE 10 MILES AWAY WHERE THEY WERE PUT TOGETHER AGAIN AND THE SHIP RESTORED TO SERVICE!



THE MEADOWLARK IS THE ONLY BIRD OF THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN SPECIES THAT IS THE "OFFICIAL" BIRD OF 7 STATES!



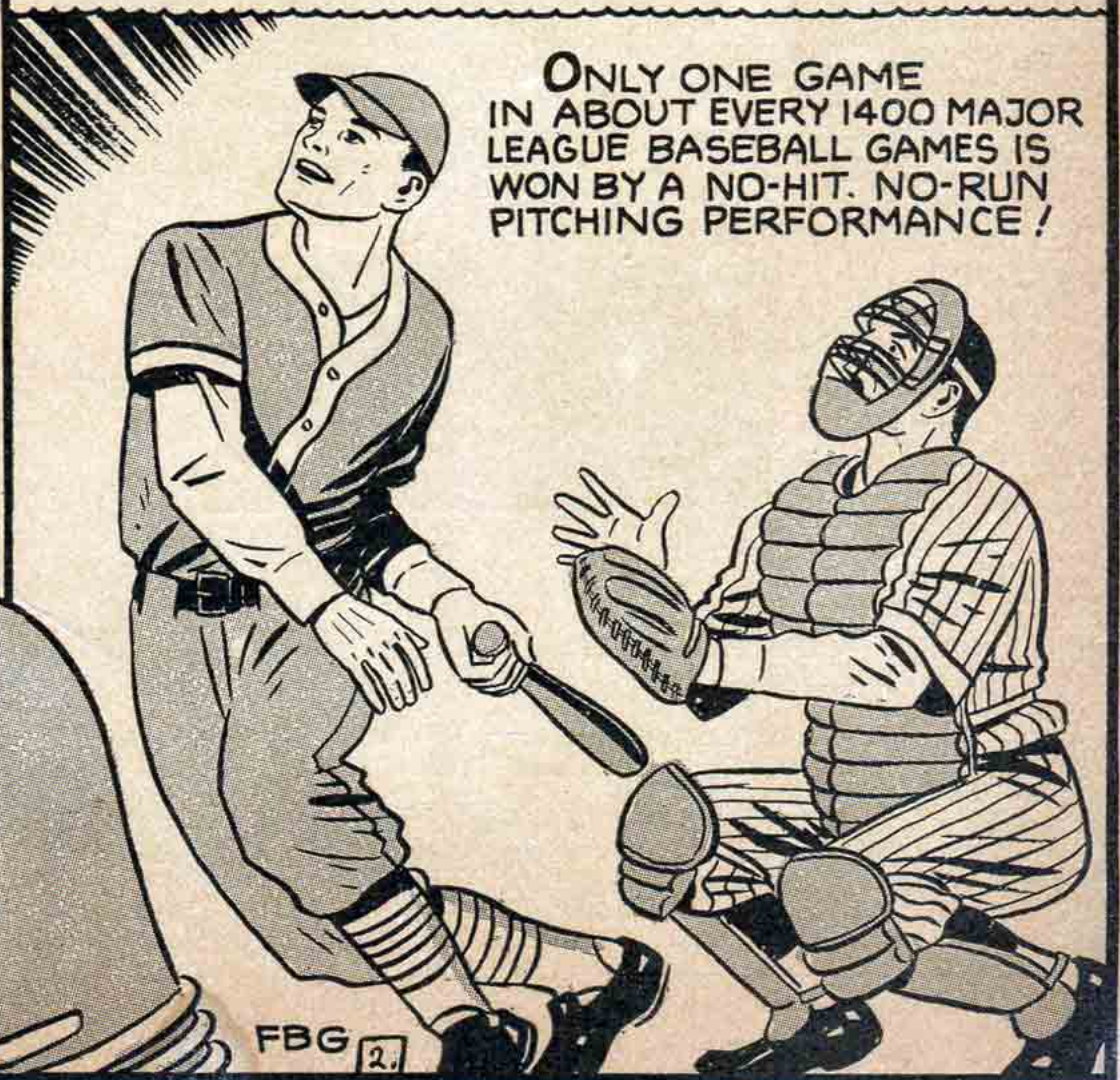
MOHAMMEDAN WOMEN INDICATE THEY ARE MARRIED BY LETTING THEIR EYEBROWS GROW TOGETHER!



ENGLAND HAS MORE THAN 150 CASTLES AND MANSIONS THAT CAN'T BE RENTED AT ANY PRICE BECAUSE THEY ARE "HAUNTED"!



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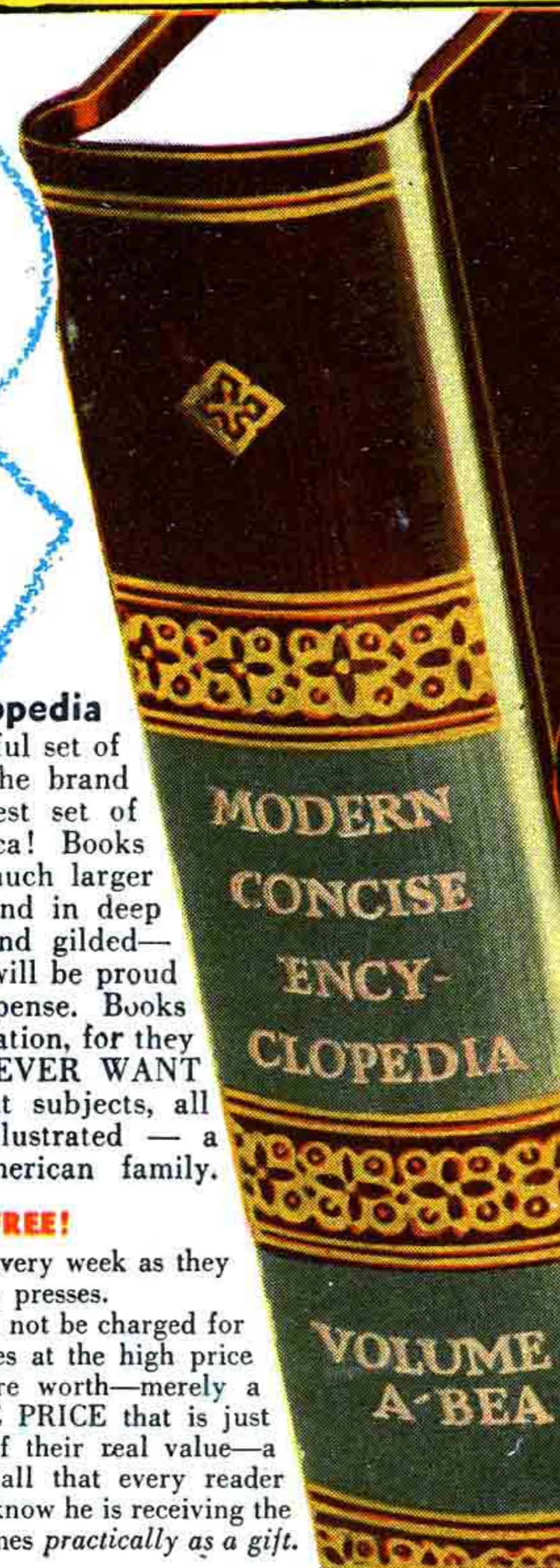
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